TIRUVACHAKAM

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

TIRUVACHAKAMANI

TIRUVACHAKAM

OF

SAINT MANICKAVACHAKAR

THE CELEBRATED TAMIL POET
SAGE, SEER AND SAINT.

★

THE TAMIL TEXT OF THE FIFTY-ONE POEMS

WITH

TRANSLATION IN ENGLISH VERSE

AND

INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY

TIRUVACHAKAMANI

K. M. BALASUBRAMANIAM, B.A., B.L.

★

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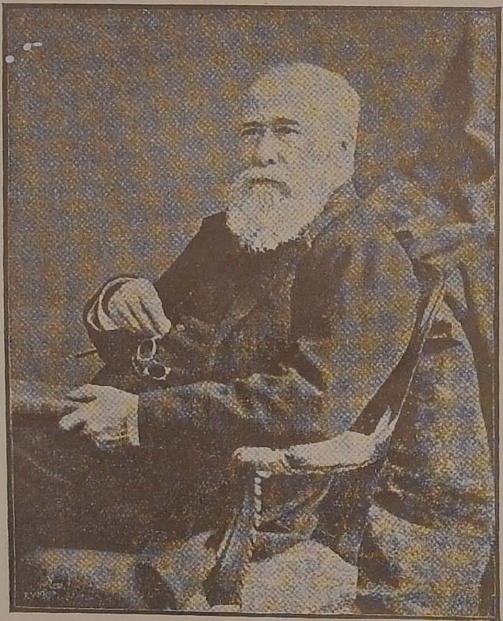

Dr. G. U. POPE — "A Student of Tamil"

THIS BOOK OF TIRUVACHAKAM

IS DEDICATED

TO

The Late Reverend

Dr. G. U. POPE, M.A., D.D.

(Balliol College and Indian Institute, Oxford).

HIS

TRUE AND LOVING DEVOTION TO THE TAMILS

AND HIS

UNPARALLELED RECORD OF ARDENT SERVICE

TO

The Tamil Language and Literature

AND TO

The Saiva Siddhanta Philosophy

AS EVIDENCED

BY HIS

TRANSLATIONS OF

Tirukkural, Naaladiyar, Puranaanooru Etc.,

AND ABOVE ALL, OF

TIRUVACHAKAM

OF

SAINT MANICKAVACHAKAR

IN THE YEAR A. D. 1900

ARE HEREBY

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH AFFECTION!

AND

COMMEMORATED WITH GRATITUDE!!

MEANINGS OF SOME PROPER NAMES

Pingnakan	=	One of adorned head = Sivan
Bhuyangan	=	Snake-Wearer = Sivan
Namban	=	Sivan
Vigirthan	=	One of oft-changing forms = Sivan
Saivan	=	Sivan
Sēvakan	=	Warrior = Sivan
Maṇavālan	=	Bridegroom = Sivan
Vidangan	=	Self-created one = Sivan
Ammān	=	Sivan
Bhavan	=	Sivan
Manjan	=	Beautiful One = Sivan
Niruthan	=	Dancer = Sivan
Bāvakan	=	One of diverse forms = Sivan
Ari	=	Hari = Vishnu
Māl	=	do.
Nedu Māl	=	do.
Ayan	=	Brahmman
Tisaimukan	=	do.
Nānmukan	=	do.
Purandaran	=	Indiran
Patanjali	=	A Rishi (Avatār of Ādisēsha) for whose sake the Lord dances at Tillai.
Arukkan	=	The Sun.

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M. BHAKTAVATSALAM
HOME MINISTER

FORT ST. GEORGE
MADRAS.

Dated: *June 30, 1958.*

FOREWORD

Tiruvachakam has the unique distinction of combining intense religious fervour with keen literary insight. Simple and at the same time profound, it plumbs the depths of human emotions even as it reaches heights of philosophic perception and poetic feeling. About half a century ago, Dr. Pope, a great lover of Tamil literature, felt drawn to this ' gem sweet and serene ' and offered to the non-Tamil-knowing public an English translation. Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam, who has now come forward with the translation in English verse of the whole of Tiruvachakam, has indeed done a labour of love. This work, more than any other, will help to acquaint those who cannot have the pleasure of reading the Tamil original, with a work that contains the very best of Tamil poetry and Saiva Siddhantha philosophy. Any word of praise or congratulation to the author, however richly deserved, will in this particular context be almost a trivial tribute. **For one who has delved deep into this treasure-house of feeling, fervour and faith, for one who has understood the teachings and tenets of this rich human philosophy so well as to interpret it to alien schools, for one who must have chanted the magic spell of Tiruvachakam a thousand times before he moulded a foreign medium to sing no less eloquently this song of the soul, for one who has achieved all this in a spirit of dedication, there can be no greater reward than the rich satisfaction and sense of fulfilment that flow from the accomplishment of such a task !**

The Tamil literary heritage has been, from ancient times, enriched by the contributions of religious thinkers. Perhaps in no language have religion and literature met and mingled so much as in Tamil. The four famous apostles of Saivism — Sambandar, Appar, Sundarar and Manickavachakar— have left behind them as their legacy, poetry that is rich with devotion and lyrical beauty. The charm of their poetry has stood the ravages of time and even to-day rings and re-echoes in the sacred precincts of our temples. These disciples of devotion worshipped the feet of the Master through music and melody.

As a supreme example of this literary and religious tradition, Tiruvachakam has, for centuries, brought the message of hope and solace to millions. Its rare merit is that it combines with the inspired outpourings of the soul, practical wisdom of a high order. Manickavachakar himself graduated to sainthood from the turbulent turmoils of a political career. Tradition has it that his talents and integrity drew the attention and appreciation of the ruling king Arimarthana Pandiyan who appointed him as his Chief Minister. The story of how Manickavachakar gave up the lucrative service of the State to be a mendicant of the soul is itself as inspiring as it is dramatic. The Pilgrim's Progress took Manickavachakar from one shrine to another, and wherever he went he worshipped with words that sang of the Lord and rang with wisdom and piety. Students of literature are agreed that this saint spent his last days in Chidambaram, where Tiruvachakam was completed. Sri Vedachalam, popularly known as Maraimalai Adigal, Sri K. Subramania Pillai and Sri C. K. Subramania Mudaliar have in their critical works thrown considerable light on the life and work of Manickavachakar. There is still some controversy about the period in which he lived. But during whatever period he might have lived, he belongs to all times.

Tiruvachakam which is the eighth among the twelve TIRUMURAIS (Religious Anthology of Saivism) is the story of man's search for God. It was the firm belief of Manickavachakar that through seeking and through repentence, the grace of God can be attained. "Azhuthāl Unnai Peralāmē." The stanzas in Tiruchatakam, Tiru Kothumbi, Kuyil Patthu, Arbudap Patthu, Tiruppulambal, etc., portray the Soul's agony and its quest for the grace of the Lord. The last two chapters of the book reveal the consummation of his aspirations and the ecstatic outbursts of his supreme attainment. The "Garland of Rapture" and "Hymn of the Highest Bliss" as they are appropriately translated, are the acme of poetic expression and philosophic thought.

Legend has it that God himself came to the earth and offered his services to write, as Manickavachakar dictated, his verses. Truly Tiruvachakam is poetry that the Lord himself would have been delighted to inscribe. The least that man can do is to cherish and chant it till the sweetness of its words draws out the divinity in him.

(Sd.) M. BHAKTAVATSALAM.

WHAT SAINTS AND SAVANTS SAY

His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya Swamigal of Kamakotipeetam

॥ श्रीः ॥

श्रीमत्परमहंस परिव्राजकाचार्यवर्य
श्रीजगद्गुरु श्रीमच्छङ्करभगवत्पादप्रतिष्ठित
श्रीकाञ्चीकामकोटि पीठाधीश्वर
श्रीमच्चन्द्रशेखरेन्द्र सरस्वती श्रीपादैः
क्रियते नारायणस्मृतिः ।

ஸ்ரீமத்பரமஹம்ஸ பரிவ்ராஜகாசார்யவர்ய
ஸ்ரீஜகத்குரு ஸ்ரீமச்சங்கரபகவத்பாதப்ரதிஷ்டித
ஸ்ரீகாஞ்சீகாமகோடி பீடாதீச்வர
ஸ்ரீமச்சந்த்ரசேகரேந்த்ர ஸரஸ்வதீ ஸ்ரீபாதை:
க்ரியதே நாராயணஸ்ம்ருதி: |

"திருவாசகத்துக்கு உருகாதார் ஒரு வாசகத்துக்கும் உருகார்" என்று ஒரு பழமொழி உண்டு. பல வருஷங்களுக்குமுன் இந்த நூலில் ஈடுபட்ட **ஜி. யூ. போப்** என்ற ஆங்கிலேயர் இதை ஆங்கிலத்தில் மொழி பெயர்த்தார். அவர் தமிழைப் புதிதாகக் கற்றவர். ஆகையால் அவருடைய மொழிபெயர்ப்பில் சம்பிரதாயம் தெரியாமல் ஏற்பட்ட பிழைகள் சில இருக்கின்றன.

இப்போது திருவாசகமணி **ஸ்ரீ கே. எம். பாலசுப்பிரமணியம் அவர்கள்** இந்த மொழிபெயர்ப்பைச் செய்திருக்கிறார். பல காலமாகத் திருவாசகத்தில் ஊறித்திளைத்தும் பல இடங்களில் திருவாசகத்தைப்பற்றிப் பிரசங்கம் செய்தும் பழக்கப்பட்ட இவர் நம்முடைய சம்பிரதாயத்துக்கும் மூலநூலாசிரியரின் மனோபாவத்துக்கும் முரண்பாடு இல்லாமல் இந்த மொழிபெயர்ப்பைச் செய்திருக்கிறார். தமிழ் அறியாமல் ஆங்கிலம் அறிந்தவர்களுக்குத் திருவாசகத்தை ஓரளவு தெரிந்துகொள்ளும் மார்க்கத்தை இந்த மொழிபெயர்ப்புச் காட்டி இருக்கிறதென்பது நம் அபிப்பிராயம்.

இந்த மொழிபெயர்ப்பாசிரியர் இதுபோன்ற மற்ற கிரந்தங்களையும் மொழிபெயர்த்துச் சிரேயஸுடன் வாழவேண்டும் என்று **ஸ்ரீசந்திரமௌளீஸ்வரர் திருவருள் கிடைக்கும்படி ஆசீர்வாதம் செய்கிறோம்.**

முகாம்: வில்லிவாக்கம்
விளம்பி-ஹு ஆனி-மீ 13-உ
27—6—58.

(Sd.) **नारायणस्मृतिः ।**

H. H. SWAMI SIVANANDA

OF
RISHIKESH.

SIVANANDANAGAR,
19—7—58.

The well-known and accredited exponent of Manickavachakar's Tiruvachakam, Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam has now rendered a great service to the English-knowing public by bringing out a metrical translation of that immortal classic. The book contains both the original and the translation and is therefore very helpful to the Tamilian who can benefit by the translation whenever the meaning of the original happens to be difficult to find out. Whenever an attempt of this nature is made, the author has to keep in view two things; namely, he must not fail to be literal in the translation; at the same time, the translation should be such, that even if it is read without consulting the original, it must be readable – in other words, it must have an independent beauty of its own. *The author is to be congratulated on having achieved both the aims.* In fact, in certain places, the translation is very good: for instance chapter 49—on Tiruppadai Aatchi or the spiritual exploits of the sacred hordes.

A rapid glance on the second part of the book 'Notes and Comments' is enough to reveal to the reader the vast erudition of the author and also the extraordinary labour he has gone through for finding out suitable parallel passages from Western poets and mystics. The quotations so chosen indicate the author's genuine desire to make Western readers aware of the richness and sublimity of the thoughts that have been expressed by Saint Manickavachakar. The late Dr. G. U. Pope was the first Westerner who devoted himself to a mastery of the Tamil language. And he brought out a translation of the Tiruvachakam. In spite of his great erudition, he could not gain a true insight into the Tiruvachakam because he was a foreigner. Sri Balasubramaniam has, in the present book, mentioned in several places the shortcomings of Rev. Pope's translation and given his own interpretations. Nor is he afraid of expressing his views when they go against the views of the Dharmapuram scholars or even of our traditional authorities. He even goes into a rather elaborate discussion about the traditional view that Tiruchazhal came from the mouth of the only daughter of a Buddhist king. Perhaps the author felt it necessary to devote so much of his time to this matter because an old Puranam says that "Tiruchazhal is describing the supremacy of Sivan through the mouth of the dumb girl". The ordinary reader may not be much interested in such details but there is no harm in the author clearing the position for the sake of a few savants who might be inclined to go in for such argumentation.

The author gives two interpretations for the words "சதுராலே சார் வானே". One would make the words apply to Siva and the other to the poet himself. He prefers the latter. It is certainly better than Dr. Pope's interpretation. "சதுர்" means cleverness. "சார்வான்" means "one who comes or brings (himself) near." The poet seems to imply that he had done no "chariyai" or "kriyai" but has tried to reach God through his own cleverness and that is a foolish thing to do. (Stanza 14 of Tiru-chchatagam). In stanza 49 of the same poem there is the expression "எட்டினோடிரண்டு மறியேனையே". Among the meanings that the author has given in his notes may also be included the following :- The eight is 'அ". The two is "உ". Om is அ+உ+ம். The eight as a mantra is அம்; The two as a mantra is உம். These two அம் and உம் have to be repeated by the initiate in Siva Raja Yoga (அம் உம் சிவாய நம).

The author is not satisfied with his explanation of stanza 71. He says "This is one of the problem-stanzas the exact meaning of which is hard to be extracted even by the shrewdest of critics. This translator cannot but confess to a sense of dissatisfaction with his translation". There will be no difficulty if the stanza is interpreted in the pure Adwaitic way.

"புணர்ப்பது அன்று இதென்ற போது
நின்னொடு என்னொடு என் இதாம்."

is translated by the author as "But if (that look) unites not me with Thee, what is the good?"

The translation should be :

"When it is said that this is not uniting, what then, is it ?"

The idea is that Jivatma (according to Sankara) does not unite with Paramatma. It *is* the Paramatma.

The poet says "I shall not aim at that—I shall be satisfied with being united to your bejewelled feet." He does not wish to lose his individual consciousness of the Bliss. Please remember the stanza is the first under the heading of "Revelling in Bliss".

The author is quite correct in denying any mythical import in Tiru-embavai. The sweetness of the language and the endearing manner in which the damsels rouse their sleeping associates will be lost if too much of philosophical doctrine about Navasaktis etc. is thrust into the poem. Likewise, Tiruammanai is a beautiful example of how the great Saint

could see spiritual meanings even in simple pursuits. Ammanai is the common maiden's sport. Even ordinary poets make use of the innocent game as a vehicle for their poetic thoughts. Manickavachakar goes a step further by spiritualising it. He regards the game as ஆனந்தக்களிப்பு or the expression of rapturous joy. Tirupporchunnam has certainly some mysticism in it. The old Puranic view that the materials of Maya are being pounded into dust and scattered as gold dust upon all and sundry who visited shrines is the real import of the poem.

The author utilises the biological facts about bees (as furnished by Prof. J. B. S. Haldane) to justify poets making use of bumble bees for sending their messages to God. Perhaps this is going a little too far. The spiritual significance of the poem is that the soul expresses his pangs of separation from God in this manner.

In his comments on Tirupponnusal, Annaipattu and other small poems, the author has been very true to the original in his translations and also profuse in his choice of parallel passages from Western poets.

When he deals with Tiruppalli Ezhuchi, he says "This ceremony of waking up the Lord would mean a farce considered in relation with the mere idol in the temple......" He prefers the late M. S. Purnalingam Pillai's meaning: "After the long night's restful sleep, the soul now wakes up revived in energy to start its fresh day's works and duties". The author adds "waking up the God means and includes waking up ourselves only". In reality it is spiritual awakening—The Upanishadic prayer "Asatoma Satgamaya, Tamassoma Jyotirgamaya, Mrityorma Amritmgamaya" contains the truth of it. It is from Tamas that we are awakened to perceive the Jyotis.

It is unnecessary to go into further details about the author's manner of handling his subjects. *Being a great scholar and having devoted practically a life-time to the understanding of Manickavachakar's works, there is none more competent to do this work. He deserves the gratitude of all Tamil-speaking peoples. May he live long to write a commentary on Tirukkovaiyar also !*

(Sd.) SWAMI SIVANANDA.

DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN
Vice-President of India.

NEW DELHI,
August 27, 1953.

Dear Balasubramaniam,

I have now looked into your verse translation of St. Manickavachakar's Tiruvachakam. Your attempt to render it into English verse is very creditable. With your knowledge of Saiva Siddhantam and love for it *you have succeeded in bringing out the force and dignity of the original.* I am not a student of Tamil, nor am I competent to offer any judgement on the poetic qualities of your rendering. I appreciate your *wide learning and deep devotion,* and I hope that *your work will receive wide publicity.*

Yours Sincerely,
(Sd.) S. RADHAKRISHNAN.

DR. T. M. P. MAHADEVAN, M.A., Ph.D.,
Professor of Philosophy.

UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS.
Dated 24th July, 1958.

The translation of Tiruvachakam into English with comments and notes by Tiruvachagamani Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam, B.A, B.L., is a laudable attempt to make this great Tamil religious classic available to the non-Tamil public. Dr. G. U. Pope's translation was published in 1900 and is now out of print. Sri Balasubramaniam has made a careful study of Pope's translation and in his comments and notes, records points of agreement as well as disagreement with Dr. Pope. As is to be expected, Sri Balasubramaniam's approach is *not only more sympathetic but also shows greater insight into the Sage's mind.* Born in the Saivite tradition, he is able *to enter into the spirit of Tiruvachakam.* It is in recognition of his devotion to this great work that the title *Tiruvachagamani* has been conferred on him. In these days when the spiritual treasures of one religion are no longer felt to be the exclusive property of the followers of that one religion but as the common legacy of the followers of all religions, Sri Balasubramaniam's translation is a welcome addition to the religious literature of the world. I trust Sri Balasubramaniam will pursue his devoted studies and let us have the benefit of these in subsequent publications.

(Sd.) T. M. P. MAHADEVAN.

C. SUBRAMANIAM
Minister for Finance and Education.

FORT ST. GEORGE
MADRAS–9.
22nd July 1958.

Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam is known as *Tiruvachakamani* for his scholarship in Tiruvachakam and allied Tamil works. He has come forward to present a line-by-line translation of Tiruvachakam in English. It was the great Dr. Pope who introduced to the West some of the great literary works in Tamil. I am sure the present translation of Tiruvachakam by Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam would enable the people of the West to get a glimpse of the greatness of this devotional literature.

(Sd.) C. SUBRAMANIAM,
Minister for Education,
Madras.

M. PATANJALI SASTRI, M. L. C.
Former Chief Justice of India.

MYLAPORE, MADRAS.
July 27, 1958.

I have read with pure delight Shri K.M. Balasubramaniam's rendering in free English verse of the celebrated devotional lyrics of Manickavachakar–Tiruvachakam.

Though I can lay no claim to scholarship in Tamil and could not follow the original in some places without the aid of the translation, I can say that Shri Balasubramaniam *has made a good job of it.*

A translator has normally to contend against the difficulty of reproducing the nuances and idiom of the language of the original besides its meaning and spirit but where, as here, the original consists of the lyrical out-pourings of an ancient Saint in ecstatic mood, the difficulty of keeping close to the subjective emotional patterns of the author is obviously enormous. Making allowances for these difficulties, it can be said that Shri Balasubramaniam has achieved *a commendable fidelity to the great masterpiece* of devotional literature in Tamil.

The Notes and Comments, especially the parallel quotations from English and Sanskrit literatures, reveal *a wide range of scholarship and research.*

(Sd.) M. PATANJALI SASTRI.

P. V. RAJAMANNAR,
Chief Justice of the High Court,
Madras.

MADRAS.
23rd June, 1958.

Tamil Literature is extremely rich in devotional poetry, almost unparalleled in the literature in any other language. Unfortunately, however, those who have no knowledge of the Tamil language—and I am sorry to say—even many whose mother-tongue happens to be Tamil, are not to-day fully aware of the beauty and greatness of this class of Tamil Literature. In the songs of the Alwars and the Nayanmars, such literature reaches the high-water mark. The name of the Saivite Saint Manickavasakar is one of the greatest in the history of Tamil Devotional Literature and his *Magnum Opus* is the Tiruvachakam. Lovers of Tamil Literature should be grateful to Dr. G. U. Pope for first translating it into English. But he suffered from several infirmities and there was real need for a good translation of this classic. This has been fulfilled by Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam. A really first-rate translation demands from the translator not only a thorough knowledge of the two languages but also a capacity to be infused with the spirit of the original, so that the translator should in a way, recreate the original. It is a difficult task but I think Sri Balasubramaniam *has been able to accomplish it. The spiritual ecstasy, lyrical rapture, and mystic experiences of the original are all evident in the translation.*

I must particularly mention the very valuable notes and comments which have been appended to the translation. They not only explain certain important allusions in the original; they also consist of extensive quotations from the works of the poets and mystics of other lands and other languages. These cross-references furnish valuable material for a comparative study of Mysticism. I congratulate Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam on his excellent work and I commend *the initiative of the Commissioner for Religious Endowments* and the Government of Madras in sponsoring this publication.

(Sd.) P. V. RAJAMANNAR.

SIR A. L. MUDALIAR, M.D., LL.D., D.SC., D.C.L. (OXON)., F.R.C.O.G., F.A.C.S.,
Vice-Chancellor, University of Madras.

Madras,
23—6—58.

I am very happy to see that Mr. K. M. Balasubramaniam has translated Tiruvachagam and has rendered it into poetical composition. This book was translated many years ago by the famous Orientalist, Dr. G. U. Pope. It is good to have a translation from an Indian author who is a scholar in Tamil and whose knowledge of English is also quite good. Besides the rendering into English poems of the many stanzas of Tiruvachagam, Mr. Balasubramanyam has added valuable notes and comments wherein he has drawn extensively not only from Dr. Pope but from many other classical authors of English poetry. I hope the publication will interest many who wish to know something of the ancient Tamil classic which has been immortalised for all time to come.

(Sd.) A. L. MUDALIAR.

DEWAN BAHADUR,
T. M. NARAYANASWAMY PILLAI, M.A., B.L.,
Vice-Chancellor, Annamalai University.

ANNAMALAINAGAR.
17—7—58.

Tiruvachakam is a Treasure of priceless value. As a devotional Psalm it occupies the highest place in the hymnology of Saivite literature; as a master-piece of poetry it is second to none in the whole range of Tamil literature. It is the Bible of the Saivite world; nay, the only work which, according to tradition, had been written down by the Lord Himself. It is an immortal classic which melts the hearts of its readers and mellows even a stone; such a work is and must be the property of humanity at large, though a Divine Providence had designed its origin in Tamil Nad. This is not only a "Book of all time" but "one for all clime."

The first and pioneer attempt to English this immortal work and thus throw open its invaluable treasure to a wider and far-reaching world was made in 1900 by Dr. G. U. Pope, a noble and learned missionary from England. It is his *magnum opus*—a work by which alone he will ever be remembered by us, though he had translated the Sacred Kural and the Naladiar also. He had laboured for a decade at the work of translating Thiruvachakam, practically unaided and facing untold difficulties. He suffered from various obvious handicaps and these were responsible for many a slip and inaccuracy in his translation.

Now, my friend Mr. K. M. Balasubramaniam has come forward to remedy the defects and has given us a better English rendering of the sacred work. He is well-qualified and well-equipped. He is a great devotee of Saint Manickavachakar and enjoys His grace. He has made a deep study of Tiruvachakam continuously for many years so much so that he is crowned with the name of "Tiruvachakamani" by the discerning public. He has profound knowledge of Tamil literature and is an accomplished scholar in the language. He is a seasoned writer of English and Tamil prose. His writings in English have won golden opinions from eminent men like the late Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri.

With such a background and record, Tiruvachakamani's English versification of the divine Tiruvachakam is indeed a remarkable success and is far better than that of Dr. Pope. To an average and lay reader the English verses of Tiruvachakamani's translation do sound rhythmic and musical. There is also a remarkable accuracy in translation, the English version being as faithful to the original as possible. It is a life-work of which any one could legitimately be proud. It will, I am sure, ever live as a monument of his mighty effort and a memorial to Saint Manickavachakar. The notes and comments Mr. Balasubramaniam has added to his excellent translation bear an eloquent testimony to his vast learning and are an unique feature of this work.

Mr. Balasubramaniam is as good a speaker in English as he is a writer of prose and poetry. The late Rt. Hon'ble Sastri once described his speech as being 'fluent, effective and interesting.' Even when young, he was acclaimed as a hero of a hundred platforms. The memory of the laurels he has won as recently as September 1957 in the Universities of Allahabad and Banaras by his brilliant and unparalleled exposition of the abstruse and profound subject of Saiva Siddhanta metaphysics is still fresh and green in our minds.

My earnest and long-cherished desire is that his talent of speaking, particularly in the English language must be made to yield far better dividends in a much wider world than this country. No one is more fitted than Mr. Balasubramaniam from every point of view to carry the message of Tamil culture and Saiva Siddhanta to the foreign and English-speaking world and deliver the goods to them with dignity and ability. I believe this work will pave the way for this. May God Nataraja hasten that long-looked-for day and may He make Tiruvachakamani *the messenger of Manickavachakar and the medium of Tamil culture* throughout the Western world and the Eastern nations.

(Sd.) T. M. NARAYANASWAMY PILLAI.

A. UTHANDARAMAN, MADRAS.
B.A., B.L., I.A.S., *25—6—'58.*
Commissioner, Hindu Religious and
Charitable Endowments, Madras.

Long live Namasivaya the Five Lettered Name of the Lord !
Long live His Lotus Feet !!

It is the peculiar glory of Tamil literature that its greatest treasures are enshrined in devotional songs of such illustrious saints and sages as Manickavachakar and other Nayanmars and Alwars besides eminent poets and philosophers like Tiruvalluvar, Sekkilar and Kambar who were also steeped in religious knowledge and fervour.

The value of songs which are the outcome of intense devotion of a great saint to whom God manifested Himself in visible form cannot be over-rated. It is no wonder that even great scholars who dedicated themselves to the task of translating the songs of Tiruvachakam found a number of passages beyond their capacity. The first and undoubtedly excellent and scholarly translation in English of Tiruvachakam was that of the famous Christian missionary Dr. G. U. Pope in 1900. It may seem odd but it is none the less true that many Indians including persons whose mother tongue is Tamil could realise the greatness of Tiruvachakam only after reading the translation of Manickavasagar's sacred utterances in English by Dr. Pope. English occupies a unique position among the languages of the world. It is admittedly spoken and understood by the largest number of people in the world and any literary production which seeks to make a universal appeal should be translated in that language. French and German are also popular in some countries of the West. It is most gratifying to know that there is already a German translation of Tiruvachakam and that French scholars are also said to be eager to take advantage of English translations of this great work and it is my fervent hope, sincere wish and earnest prayer that this book will be soon translated in other languages also so that the message of Saint Manickavachakar will reach all parts of the globe like the sacred Kural, Gita and the Bible.

While we should be most grateful to Dr. Pope for his pioneering work in which as a translator he has endeavoured to put himself in sympathy with the author and tried his best to think and feel with him and to understand him, we must confess to a feeling that as a zealous Christian missionary obsessed with systems of thought peculiar to Christianity he could not obviously understand and appreciate the full import of all the songs of the

saint. As observed by Tiruvachakamani Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam, the learned Doctor has shown a tendency now and then to lapse into a habit of criticising as 'absurd and unintelligible' certain customs of the saivites and some acts and passages of the saint. In his Foreword to the Dharmapuram Edition of Tiruvachakam published in 1949 Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam expressed his desire to translate Tiruvachakam into English with a view to do fuller justice to our priceless work, than that which Dr. Pope himself had done and the present Edition is the fruit of that ardent desire. In the words of Kural, if those who plan an undertaking are firm in executing it, they will realise their desire even as they have desired it. The author has rightly dedicated this translation to his illustrious predecessor Dr. G. U. Pope.

How far Tiruvachakamani has succeeded in his arduous and pleasant task is for experts and scholars to judge; but as one who, without adequate knowledge of the Saiva Siddhantha philosophy has been trying to study and understand the sacred utterances of Saivite saints and sages, I dare say Tiruvachakamani with his profound knowledge of the Tamil language and literature, the fundamental principles of Hindu Religion and the essential doctrines and tenets of the Saiva Siddhantha Metaphysics and the sublime thoughts and ideas of the great saint Manickavachakar is best fitted 'to dive deep into the oceanic depth and expanse of the wonderful work of Tiruvachakam and to bring out and exhibit its priceless pearls to the perfect delight of the wondering world'. His recent lectures under the auspices of the Banaras Hindu University and Allahabad University on the Saiva Siddhantha philosophy have attracted the attention of a large number of religious-minded persons all over the country and evoked their sincere praise and approbation and they have also been extolled and applauded by eminent scholars and savants who have paid glowing tributes and given unsolicited testimonials to the lecturer.

Tiruvachakamani has done signal service to the average reader by appending to his translation fairly copious notes and comments which will certainly be of immense use in popularising the work even among persons who normally are not enamoured of religious and devotional poems. He has given numerous references to similar and parallel ideas in the Upanishads, the Bible and other scriptures in addition to apt quotations from the works of other eminent poets and scholars whose names are well-known in world literature. All allusions and references to Puranic stories and legends have been clearly explained and the esoteric meanings of the poems have been given in simple but elegant language, wherever necessary. Auto-biographical

references to incidents in the life of the saint have also been indicated in appropriate places.

While he has justly paid handsome tributes to Dr. Pope wherever such praise is due, he has pointed out politely but clearly the erroneous ideas, opinions and interpretations found in the earlier work. Dr. Pope has himself candidly acknowledged the difficulty that lies in the way of all merely subjective criticism especially by a foreigner. For examples of places where the present translator has quoted Dr. Pope with approval and approbation please see pages 398, 444, 477, 484, 501, 504, 519, 520 and 525 of his notes and comments. As instances of cases where he has differed from the trend of the translations of his illustrious predecessor, his notes and comments at pages 366, 405, 407, 418, 421, 427, 431. 434 to 436, 442, 475, 480, 487, 488, 494 to 496, 498, 500, 504, 507, 509, 514, 518 and 526 may be perused. As illustrations of translations in the book which are different and obviously better than those in the earlier work, lines 99 to 101 of Sivapuranam, lines 46 to 48 of Kirthi Thiru Agaval, lines 82 to 120 of Thiruandapahuthi of the present translation and stanzas 34, 36 and 39 of Thiruchathagam, 15 of Thiruvembavai, 18 of Thiruthellanam, stanza 10 of Annaipathu and stanza 2 of Tirupalli Ezhuchi may be compared with advantage. The learned doctor could not comprehend properly the real significance of the utterances of the Saint in the tradition of Nuptial Mysticism e.g., 1st stanza of Uyirunnipathu, stanza 5 of Arulpathu, stanza 8 of Thiruammanai etc. The role of the saint as a lady-love in the bewitching and beatific presence of Lord Siva, the Eternal bridegroom was obviously beyond the comprehension of Dr. Pope.

The present translator's exposition of the circumstances under which Thiruchazhal songs could have been composed (Page 457) and his references to the latest remarkable and revealing bioliogical discovery that bees have the best-developed language of dance and gestures to communicate directions and distances to other bees (page 451) which make them the fittest and best-qualified communicators with Lord Nataraja the Master-Dancer of the universe are also significant features worthy of special notice. As regards his illuminating notes on the tenets of Saiva Siddhantha philosophy, reference is solicited to pages 366 to 368, 391, 400, 412, 425, 487, 497, 508, 512, 530 etc. of his notes and comments. According to the present translator, the poem Kuzhaithapathu contains the quintessence of Saiva Siddhantha metaphysics and stanza 7 of this poem as well as stanza 7 of Koil Thirupathikam are described as Hridaya Slokas. While every line in every poem of this saint is worth careful study and assimilation, the following stanzas deserve special emphasis and are worth memorising - viz. the whole of Sivapuranam,

stanzas 1, 12, 15, 21 and 90 of Tiruchatakam, the whole of Tiruvembavai, stanzas 10 and 13 of Tiruporchunnam, stanzas 3, 4, and 18 of Tirukothumbee, stanzas 1 and 18 of Tiruthellanam, stanzas 9, 13 and 14 of Tiruchazhal, stanza 6 of Thiruthonokkam, stanza 4 of Kuyilpathu, stanzas 4 and 10 of Thirupalliezhuchi, stanzas 5 and 7 of Sethilapathu, stanza 2 of Adaikalapathu, stanza 8 of Adisayapathu, stanza 4 of Punarchipathu, stanza 1 of Thiru--kalukundrapathikam, the whole of Kuzhaithapathu, stanzas 3 and 9 of Pidithapathu, stanza 10 of Thiruvesaravu, stanza 3 of Thirupulambal, stanzas 5 and 7 of Kulapathu, stanza 2 of Tirupadai Ezhuchi and stanzas 1, 7 and 9 of Achopadikam.

The most important and perhaps the only controversial point noticeable in the views of the author relates to the date of saint Manickavasakar in which he seems to be in agreement with Dr. Pope but this is a matter which has been under discussion and controversy among eminent scholars and Pandits from a very long time and it will probably be revived after the publication of this book. The ordinary reader need not, however, worry himself too much about this dispute which can only be of academic interest to him. A careful study of the translation and the notes and comments will certainly enlighten, inspire, and ennoble his soul and help him to lead a good life of devotion to God and love towards all creatures, and to enjoy real bliss and happiness in this life as well as the next. Let the controversy be left exclusively to historians and religious leaders interested in the historic side of the saint's eventful life.

Tiruvachakamani's Translation which does ample justice to the saint's sacred utterances and their real import with special reference to the essential tenets of Saiva Siddhantha metaphysics underlying them, is, to say the least, *a monumental work of which any one can be justly proud* and *for which I, for one, cannot find adequate words of praise and appreciation.* He has laid the Tamil people as well as the English-knowing people of other countries who have a genuine regard for religion and devotion, under a deep debt of gratitude. *His is a work of unique importance and value* not only to the Saiva System but also to the Hindu Religion and Philosophy which are unfortunately not adequately known in other countries of the world.

I would be failing in my duty if I do not place on record my sincere appreciation of the readiness and eagerness with which my young friend Sri Manali Ramakrishna Mudaliar, hereditary trustee of Sri Chenna Malleswarar and Chenna Kesavaperumal Devasthanams, Madras undertook the printing and publication of the book. He hails from a noble family whose extensive endowments in favour of religious, edueational and charitable institutions are well-known all over the State. Though young in age and experience, he is by nature pious, generous, sympathetic and amenable to well-meant advice and guidance. In the words of the sacred Kural,

the world is bound to applaud the character of those whose usefulness results from their equity and charity. His able manager Sri T. H. Vivekanandam Pillai also took up the work earnestly and did his best to expedite the execution of the work. The actual work of printing was, of course supervised personally by Tiruvachakamani and that accounts for the excellent get-up of this splendid book which I am sure will adorn not only every temple and library but also every home in every part of the globe, as our saint is admittedly a first-rate World Teacher about whose work there can be no better tribute than the traditional saying that 'he whose heart is not melted by Tiruvachakam must have a stone for a heart.'

Homage to Siva of Southern Land!
Lord of every land!

(Sd.) A. UTHANDARAMAN.

RAO BAHADUR, TANIGAIMANI
V. S. CHENGALVARAYA PILLAI, M. A.
Retired Personal Assistant
To The Inspector-General of
Registration, Madras.

292, LINGA CHETTI STREET,
MADRAS-1.
3rd August, 1954.

I had the pleasure of going through the English Translation in verse of our sacred Tiruvachakam by Tiruvachakamani Sri K. M. Balasubramanyam. The translation brings out in as perfect and correct a form as possible, *the force, the grace and the grandeur of the original* and Mr. K. M. Balasubramanyam is to be congratulated on this, his splendid achievement – an achievement which will bring credit, not only to himself but also to the Tamil Divine Literature. By this praiseworthy work of his, Mr. K. M. Balasubramanyam has rendered valuable service to the Tamil Literature, as the work, when printed and published and made available to the far-off lands in the East and the West, would widely be read and appreciated by all English-knowing, religious-minded people, thus tending to raise the prestige of the Tamil Land.

I would without any hesitation say that the splendid diction, mellifluous flow and the faultless version of this work are the outcome, not so much of the translator's wide knowledge of Tamil and English *as of the Lord's grace and of the extra-ordinary piety and grasp of the original, which have moved the soul and every nerve of the Translator.*

(Sd.) V. S. CHENGALVARAYA PILLAI.

DEWAN BAHADUR MADRAS,

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI. *Date : 1—8—1954.*

I have looked into the poetic translation of Saint Manickavachakar's. Tiruvachakam, the divine, God-intoxicated, devotional poem–the supremest gem of all the devotional poems in the world. The Lord Himself felt the nectarine sweetness of the poem so much that he called the Saint "the man whose words were precious like rubies". I have known Sri Balasubramaniam for decades and am one of his sincere well-wishers and admirers. He was like most of us at the cross-roads of external modern life but has since then, unlike most of us, soared into the empyrean where the undying flame of the Sun of spiritual passion shines for ever. The author's numbers flow with clarity and mellifluousness even as the original verses flow.

"Though deep yet clear, gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without over-flowing, full"

I know the author before as a master of picturesque and scintillating English prose but I now find that he is as good a master of English verse as well. Though he has not handled rhyme, yet his tetrametres and pentametres and hexametres and heptametres move with subtle, pleasing rhythm.

The author's verses also are "as rubies bright with passions quivering redness in the heart." Tennyson Says :

"To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame."

The author has the deep poetic heart. I wish him crescent and lasting poetic fame also.

(Sd.) K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI.

PROF. T. P. MEENAKSHISUNDARAM PILLAI M.A., B.L. *Annamalai University, 15—7—1958.*

Head of the Tamil Department.

Thiru K. M. Balasubramaniam has developed his own unique style in Tamil and English. His writings and speeches are always very popular. He has been reaching progressively in them greater and greater depth and width. His recitals and expositions of religious hymns especially Tiruvachakam have earned for him the well-merited title of "*Tiruvachaka-mani*" which has now become almost his proper name. Some years back he read out to me passages from his Translation of Tiruvachakam and it was *a great literary treat*. This monumental contribution of his has been maturing all these years and has certainly gained in value thereby.

I can, however, boldly assert that this translation is much better and nearer to the original than any other. He deserves the gratitude of the English-knowing world in general and the Tamils in particular.

(Sd.) T. P. MEENAKSHISUNDARAM.

Dr. R. P. SETHU PILLAI, B.A., B.L.,
Head of the Department of Tamil

MADRAS UNIVERSITY,
25—7—58.

தமிழகத்தில் திருவாசகத்திற்கு ஒரு தனிப்பெருமை உண்டு. "திருவாசகத்திற்கு உருகாதார் ஒரு வாசகத்திற்கும் உருகார்" என்பது நெடுமொழியாக இந்நாட்டில் வழங்கிவருகின்றது. இத்தகைய பெருமை சான்ற திருவாசகத்தை நாளும் ஓதியுணர்ந்து, உள்ளம் உருகும் தெள்ளிய அன்பர் திரு. கே. எம். பாலசுப்பிரமணியம் அவர்கள். மணிவாசகர் சொல்லிய பாட்டின் பொருளுணர்ந்து சொற்பொழிவாற்றும் இவ் அறிஞரின் அருமையறிந்த சைவத் தமிழுலகம் "**திருவாசகமணி**" என்று இவரைப் பாராட்டி மகிழ்கின்றது. அருந்தமிழிலும், ஆங்கிலத்திலும் ஆழ்ந்த அறிவுடைய 'திருவாசகமணி'யின் அரிய பெரிய நூல் இப்பொழுது வெளியிடப் பெற்றுள்ளது.

'**போப் அய்யர்**' என்று தமிழ்நாடு உரிமையுடன் போற்றும் ஆங்கிலநாட்டு அறிஞர் திருவாசகத்தை ஐம்பது ஆண்டுகளுக்கு முன்னே ஆங்கிலத்தில் மொழிபெயர்த்து வெளியிட்டருளினர். அந்நூல் இப்போது கிடைத்தல் அரிதாகிவிட்டது.

திரு. கே. எம். பாலசுப்பிரமணியம் இயற்றியுள்ள திருவாசக மொழிபெயர்ப்பு அவர்தம் ஆங்கில அறிவிற்கும், தமிழ் ஆர்வத்திற்கும் சிறந்த சான்றாகத் திகழ்கின்றது. போப்பையருடைய மொழிபெயர்ப்பின் சிறந்த கூறுகளை அவர் எடுத்துக் காட்டுவதோடு, ஆங்காங்கு அவர் உரையில் காணப்படும் குறைபாடுகளையும் தயங்காமல் உணர்த்துகின்றார். பிறசமயச் சான்றோர் கருத்துக்களை இவர் ஆங்காங்கு ஒப்புமையாக எடுத்துக்காட்டும் பான்மையால், சமயங்கள் பலவாயினும் சமய அனுபவம் ஒரே அடிப்படையுடையது என்னும் பேருண்மை புலனாகின்றது. இத்தகைய மேற்கோள்கள் ஆசிரியரின் **பரந்த மனப்பான்மைக்குச்** சிறந்த எடுத்துக்காட்டாகும்.

திருவாசகத்தின் உயரிய கருத்துக்களைப் பிறநாட்டினரும், பிறமொழியினரும் உணர்ந்து இன்பமும், பயனும் எய்துவதற்கு இந்நூல் துணை புரியும் என்பது திண்ணம். திருவாசகத்தால் நாளும் நற்றமிழ் வளர்க்கும் இந்நூலாசிரியர் இறைவன் அருளால் பல்லாண்டு இன்புற்று வாழ்க!

(ஒ-ம்) **ரா. பி. சேதுப்பிள்ளை.**
25—7—58.

VALLAI BALASUBRAMANIAM, B.A.,
Senior and Tamil Translator To Government and Registrar of Books, Madras.

"PONNARANGAM"
15, Muthukrishnan Street, Madras–1.
14th July, 1958.

I had occasion to go through the English translation of Saint Manickavachakar's Tiruvachakam by Tiruvachakamani K. M. Balasubramaniam. I, who first intended to go through the translation skippingly, was so carried away little by little by the beauties of the translation, that I could not resist the temptation of reading every line and every stanza of Tiruvachakam in original and enjoying its translation in full. Having known Mr. K. M. B. at close quarters and having a first-hand knowledge of his scholarship, erudition, versatility, his genius and his great power of expression through pen and tongue, I am not surprised at this, his wonderful performance.

The main purpose of this translation, so far as I can gauge, is to make those who cannot read and enjoy Tiruvachakam in its Tamil original, imbibe its beauties at least through an English translation. From that point of view I declare most solemnly and sincerely that this is a most faithful Translation of Tiruvachakam, and I assure my non-Tamilian friends that, if they want to know anything about Tiruvachakam, they can safely rely on this authoritative translation thereof by Mr. K. M. B. Now Mr. K. M. B.'s *Translation of Tiruvachakam is nearer to the original than that of Dr. Pope.* This statement of mine should not be construed as casting any reflection on the merits of Dr. Pope's great work. Far from it.

Mr. K. M. B. has laboured very hard indeed to bring out into the translation the eternal and blissful beauties of Tiruvachakam. To cite only two instances, Mr. K. M. B's. translation of stanzas commencing with the words "பண்சுமந்த பாடல்" (திருஅம்மானை 8, page 126) and "குழைத்தால் பண்டைக் கொடுவினை நோய்" (குழைத்தபத்து 1, page 268) are simply sublime and can be placed on a par with Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam and with Desiga Vinayakam Pilai's rendering into Tamil of Fitzgerald's English verses. This I say with the record of my thirty years' experience and labour in the field of translation.

It is a case of strange and singular delight to all Tamilians to note that Saint Manickavachagar had been instrumental in inspiring two great sons of Tamil Nad to produce their respective *magnum opus* in the Twentieth century. I refer to Marai Malai Adigal's "The Life and Times of Manikkavachagar (வரலாறும், காலமும்)" and Mr. K. M. Balasubramanyam's great Translation of Tiruvachakam.

(Sd.) VALLAI BALASUBRAMANIAM.

A MASTER'S BLESSING !

The late Rt. Hon'ble

V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI.

MYLAPORE,

10th December, 1943.

Mr. K. M. Balasubramaniam is an Advocate of Madras, now employed as Provincial Song Publicity Officer. He is an accomplished young man and easily impresses one as a good representative of modern culture. I have read a book written by him and heard him too on the platform. It is a pleasure to me to testify to his skill in the use of English in either way. He is a master of idiomatic, humorous and highly cultivated expression and in speech is fluent, effective and interesting. He holds views on literature, politics and life generally characterised by moderation and good sense, while his outlook is progressive, tolerant and patriotic. I wish him success and honour, which he seems already to have touched to good purpose.

(Sd.) **V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI.**

PREFACE

THAT day in the year 1948 just a decade ago when Dr. S. Kumaraswami Pillai, our beloved Father in law presented us with a copy of Dr. Pope's Translation of Tiruvachakam and Heiler's Book on Prayer, has proved a red-letter day in our humble life. It is the most eventful gift which has proved efficacious and but for that, our accidental introduction to the Reverend Doctor by another doctor, we wonder if we could ever have become the author of this Translation of Tiruvachakam. Hence we first express our gratitude to that good and noble soul—Dr. S. K. Pillai—for his seasoned gift of a seed which has given us this yeild!

Despite all our early political peregrinations of a particularly un-religious character, we have become eternally wedded to this sacred Tiruvachakam either due to our parentage or due to our past Karma. This soul-ful dedication of our humble self to this Spiritual Store-house of Tamil has been still further consecrated by our having committed to memory all the fifty-one chapters of Tiruvachakam by the year 1948. Our overwhelming devotion to Saint Manickavachakar first of all flowered into a Tamil Prabanda called 'Manickavachakar Malai' or 'A Garland Of Praise Of Manickavachakar'—a Centum of Tamil stanzas praising the Saint and commenting on his teachings. It was in the course of his Foreword to this humble work of ours that the late lamented Tiru. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar—that Saintly leader of the Tamils, for the first time called us 'Tiruvachakam Balasubramaniam'. This new nomenclature soon became current among our friends. Later on in the year 1949 the present Head of the Dharmapuram Adeenam modified that nomenclature into 'Tiruvachakamani Balasubramaniam' and on the solemn occasion of the recent Kumbabishekam of the Lord of Vaitheeswarankoil he presented us with a Gold Medal with the name inscribed thereon, in the immediate presence of Sri Manavala Ramanujam, the then Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University. Since then this new name has been in vogue. But, this conferment of the 'title' or complimentary christening has, far from

making as vain, instilled and fostered in us a keen sense of realisation of our responsibility to re-dedicate our soul to the rare and divine task of måking Tiruvachakam ring and re-echo in every corner of the world.

It was at this psychologically ripe stage of our soul that, as stated in the beginning, we were accidentally confronted with Dr. Pope's Translation of Tiruvachakam. Needless it is to point out here that this new and interesting English version of Tiruvachakam took our soul by storm and pinned us to the pleasant task of perusing it from cover to cover. We laid the book down with mixed feelings of rapture and regret. That an English Missionary should have done this pioneer work of a very enviable nature so long as ago as 1900 A. D. delighted us and drew forth tears from our eyes. But we were equally full of melancholy and regret that so much of an unedyfying nature had been said against our Saint by that Translator in his notes, in spite of his exceptionally sympathetic and even reverential attitude towards the former. We became at once anxious and all agog to make amends for this. 'We would never rest content till this blemish on record is blotted out and rebutted and till the last word about the Saint should be ours in print.' This was our firm resolution born of our immediate reaction.

Nor was this all. At the time when the pious doctor had been engaged in this holy but herculean task of Englishing Tiruvachakam, he had literally no assistance or aid in the shape of a commentary on this work in Tamil, except an old book which too, as he has pointed out, was not of any material use to him. Hence he was labouring at this work unaided and unassisted, in a country which was a stranger to the tastes and traditions of Tamilnad as well as Tiruvachakam. And therefore it was that the learned Doctor, in spite of his unparalleled record of invaluable service to Tamil language and literature, had in the translation of the text faltered and fallen in a number of places, with his false interpretations or inaccurate grasp of the meanings of words, phrases and allusions. This constituted another reason for our resolution to undertake our own translation. This does not in the least imply that we are in any manner blind to or unappreciative of our himalayan debt of gratitude to that exemplary Christian whose life was a long record of service to Tamil. Far from being so, we love and revere him to the unusual extent of even identifying our soul with his, if this extra-ordinary liberty we could ever be indulged with.

That Dr. Pope has been included by us among the Canonized Saints of Saiva Calender in our work called "Manickavachakar Malai" and that this very humble work of ours is being dedicated to Dr. Pope with all love, veneration and gratitude are proofs positive that he is deemed by us not only as a Doctor of Divinity but also as a Divinity of a Doctor. Nevertheless, we wish to say that though Pope is dear to us, Truth is dearer still. Hence, with the aid of the variety of volumes of annotations and commentaries as well as the traditions and atmosphere around us of a helpful nature and above all, by the unfailing grace of the Lord so palpably and demonstrably shown, we have brought out this English version of Tiruvachakam. It is far from our intention to claim any degree of perfection for this work. At best it is and can only be, a little improvement or an advance over Dr. Pope's earlier version. No translator, indigenous or alien, can ever recapture the soul and breath, the aroma and ardour of the immortal and classical hymnology of Tiruvachakam. If the import of that eternal work is Lord Nataraja Himself, as even the Saint has indicated; and if that import could be neither explained nor apprehended by a mere intellectual medium of words; and if that has only to be heartily imbibed and mystically sensed by the soul through the instrumentality of the Lord's Grace, how can any poor mortal, however well-equipped he may be morally, intellectually, and linguistically, venture to recapture that 'import' and essence through the medium of another language and reproduce with faithfulness and fidelity to the original? Dr. Pope dared to dive into the fathomless depths of this spiritual Sea of Tiruvachakam. We too have dared to jump into that Sea after a lapse of fifty-eight years. We may be intellectually and linguistically ill-equipped to operate in the Pearl-fishery of translation but we have the ante-natal advantage of a common nativity and a closer affinity with Saint Manickavachakar. Well and truly may it be said of our humble translation that though its unheard melodies are sweeter, the melody that is audible may be a little sweet. Dr. Pope's translation was a line by line translation and hence it necessarily suffered on this account. But our translation, though it generally tries to follow the original line by line, has steered clear off the Scylla of too literal a translation and the Charybdis of a free and liberal one. Any one who is proficient in Tamil and English will not fail to appreciate the harmonious golden mean we have attempted to strike while translating the original. We have not ventured to omit even a preposition or conjunction; yet we have made bold to recast

certain lines in the translations in consonance with the English idiom and usage. In fact, as Swami Sivananda has so beautifully pointed out, our aim has been two-fold; firstly, the fidelity of the translation to the original should be full and complete and secondly, independent of the original and irrespective thereof, the translation itself must read like an original composition yielding the original's meaning without much effort. Judged by this two-fold test, the translation is a success, graciously concedes our Gurudev of Rishikesh. "No poetical work can be translated without losing its sweetness and harmony" says Dante. Hence we have attempted and achieved only what is humanly possible.

Our Notes and Comments appended to the text will, it is hoped, be of some use in widening the intellectual and spiritual horizon of the people in the East as well as in the West, who have unfortunately laid separatist claims to spiritual monopoly to the exclusion of the others. If the Notes and Comments consisting of remarkably parallel quotations from the Christian, Buddhistic, Islamic and Sanskritic sources should in ever so small a measure instil and confirm in the minds of the readers the eternal truth that the East and the West meet to-gether and shake hands with each other on the Spiritual Everest of the Himalayan Faith, as indeed Tensing Norkay and Hillary actually did on the physical Everest of the Himalayan Mountain, we would feel gratified and grateful. It is only considerations of space which have curtailed the length of our notes. In fact, we embarked upon such an elaborate Noting and Commenting only in pursuance of our Reverend Pope's advice or exhortation given in the Preface to his edition of Tiruvachakam. He has stated therein; "It must be confessed, more-over, that I very earnestly wish also that my valued Tamil friends may be led to make the closer acquaintance of some of the magnificent collections of 'sacred poetry' existing in English. And this not only for the benefit (which must be great) of the individual student but of Tamil literature. For no literature can stand alone." If we have not shrunk from the Christian or other religious compositions, it is not out of any condescension, but out of reason's compulsion.

Regarding the actual work of translating this Tiruvachakam, we would like to say a few words. Dr. Pope's translation is said to have

taken ten years of hard work. He dated the publication of his work on his Eightieth Birthday in A. D. 1900. Our book of translation was finished on 19—8—50 and sees the light of day on 24—8—58 after a period of 8 years to the day! This number of 8 years is also significant as being in unique consonance with Tiruvachakam's Tirumurai number which is 8. We find from our original manuscripts that the first Chapter Sivapuranam had been translated in one day i.e. 13—3—50 the first day when this work was started. Then there had been a period of lull till 3—5—50. On 3—5—50 and 4—5—50 Keerthi Tiru Ahaval was finished and on 4—5—50 and 5—5—50 Tiru Anda Pahuti was finished. So also on 5—5—50 and 6—5—50 Potri Tiru Ahaval was finished. Again, the chapter called Tiru Chatakam had taken 5 days in all to translate, namely 11—5—50; 24—5—50; 25—5—50; 26—5—50 and 28—5—50. The next chapter "Neethal Vinnappam" had taken two days to finish translating *i.e.* 9-6—50 and 10—6—50. After that a pretty long pause. Then from 31—7—50 to 19—8—50 at a stretch all the rest of Tiruvachakam had been translated. But it must be mentioned now that due to some reason or other the chapter called Tiru Embavai was translated on 19—8—50 just prior to the Achcho Patikam—the final chapter. Thus, it will be noticed that the actual work of Englishing (of course, the rough frame-work) the whole of Tiruvachakam had taken full 31 days. Even the number of hours we had been at it on each day is on record. But actually it has not been such a child's play. During the past eight long years we have been chistling, polishing and chastening it for days and nights on end. We cannot give the number of times the text has undergone change after change and touch after touch. Still, we must confess we are not satisfied. One or two attempts to get it published by a University got foiled by the efforts of some candid friends. And that too has proved an advantage. That has been the cause of still further improvements. God's ways are inscrutable! No other publisher or religious institution would even seriously think of coming forward to publish this work. But our faith in the Providence was firm and unshakable. Keep a manuscript for seven years before publishing it—says an old adage. We have followed, nay we have been forced to follow this adage to the letter and to be more cautious, we have added one more year in the bargain. Hence it has not been in vain.

When in the month of February 1957 we had casually mentioned this fact of the want of a publisher for our translation at a Tiruvembavai meeting in the temple of Tyagarajaswami of Tiruvarur, up rose after us Sri A. Uthandaraman, the Commissioner of H. R. & C. Endowments of this State and solemnly announced that he would see that this Translation of Tiruvachakam gets published very soon. And he has been as good as his word. By the next February of 1958 the manuscript was in the hands of the Printers. And to-day the printed copies are in everybody's hands. His official experience in the Revenue Department is at once balanced and burnished by his ardent religious qualities. He is a bold innovator who could break a time-worn custom to pieces by a mere jesture of his hand. The diabolical and unedifying ceremony that had been in vogue in Tiruppugalur with reference to the celebration of the attainment of God-head by Saint Appar had to wait like the Gordion Knot to be unceremoniously cut asunder by this Alexander of an Uthandaraman. He went, he saw, he conquered. He has boldly replaced that nauseating ceremony by a sensible and rationalised ceremony which is as simple as it is pure and which is as inspiring as it is elegant. Again, where we had attempted and failed, Sri Uthandaraman has achieved an historic success. We refer to the renovation and remodelling of what is popularly called the Appar Mutt in the Village of Tirupoonthuruthi near Tiruvayyaru. By himself announcing a handsome donation to begin with, Sri Uthandaraman forced down a shower of donations from a staggering variety of sources and had the thousand-year old, dilapated Mutt bequeathed by St. Appar, re-built on a better scale and richly endowed too. Our own personal dream of a decade ago is standing forth in majesty to-day as a Sanctuary of Spiritual training—the poetry of a powerful idea—Bhakti's monument in brick and mortar. And all this due to the infinite capacity of the Commissioner to reduce rare ideals to the realistic facts of life. But for him this book would not have seen the light of day now or in the near future. His opinion published in this book is a master-piece of review which argues his marvellous literary powers. We thank him for this also.

The suggestion of the Commissioner had been hardly made when it was jumped upon and accepted with joy by Sri Ramakrishna Mudaliar B.A., who is the hereditary Trustee of Sri Chennamelleswarar and Chennakesavaperumal Devasthanam, Madras. To appreciate the

spiritual value of such a publication and to take up and work the idea into action with hearty hilarity and speed is no small an achievement on the part of a trustee of a temple in these days. We are speaking from our abundant experience. Sri Ramakrishna Mudaliar is the scion of a very ancient and aristocratic family of Tamilnad and the city of Madras. The Manali Estate and the charities endowed by it are famous throughout this State. The family had been at the acme of its power, prestige and popularity even during the days of the East India Company. It was this family that had built the present Siva cum Vishnu temples and installed the respective Deities and endowed them richly. Sri Ramakrishnan is a charming youth of a pleasing disposition whose, every word and movement would reveal his nobility of descent and simplicity of life. He deserves our personal thanks and the gratitude of the Saivite public for having come forward so generously to finance the publication of our Translation from out of the temple funds.

Sri T. H. Vivekanandam Pillai who is now an Assistant Commissioner in the Endowments department had been the Manager of the Devasthanam at the time when the proposal for publishing Tiruvachakam was made and accepted. Enthusiastic and able, Sri Vivekanandam is a dynamic person whose Wentworthian policy of thoroughness is well-known. He has played a vital role in bringing out this publication. Our thanks are due to him also.

The fact that Sri M. Bhaktavatsalam is a Minister of the Madras State is by itself sufficient to warrant his writing a Foreword to this Translation. Why? Because Saint Manickavachakar had himself been a Minister of Pandiland. A diamond cuts a diamond: and one Minister knows another. But, in addition to this, Sri Bhaktavatsalam is in charge of the portfolio of Hindu Religious Endowments which fact would clothe him with still greater authority and right to pen the Foreword. He is genuinely interested in the spiritual regeneration of this country which is fast denationalising itself with its gigantic strides towards the goal of aetheism on the highway of secularism. He is pained at this phenomenon and is ready and accoutered to head and lead the hordes of spiritual soldiers in their historic attempt to accomplish the religious rearmament of the race. We are grateful to him for his very learned and weighty Foreword and we wish him a still more glorious future full of service, strength and spirituality!

It now remains for us to pay our homage and thanks to His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya Swamigal of Kamakotipeetam for his

paternal blessings and peerlessly good words. Sri Swami Sivananda of Rishikesh has blessed us with a very learned, critical and superbly-worded opinion for which we do not find adequate words to thank him with. May the spiritual lustre of this Soul–fostering Sun enlighten the dark souls and lead them heaven-ward!

To Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, the world-renowned Philosopher-Statesman we are bond-slave of love and devotion and he was the very earliest to bless our work. No expression of thanks will ever be sufficient for his affection and attachment to our humble self. Dr. Mahadevan's sincere words are a source of strength to us.

All others who have encouraged us with their respective opinions, particularly Sri Patanjali Sastri and Sri P. V. Rajamannar deserve our very sincere thanks. Sri C. Subramaniam, Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Sri T. M. Narayanaswami Pillai, Sri Tanigaimani Chengalvaraya Pillai, Sri K. S. Ramaswamy Sastri, Sri T. P. Meenakshisundaram Pillai, Sri R. P. Sethu Pillai, and Sri Vallai Balasubramaniam—all these good men and true have laid us under a deep debt of gratitude by their invaluable opinions so readily given about this book.

We have had to contend against quite an army of difficulties while this book was in the Press. Otherwise our publication could have been better still. We are highly thankful to The Trichinopoly United Printers, Tiruchirapalli for their co-operation in bringing out this publication with taste and attractiveness.

We date this publication to-day on 24th August 1958. This is a very auspicious and significant day—called Avani Moolam when in Madurai the historical act of the transformation of the forest jackals into fleeting steeds for the sake of our Saint is celebrated as a religious festival. This physical metamorphosis has its inevitable mystical and psychic meaning. It signifies the sublimation of sinners into saints. Since we desire that all mankind should be rid of the semiside of their character and shine with ennobled souls, we cannot think of a more appropriate day than this for dating the publication of Saint Manickavachakar's Tiruvachakam which is one of the most efficacious agencies which will bring about this transformation.

24—8—1958
Vilambi,
Avani Moolam.

K. M. BALASUBRAMANIAM.
Madras.

INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF ST. MANICKAVACHAKAR

TIRUVADAVURAR was the name of a child that was born to a Brahmin couple in the village of Tiruvadavur which is situate on the river Vaigai about twelve miles to the south-east of Madurai. The child's father belonged to a sect of Brahmins called Amattiya from which were usually recruited ministers of State and mighty administrators. Tiruvadavurar proved a rare prodigy of learning and before he reached his sixteenth year, he had mastered all branches of knowledge then available, sacred as well as secular. He now presented a pleasing picture of perfect beauty and finished culture– an enviable scion of an ancient and illustrious family whose physical attractiveness was matched by his mental accomplishments. He had been an Indian anticipation of an English Wolsey, the boy-bachelor in more respects than one.

The reputation of this rarest gem of a young Brahmin reached the ears of the then reigning Pandyan whose name is given as Arimardanan by the author of Tiruvilayadal Puranam. But history does not approve of this name. Anyway, the scholar was invited to the Court and the King was so much captivated by the person and talents of young Vadavurar that he immediately appointed the latter as his Prime Minister with a new title of *Tennavan Brahmaroyan* and invested him with extra-ordinary and unlimited powers over the dominion and its administration. The youthful Premier conducted the administration of the kingdom, as if he was to the manner born and prosperity flourished and justice was reigning in the Land. Yet, it cannot be said that the Prime Minister had set all his heart on his job. He felt, in spite of himself, a feeling of estrangement between himself and the vast powers he exercised over a wide kingdom. A long distance seemed to separate his soul from the minister's work as a whole. It was all a case of Wolsey in the opposite direction. While all along the English Premier was too much identifying himself with power and aggrandising his own position, our Brahmaroyar was psychologically detaching himself from the power and glory of the State and attaching himself more and more to spiritual life. He was restless and all agog to seek a spiritual Guru who could lead him to salvation in this birth only. His

spiritual thirst increased with every day and time was heavily hanging on him because a day that did not take him to a Guru was deemed a day that was wasted. But soon came an end to this mental agony of the Prime Minister.

One day, the King was informed by some messengers that the Equestrian Wing of the Standing Army was weak and depleted and that that was the right moment to replenish the Cavalry forces because ships' load of war-horses had just then arrived in a harbour of the Chozha country. They were all from an Aryan land, meaning a foreign country. As Dr. G. U. Pope also supposed, we are of opinion that the horses must have come from Arabia only, since there was during the time of Vadavurar commercial and cultural intercourse well-established between the West and India, particularly the Pandyan country. The King commissioned his Prime Minister himself to proceed at once to the said port and personally transact the purchase of enough number of horses ; accordingly, the minister was also entrusted with an enormous treasure for that purpose.

The Prime Minister then started on his mission at the head of a vast retinue. As Pope remarks, "like St. Paul journeying to Damascus, he is on the eve of an unexpected and decisive experience." After passing through hills and dales, the Ministerial party was nearing the place called Tiruperunthurai, when a chorus of divine songs as if sung by a thousand voices was heard emanating from within a thick grove. This mysterious strain was too attractive to let the party pass without enquiring into the cause or source thereof. The Prime Minister who had now arrived at the proper psychological moment of a turning-point in his life, got down from his palanquin and unconscious of anything else slowly wended his way to the spot whence the sound was proceeding. As soon as he reached the place, the sight that greeted his eyes was too ravishing and rapturous to be described in words. He saw a mystic Guru who had a rosary of scarlet Eleocarpus beeds around his head, throat and breast ; who was smeared with sacred ashes of dazzling white, who had a third eye of fire in the centre of his resplendent fore-head, and who held in his hand a sacred book. He was sourrounded by 999 Sivan Adiyars.

Knowing that the book in his hand was the Siva Gñana Bodham which would enlighten the soul about the soul and God. our

Vadavurar dropped off all his official attire and became dead unto the mundane world. The hair on his body bristled, tears flowed down his cheeks and he fell prostrate at the feet of the Saviour. Then the Guru initiated him into the mystic Mantra and the doctrines of Saiva Siddhanta philosophy and by planting his hand and feet on the devotee's crown he completed the formalities of the sacrament. The minister had now become the mendicant. He became charged with spiritual fervour and God-intoxication and gems of words wreathed themselves into gorgeous garlands and rained forth from his silver tongue. The Guru was delighted with the unparalleled strains of the convert's soulful words ; he christened him as 'Manicka-Vachakar' — 'He of Ruby-Words' and blessed him. Now had Vadavurar become so completely the Guru's own in word and action that he spent away all the funds at his disposal in feeding the thousands of Sivan's followers and in building and repairing the temple at Tiruperunthurai.

Days passed by and the Pandyan King, having known about this fact, issued an order to his ex-minister to return home forthwith with all the horses. Manickavachakar knew not what to do except to take refuge at the feet of his Guru, Who bade him to proceed at once to Madurai and inform the King that the fleet of horses would reach there on the Avani Moolam day .He also handed over a bright ruby to the Saint to be presented to the King in person.

The King, when he was presented with a rare ruby by his ex-minister and was assured about the certain arrival of the horses on Avani Moolam, became mightily pleased and complimented the latter. But learning from the spies of the court that though Avani Moolam was very near, there was no trace of the sound of the horse-hoofs anywhere near Madurai, the King's suspicions got roused and he ordered the Saint to be put in jail and punished. He was wailing and appealing to his Master to come to his rescue. And so came the Master to his disciple's rescue on the day when Avani Moolam came. Just at the appointed hour the King saw the whole of Madurai city filled with horses ridden on and led by strange-looking foreigners. The King became pleased once again and ordered the release of the Saint. The Lord who had come there in the guise of the Arabic Horse-seller displayed the whole cavalry of horses to the King and handed over their

charge to him. The King felt that he had struck a much better bargain than his money's worth and presented clothes and gold to the Merchant-Prince as was his custom. But as was the custom with the horse-seller of Arabia, he simply took them at the end of his cane and threw them on the horse, without any bowing or thanking. The enraged King was soothed by the Saint with a satisfactory explanation.

The merchant departed and with him that day. But at the dead of that night happened a curious thing, which threw the whole of Madurai into a panic. The newly-arrived horses had got metamorphosed into jackals and they ran out of the stables helter-skelter with their hideous howlings and while thus running away, they played havoc by biting the other horses and whomsoever they met on the way. This harrowing tale reached the ears of the Pandyan King whose wrath and indignation were all directed against the poor Saint. Manickavachakar once again became the victim of the tortures and punishments at the hands of the King's servants—this time he was fried as it were, on the hot sand of the river Vaigai.

Once again the Saint sent forth his wailing appeal to his Master for succour. And the unfailing Master rushed to his rescue by making freshes to appear in the Vaigai river. The inundation was threatening the safety of the city of Madurai itself. The King ordered that each family should be allorted a portion of the river-bank to be repaired and safe-guarded. One Vandhi, an old and helpless woman, a pudding-vendor, who also had her allotted share of work, was in a fix for want of some male member to do her job. In response to her sincere prayer, Lord Siva appeared as a youthful labourer and agreed to look after her portion for the meagre wages of the powdered pudding she gave. But the labourer was sporting and sleeping rather than throwing earth in the breach in the bank. The peculiar case of this playful truant was reported to the King who ordered him to be caned by his servants. And when the lash was administered, the youth disappeared suddenly and a wound appeared on the body of the King and his subordinates, nay upon all creations, sentient and insentient. They felt the impact of the blow and the imprint of the wound. Then realised the King that it had been none else than Lord Siva and that he (King) had been

extremely foolish in ill-treating such a rare devotee of Siva as Manickavachakar. The penitent King fell at the feet of his ex-minister and begging his pardon, placed all his diadem and kingdom at his feet. The Saint who was also penitent for his having been the cause of all this hardship for his Lord, declined to have anything to do with the King and his kingdom. And taking leave of him, he immediately repaired to Uttarakosamangai where he stayed for some time and composed the 'Neethal Vinnappam'. From there he visited various Siva Shrines like Tiruperunthurai, Tiruvarur, Tiruvidaimarudur, Tiruvannamalai, Tirukazhukunram, Sirkazhi and finally settled down at Chidambaram, as indeed he had been bidden by his Lord.

It was while the Saint was biding his time at Tillai that he is said to have engaged himself in a debating contest on behalf of Saivism against the Buddhist monks from Ceylon. What is worse, at the end of the debate, enraged at the Buddhists not owning their defeat, the Saint is alleged to have entreated Goddess Saraswathi to blight the tongues of the Buddhists into dumbness. That obliging Goddess too is said to have done so. Again, at the request of the Ceylonese king, the Saint is said to have imparted to the king's dumb daughter the power of answering the doubts and questions about Siva expressed by the Buddhist monks. Even at the cost of incurring the displeasure of some very esteemed Saivites, we have to completely repudiate this palpably false story which is quite unworthy of the Saint and Saivism alike. We have dealt with this question in our Introduction to the chapter called Tiru Chazhal.

After this, one day an old and venerable Brahmin hailing from Madurai reached the Ashram of our Saint at Tillai and requested him to repeat the whole of Tiruvachakam for his benefit. The Saint obliged him by dictating Tiruvachakam which the old man took down on palm-leaves as fast as it was dictated. Then at the specific request of the visitor, Saint Manickavachakar sang on the spot another spiritual work of 400 stanzas called Tiru Kovayar. This is a spiritual classic written on the pattern of Nuptial Mysticism. This too was taken down, after which the old Brahmin vanished.

The next morning the Tillai Three Thousands found a big bundle of cadjan leaves on the Panchakshara steps of Ponnambalam. When it was looked into, it was found to contain the whole of Tiruvachakam and Tirukovayar with these words subscribed at the end: 'Written to the dictation of St. Manickavachakar by Tiru Chitrambalam Udayan.' The astonished priests were asked by an Ashariri (Ether-voice) to go and meet His favourite devotee Saint Manickavachakar living in the north-east end of the town, since He was the author of those works. Accordingly, the Three Thousands of Tillai went and greeted the Saint with all temple honours and falling at his feet they begged of him to explain the meaning and import of the two works Tiruvachakam and Tirukovayar. Silently the Saint went to Ponnambalam, accompanied by the Brahmin priests and band of devotees. The moment he reached the Panchakshara Steps, he pointed with his fore-finger to the Lord Nataraja as *the* meaning of his works and instantly appeared a glorious, resplendent Jyothi in Ponnambalam into which disappeared our immaculate Saint. The congregation gathered there praised the Lord for this unique sight of the beatification so graciously vouch-safed unto them, all on account of the immortal Saint Manickavachakar. This, in short, is the story of his life.

THE SANSKRIT VEDAS AND THE TAMIL TIRUMURAIS

1. The Twelve Saiva Tirumurais in Tamil beginning from St. Gnanasambandar's Devaram and ending with St. Sekkizhar's Periapuranam are generally known as the Vedas also. A significant fact about these Tirumurais considered as a compact and integral unit is that the first letter of the first word of the first Tirumurai is 'ஓ' which in combination with த் (த்+ஓ=தோ in தோடுடைய) denoting Daharopasana stands as 'தோ.' The last letter of the last word of the last Tirumurai i.e. Periapuranam is 'ம்' in உலகு எலாம்.' Therefore it is seen that the Saiva Tamil Veda called the Twelve Tirumurais, is begun with 'O' and ended with 'M' which means that it is no other than 'Om' — Omkara Pranava. The Tirumurai Veda is but an expansion or explanation of 'Om.' In the Seventh Tirumurai (of St. Sundarar) which is practically the central portion of the Twelve Tirumurais considered as a whole, the Decad of Namasivaya sung by St. Sundarar finds a place.

Now let us take the Sanskrit Vedas which strictly speaking are only the first three. The Atharva Veda is generally avoided in matters of strict enumeration. The very first letter in the first word of the first Suktam of the first Veda (Rig.) is 'A' as found in the expression 'Agnimile Purohitam'. The middle letter in the middle word of the middle Suktam of the middle Veda (Yajur) is 'U' as found in the expression 'Yonisamudrobandhu.' Lastly, the last letter in the last word in the last Suktam of the last Veda (Saman) is 'M' as found in the expression 'Samanamvaram.' Thus it is seen that the three Vedas together constitute 'Om,' each Veda contributing one component letter, respectively of the Syllable. Besides this, the famous mantra of Panchakshara—Namasivaya'—is found enshrined in the very heart of the three Vedas. This occurs in Taittiriya Samhita (S. IV, 5, 1-41) of the Yajur Veda.

"Nama sambhave cha mayobhave cha
Nama Sankaraya cha mayaskaraya cha
Nama Sivaya cha Sivataraya cha."

May this structure of Tamil Tirumurai Veda with its 'Om, and 'Namasivaya' *vis a vis* the three Vedas of Sanskrit with the 'Om' and 'Namasivaya' in them and their striking similarity be noted by us!

This truth is brought out by the Katha Upanishad which says:

"The goal which Vedas proclaim .... it is Om.
This syllable is Brahman ...."

ST. SAMBANDAR'S DEVARAM AND TIRUVACHAKAM

Similarly, let us consider the Devaram hymns of St. Gnanasambandar alone. The Periapuranam describes that Saint as '*one who sang the Vedas in Tamil.*' The purpose of his avatar or birth was to 'ensure the prosperity of the Vedic Way.' Hence his Devaram hymns have the sanctity and strength of the Sanskrit Vedas. That is why the gates of the Vedaranyam temple, once closed by the Sanskrit Vedas, and then reopened by St. Appar, easily closed themselves again when Sambandar uttered his first stanza of the Decad. And, how is its structure found *vis a vis* 'Om' and the Panchaksharam?

As seen above, the very first syllable that had been uttered by that Child-Saint in his third year was 'Om'—the first letter (த்+ஓ) of

the first word of the first line of his first hymn. After his ceremonial wedding was over in his sixteenth year, he held his wife's hand and leading her to the Siva Shrine at Tiru Nallur Perumanam which is near Chidambaram to the south of the river Kollidam (Coleroon) he sang the last hymn of his life called the 'Namasivaya Patikam' in the presence of the colossal Jyoti that appeared in the Sanctum. After sending all the visiting couples into the Jyoti one after another, St. Sambandar and his spouse finally entered that Effulgence and mixed with Sivam. So the last word he uttered in his life was 'Namasivaya.' In this Patikam, he has pointed out the singular and significant truth that the essence of the four Vedas is 'Namasivaya.' It is a clear reference to the Panchakshara Mantra found in the heart of the Yajur Veda, as pointed out above.

The last line of his first stanza of that poem is this 'The Nadan's (Lord's) Name is Namasivaya.' The significance of this line will be clear, if we compare it with the very first line of our Saint's Tiruvachakam. "Namasivaya hail! Hail to the Foot of the Lord (Nadan)!" In other words, St. Gnanasambandar says "The Nadan's name is Namasivaya" and St. Manickavachakar says "Namasivaya is the Nadan's name."

But the purpose of our inviting the kind attention of our readers to these statements of Sambandar and Manickavachakar respectively is to point out that the latter Saint starts literally where the former had ended. In other words, Namasivaya which was the last word of Sambandar's Devaram constitutes the first word of Manickavachakar's Tiruvachakam. Now, is this truth a merely casual co-incidence, having no rationale or mystic significance behind it? Or, is there any clear-cut philosophy behind it? In our view, there is a mystical logic and a metaphysical method behind this apparently accidental affinity.

A closer examination will reveal another truth about both these Saints. While St. Gnanasambandar had commenced his Devaram with 'Om' and concluded it with 'Namasivaya', our Saint Manickavachakar has commenced his Tiruvachakam with 'Namasivaya' and concluded it with 'Om.' (St. 652). Now, what does this mean?

In the four-fold stage of soul-culture, St. Gnanasambandar represented the second stage of Kriya and St. Manickavachakar the fourth and final stage of Gnana. This is a well-accepted truth which no Saivite can dare dispute or deny. If so, Sambandar has represented the process of Evolution by his expansion of the 'Om' into the Panchakshara in his Devaram, while Manickavachakar has represented the reverse process of Involution by his contraction of the Panchakshara into the 'Om.' An endless vista of Siddhantic truths will open itself up if this two-fold theory about our Saints is logically pursued. What, therefore, we have seen in short is that Kriya will unfold and Gnana will contract, as represented by Sambandar's Devaram and Manickavachakar's Tiruvachakam respectively.

THE UPANISHADS AND TIRUVACHAKAM: SIMILARITY.

Now, let us take Tiruvachakam with reference to 'Om' and the Upanishads.

It is not only the Vedas, as we have seen above, that have Omkara as its essence. The Upanishads too which are themselves the essence of the Vedas, have Omkara as their quintessence in a more direct sense. Says Mr. Vanmikanathan in his article in the "*Tamil Culture*" (of October 1954): "If one seeks for the core of the Upanishads, one would find it to be the Omkara. 'That is the quintessence of the essences, the Supreme, the highest ....' The Sivapuranam of the Tiruvachakam is in the beginning, the middle and the end, is all throughout the song of Omkara. It may fittingly be called the *Omkara Upanishad*."

In the same article on page 234 he says: "It is the purpose of this essay to bring to relief the Upanishadic mysticism in the Tiruvachagam and to establish its claim to the name and fame of an Upanishad dedicated to the Tamil people." He has given the title of "*Manikkavachakopanishad*" to his article in reference.

Tiruvachakam commences with the word 'Namasivaya — the Panchakshara. But this Panchakshara itself is nothing but Omkara Pranava. As Mr. Vanmikanathan rightly observes on page 236 of his article: "The Tiruvachakam fittingly opens with Omkara: Namasivaya, Vibration, the Feet — all stand for Om." As if the Saint has thought of amplifying this statement and clarifying it beyond doubt,

he has used the expression 'Om' also in the first chapter itself in line 44.

It is not all. Tiruvachakam as a whole is a compact Unit which commences with Omkaram and concludes with the same. There is a reference to 'Omkaram' in *l.* 44 chapter I and again to 'Omkaram' in *l.* 3 of 652 chapter LI. Again to reassure us still further, the Saint has made a significant reference to it as the 'Single Syllable' — a single word, in Stanza 395 (Chapter XXIII). Thus Om is in the beginning, middle and end of Tiruvachakam. Viewed, from another point of view, Tiruvachakam contains the Sthula Panchakshara — 'Namasivaya' in the first chapter; the Sukshma Panchakshara — 'Sivayanama' in the Thirty-first chapter (St. 551); and the Pranava Panchakshara or Omkaram in the fifty-first chapter (St. 652). As pointed out earlier these three are the natural stages in the process of involution.

"We do not have in the Upanishads" says Radhakrishnan, in his Preface to the Principal Upanishads (1953) "a single, well-articulated system of thought. We find in them a number of different strands which could however be woven together in a single whole by synthetic interpretation. If we are able to make the seeming abstractions of the Upanishads flame anew with their ancient colour and depth, if we can make them pulsate with their old meaning...they will not appear to be altogether irrelevent to our needs, intellectual and spiritual."

With reference to this comment of Dr. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Vanmikanathan remarks:

"The Tiruvachagam is wowen in this spirit. It makes the seeming abstractions of the Upanishads flame anew with their ancient colour and depth. The abstractions of the Upanishads pulsate anew with their old meaning in the songs of Manikkavachagar. The Tiruvachagam furnished the proofs to the abstract propositions of the Upanishads. The reality of the Science of the Abstraction of the Real is for ever established."

Again, "there is a core of certainty" says Dr. Radhakrishnan "which is essentially incommunicable except by a way of life."

Mr. Vanmikanathan comments: "The Upanishads are the way of life: The Thiruvachagam Is THE LIFE ITSELF, recorded in unfaltering words, in words of surpassing melody in a language that is nectar itself. It is an Upanishad, nay, the quintessence of the Upanishads—*Tamil land's unique gift to the world.*"

TIRUVACHAKAM — A REVELATION

Ranade, in his "Constructive Survey of Upanishadic Philosophy," states that "the real meaning of Revelation seems to be not any external message delivered to man from without, but a divine afflatus speaking from within, the result of inspiration through god-intoxication. It was for this reason," he points out, "that Plato explained in his *Ion* the origin of poetieal composition through the afflatus of god-intoxication."

'The authors of those great poems' says Plato, 'do not attain to excellence through the rules of any art, but they utter the beautiful melodies of verse in a state of inspiration, and as it were possessed by a spirit not their own. Thus the composers of lyrical poetry create those admired songs of theirs in a state of divine insanity. ....Thus every rhapsodist or poet is excellent in proportion to the extent of his participation in the divine influence, and the degree in which the Muse itself has descended on him......And thus it appears to me......that these transcendent poems are not human as the work of men, but divine as coming from God.'

"It was in this way" concludes Ranade "that we may say that the Vedic seers composed their hymns, and the Upanishadic philosophers set forth their intellectual arguments."

We may add that, it was in the same way that St. Gnanasambandar specifically says that his Devaram hymns had been sung: "எனதுரை தனதுரையாக." (My words are His alone.") So also professedly sings our Saint:

"As He that Sivan abideth within my heart,
Through His grace alone, before His Feet
I bow with joy in heart and shall recount
The ancient ways of Sivan's own grace."

Therefore Tiruvachakam is as much a Sruti — a Revelation as the Vedas, Brahmanas and the Upanishads.

THE UPANISHADS AND TIRUVACHAKAM : DIFFERENCE

With so much of similarity established on the one hand between the Upanishads and Tiruvachakam, we must also see the differences between the two, on the other.

Discussing the difference between the mysticism of the Upanishads and the mysticism of the Middle Age, (to which our Saint Manickavachakar also belongs) Ranade makes the following observations: "The mysticism of the Upanishad is different from the mysticism of the Middle Age, in as much as it was merely a tidal wave of the philosophy of the ancient seers, while the other was the natural outcome of the heart, full of piety and devotion, the consciousness of sin and misery and final desire to assimilate with the Divine. The Upanishadic mysticism was a naive philosophical mysticism; the mysticism of the Middle Age was a mysticism which hated all philosophical explanations or philosophical imaginings as useless, when contrasted with the practical appropriation of the Real. The Upanishad's mysticism was the mysticism of men who lived in cloisters far away from the bustle of humanity and who, if they permitted any company at all, permitted only the company of the disciples. The mysticism of the Middle Age was a mysticism which engrossed itself in the practical upliftment of the human kind, based on the sure foundation of one's own perfect spiritual development. The Upanishadic mysticism did not come forward with the deliberate purpose of mixing with men in order to ameliorate their spiritual condition. The business of the mystic of the Middle Age consisted in mixing with the ordinary run of mankind, with sinners, with pariahs, with women, with people who cared not for the spiritual life, with people who had even mistaken notions about it, with in fact everybody who wanted, be it ever so little, to appropriate the Real. We may say," concludes Ranade, "that as we pass from the Upanishadic mysticism to the mysticism of the Middle Age, we see the spiritual life brought from the hidden cloisters to the market place." As Mr. Vanmikanathan remarks, substitute 'Tiruvachakam' for 'Middle Age' wherever it occurs and the genius of the Tiruvachagam stands revealed.

TIRUVACHAKAM'S 51 *CHAPTERS: NUMBERS 51 AND 8.*

There is also a mystic and metaphysical coincidence between the 51 chapters of Tiruvachakam and the primordial 51 Aksharas or letters which are stated to have been scattered from the Damaruka when Lord Nataraja sounded it in the beginning of creation. Just as the Nada Brahman or Omkara unfolds itself into the 51 Aksharas through the Damaruka, the Omkara which begins Tiruvachakam also unfolds itself into the 51 Chapters of that Divine Biblica. Again, just like the 51 Aksharas of Nadam, the 51 Chapters of Tiruvachakam also will involve themselves in Omkara in the end.

Among the Twelve Saiva Tirumurais, the first seven Tirumurais are the respective Devara Hymns of the three great Nayanmars of St. Gnanasambandar, St. Tirunavukarasu and St. Sundaramurthi. Tiruvachakam is the Eighth Tirumurai or Book.

Now this number 8 is not without its metaphysical significance for the Saivites. The authoritative text-book on Saiva Siddhanta metaphysics — Sivagnana-Bodham has also 12 stanzas, the 8th of which speaks about the doctrine of Gurudharsan. At the proper time when a soul has attained to the attitude of equipoise between good and evil and its 'deeds' are ripe for the application of the divine surgeon's lancet, there appears before it Lord Siva Himself in human form and after initiating the soul into the necessary dikshas, unites it unto Himself even in its embodied state. And this being actually what had happened in the life of St. Manickavachakar the strange coincidence between the number 8 of the Sutra of Sivagnana-Bodham which speaks of this doctrine and the number of 8 of the Tirumurai to which belongs Tiruvachakam which is the doctrine in action is a thing over which the Saivites go into rapture!

The number of stanzas in Tiruvachakam, strictly speaking is 656. We need not worry here about the unauthentic additions in some editions. If these three figures are added up we get 17. If both these figures are still further added up we get 8. Hence this figure 8 also is significantly indicative of the Sutra of Siva-gnana Bodham and the order of the Tirumurais to both of which Tiruvachakam has a reference respectively.

TIRUVACHAKAM'S SPECIAL FEATURES

The following points of importance regarding St. Manickavachakar and his Tiruvachakam may be noted:

1. Manickavachakar is traditionally called "Sivan by virtue of His Gnanam" (அறிவாற் சிவன்). This appellation of a supreme and unparalleled nature is the unique attribute of our Saint; even Gnanasambandar cannot lay claim to it.

What is more important to note is the singular fact that our Saint himself has sung in his Tiruvachakam in more than one place about his becoming Sivan or being made Sivam — an extra-ordinary expression that had not been used by any other earlier Saint.

(1) "........... ourselves
We lost and became Sivam" (Stanza 234).

(2) "But my heart He purified and made me 'Sivam' and His" (Stanza 471)

(3) "He purged my mental bond and made me His own and Sivam" (Stanza 646)

2. The inevitable and natural consequence of this claim of the Saint and his characterisation by the world as seen above is that Manickavachakar has been accorded a status which is equally unique and unparalleled. In the shrine of Tirupperunthurai which is popularly called Avudaiyar Kovil, the Prime Deity called Atmanadar consists only of the Peetam of the Sivalingam, called Avudaiyar. The Sivalingam proper or the cylindrical upper part is absent. The Saint is here practically "officiating" for Lord Siva. All the festivals and oblations are made only in the name of Saint Manickavachakar. This is a peculiar feature of that temple and of our Saint, which has no parallel anywhere else.

3. The celebrity and sanctity thus accorded to our Saint in the sacred polity of the Siva Shrine at Perunthurai are not without their counterpart even in the individual worship of initiated Saivites. The Siva-puja performed by the initiates is of a wide variety, ranging from the most elaborate and intricate ceremonials to the simplest form of worship. Therefore in cases where the initiates feel the necessity to perform Siva-pooja but find not the necessary time or the facilities,

they have been authorised to perform the simplest pooja to the Book of Tiruvachakam. Tiruvachakam is deemed to be on a par with Lord Siva Himself and hence the pooja to the one is as good as a pooja to the other. Manickavachakar is equal to Lord Siva; Tiruvachakam is equal to Manickavachakar; therefore, Tiruvachakam is equal to Lord Siva. That this equality is not a matter of mere algebraic equation alone but a well-attested fact of history is evident from the story of the Saint pointing out the Lord of Ponnambalam as the import and meaning of his immortal work Tiruvachakam.

Hence, Tiruvachakam is a substitute for Sivam in the individual Pooja even as Manickavachakar is the substitute for Sivam in the Perunthurai-shrine pooja.

4. The importance of Tiruvachakam may be gauged by yet another legend which has had the strength and sanctity of an historical fact. It is said that Lord Siva had undergone a number of hardships in order to get Himself hymned and hallelujahed by the high-souled Manickavachakar. Lord Somasundarar of Madurai had assumed a human form, carried earth on his head to throw it on the breached embankments of Vaigai for the meagre wages of the broken puddings and what is worse, had got caned by the Pandya King for his truancy and playful tricks — all these for no other purpose than that of earning the wreaths of ruby-like words from our Saint.

5. More important than this is the other aspect of this episode namely the writing down of the whole text of Tiruvachakam to the dictation of our Saint by no less a person than Lord Siva Himself in the guise of an old Brahmin from Madurai. This again is a privilege the like of which no other human saint either of this country or any other has ever enjoyed, even in a legendary account.

Professor Sundaram Pillai has in his *Manonmaniam*, stated that the reason for Lord Siva's having written down the whole of Tiruvachakam with His own hand was that He required a really interesting book with which He could while away the tedium and loneliness of the intervening period between the end of this aeon and the beginning of the next!

6. Tiruvachakam is as universal a work as it is fully democratic. It is the Tamil Veda of the Saivites par excellence. In this aspect, though the Tamil Devaram on the one hand and the Sanskrit Vedas on the other could lay claim to equality with Tiruvachakam, yet on a closer analysis either of the former works will be found wanting when weighed with Tiruvachakam in the balance of every day life. For singing of Devaram is tabooed in Tamil country (at any rate in Pandinadu, to be sure) during the month of Margazhi (December-January) of the year. The Sanskrit Vedas, at least till recently had been a taboo to the Non-dvijas or the fourth Varuna. They had been prevented from either reciting or listening to the recital of the Vedas. St. Sivaprakasar, therefore, sings in his "*Nalvar Nanmani Malai*" that the Sanskrit Vedas are an earthen pot since it is liable to pollution if touched by the prohibited communities but that Tiruvachakam is a golden pot, which knows no pollusion, since all sorts of human beings without any distinction of race, colour or religion could read and enjoy it.

7. This is a heaven-yielding Book par excellence. Among the old generations of the Saivites there had been a custom of some one or other of the stanzas of Tiruvachakam or the whole of it being sung in the presence of a dying man so that his last thoughts might be collected up towards God whose lotus-Feet it was his aim and object to reach. This tradition has given us the information about at least two of the latest savants of Tamil literature. The late Sri-la-Sri Arumugha Navalar of Jaffna, the mighty champion of Saivism and the Morning Star of Tamil prose of the Nineteenth century had the Tiruvachakam stanza (437 of this edition) sung before him on the eve of his last journey.

The late Mahamahopadyaya Dr. U. V. Swaminatha Iyer the indefatigable pioneer in salvaging the forgotten palm-leaves and editing the gems of Tamil literature thereform, had the benefit of listening to a stanza of Tiruvachakam (464) being sung before he breathed his last. May this custom be revived from now on is our prayer!

8. Above all, the peculiarly distinguishing feature or the unparalleled hall-mark of Tiruvachakam is its capacity to soften and

melt the hearts of its readers and listeners. There is a very well-known proverb in Tamilnadu that "If Tiruvachakam moves not a man to tears, no vachakam can ever move him." In this singular respect no other Tamil work, ancient or modern, including the Devaram of the Siva's favourite Trinity of saints, could ever compete with Tiruvachakam.

> "Sacred the page, the writing all devine,
> Where heavenly rhetoric dwells in every line"
>
> —*Samuel Bowden.*

Christlieb says "the soul is a never-ending sigh after God". We can with greater aptness say that Tiruvachakam is a continuous Sigh after God. The Saint has given spontaneous expression to his soulful emotions of pathos and love and the magnetic lines of his immortal work act as conductors of emotions, and by their contact with our souls fill us with the same divine feelings.

Tradition has it that when Dr. Pope was writing a letter from England to his friend and contemporary the late J. M. Nallaswami Pillai in India about Tiruvachakam, spontaneous tears flowed down his cheeks and fell on a few lines of the letter and disfigured them. Pope did not try to rewrite those lines but left them intact as a concrete proof of the capacity of Tiruvachakam to melt the heart of even a foreign Christian Missionary!

> "And a tear dropt on the letters as I wrote" — *Tennyson.*

9. Talking of foreign missionaries we must also mention a few other facts. One Reverend Kingsbury, a Jaffna Christian was a very ardent and sincere admirer of Tiruvachakam and he used to repeat the stanzas with tears in his eyes. The late Tiru V. Kalyanasundaranar used to tell us moving stories about this good Christian and his devotion to Tiruvachakam.

Even now one Rev. Savarimuthu is said to be carrying on some researches in the comparative study of Tiruvachakam and Christian Scriptures. We had the pleasure of meeting him sometime ago at Madras when he gave us the pleasing news about the existence of a German Translation of Tiruvachakam.

There may be any number of such cases, But the important point to be noted is that, among all the famous Saints of Saivite Calendar, no one has had such an irresistible and effective appeal to the hearts of men who are not merely of a different language but are also of an 'alien' faith.

We would finally refer to one of the most note-worthy authors—a German writer who has also approvingly quoted Tiruvachakam in his work. One Friedrich Heiler of Germany wrote an excellent and invaluable book in his mother-tongue, entitled "Prayer". This was written during the First World War and published a few months before the end of the War. It has since been translated into English by one Samuel McComb and first published by the Oxford University Press, New York in the year 1938. In this wonderful book a few passages from Tiruvachakam are found quoted and a few references are being made to our Saint.

(1) On page 110 we find: "The tongue itself", says Manickavachagar "which cries to Thee, nay all the powers of my being which crie to thee—all are Thine". [Stanza 496].

(2) On page 121 we find: "Mohammed, the Islamic mystics Byazid, Ferid-ed-din-Attar, and Jalal-ed-in-Rumi, the Indian Mystics, Manikha Vachagar, Yamuna Muni, Tulsi Das and Nanak are Non-Christian personalities worthy to be placed beside the men of genius in Israel and Christendom as great men of prayer".

(3) On page 173 we have: "There is a simple and faithful mysticism (Sufis, Manikha Vachagar, Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Suso)"

(4) On page 183 is found the following: "On earth, in heaven or when all this has passed away,—when shall I behold Thy countenance?" asks Manikha Vachagar. [St. 43 : Page 69.]

(5) On page 186 there is the following passage: "In a hymn of Manikha Vachagar we read: 'O unstained brightness, gleam of a flower in full blossom, O teacher, honey-sweet food of the Gods, Thou highly honoured, guardian, loosener of chains, great stream of boundless tenderness!'". [Ll. 86 to 90—P. 6].

(6) Again, on page 136: "Manikha Vachagar exclaims: 'Thou art the Heaven, Thou art the earth, Thou art the light, Thou art the body and the soul, being and not-being'." [St. 15. Page 55].

(7) And, finally on page 205: "The fervent and impassioned psalms of the great Tamil Mystic Manikha Vachagar, which were all written or conceived in the temples of Siva, were produced by the contemplation of the god's sacred image. In the temple they are to this day recited daily by the faithful in the presence of the statue."

In the Preface written to his edition of Tiruvachakam published with an English Translation, Dr. G. U. Pope has made the following observations which are well worth quoting here. "The fifty-one poems which are here edited, translated and annotated are recited daily in all the great Saiva temples of South India, are on every one's lips and are as dear to the hearts of vast multitudes of excellent people there, as the Psalms of David are to the Jews and Christians." Again, in his chapter on the History of Manikkavachagar he remarks as follows: "These poems, of which the translation is here printed, are daily sung throughout the whole Tamil country with tears of rapture, and committed to memory in every Saiva temple by the people, amongst whom it is a traditional saying that 'he whose heart is not melted by the Tiruvachagam must have a stone for a heart.' It is probable that a portion of the lyrics is of later date ....but it is impossible to read the poems without feeling that the Sage of Tiruvathavur was a sincere seeker after God, whom in ways that he then knew not of, he has since been permitted to know and worship .... In considering the causes of his success, I feel inclined to set aside all stories of persecution carried on at his instigation. .... His own personal devotion and fervour of spirit made him an altogether irresistible apostle of his faith. .... It will be seen how very near in some not unimportant respects the Saiva system approximates to Christianity. ....

"Again, the Saivites led the way in the propagation of their system by means of popular songs. Anyone who compares the fervid piety of our Sage's very beautiful and generally very simple lyrics will feel with what force they must have struck the chord that vibrated then as it vibrates still in millions of hearts. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin' and no one can read the Sage's verses

without profound emotion. Scarcely ever has the longing of the human soul for purity and peace and divine fellowship found worthier expression.

"In considering the poetry of Tiru Manikkavachagar the Tamil student must feel its superiority to all the vast collections of the Devaram, although the authors of some of these enjoy perhaps a wider popularity among the Tamil people. .... It is quite certain that the influence of these poems in South India is like that of the Psalms among Christians, and that they have touched for generations the hearts of the vast majority of the Tamil-speaking people."

These really appreciative references have, of course, been toned down by some uncomplimentary remarks also since after all the doctor was representing the Christian view-point.

Now, whatever may be the qualified eulogies by others about this Tiruvachakam, there can be absolutely no doubt about its immortal divinity and universality of appeal. It is an undoubted World Classic, common to all languages and all faiths. It has an undeniable claim to a place in the Top Ten Classics of the world as indeed it is deemed as one of the First Six of the Tamil Literature. It has also been shown in these pages that Heiler, the German author of a book called 'Prayer' has discerningly included our Saint among the distinguished band of about a dozen Mystics of the World. Besides the present translation there is already an English translation by Dr. Pope as well as a German translation of Tiruvachakam. The near future, it is confidently hoped, will see the springing into existence of a number of translations in the other Indian tongues as well as foreign ones.

"What soul so e'er in any language can
Speak heav'n like her, is my soul's country man."

—*R. Crashaw.*

We have just now had the pleasure of meeting an old friend of ours by name Leon Saint Jean, an Advocate in Karaikal. His pen-name is Karavelan and he is a very proficient scholar in the French language, besides being very much interested in his mother-tongue of Tamil. But what is remarkable and rare is his love for the Saints of the Saiva Calendar. He has already brought out a French translation

of the entire works of Saint Karaikal Ammayar. He has got a plan to translate all the literary works of the Saiva Saints and just now he is engaged in the work of rendering St. Sundaramurthi's Devaram hymns into French. He has assured us that his next programme is to translate Tiruvachakam into French. In fact he reminded us that an effort had been made towards this end some years ago by himself and the late Rev. Father Jules Monchanin and that very unfortunately the latter's untimely demise had put a temporary brake to this venture. Another young French Jesuit from France, Rev. Father Çeyrac is equally enthusiastic about the translation of Tiruvachakam. It is hoped that in the very near future the French-speaking peoples will be greeted by these scholars with an admirable French Translation of Tiruvachakam.

It is not very difficult to arrange for the translation of Tiruvachakam, first into the Sister Dravidian languages of Telugu, Kanares and Malayalam and then into Hindi, Bengalee, Marathi etc. if only the Saiva Mutts or the Government move sincerely in the matter.

What Longfellow has sung about Dante and his 'Divine Comedia' will be found equally applicable to our Saint and his Tiruvachakam.

"O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Fore-runner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
Thy flame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations and a sound is heard,
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear thy wondrous word
And many are amazed and many doubt."

There is a traditional verse in Tamil about Tiruvachakam which is roughly as follows:

"Our own Master Vathavurar's honey of Tiruvachakam
Snapped away the chain of time-worn and the mighty birth;

And wiping off all griefs did grant us blissful life of mirth,
And placed us on the path towards a goal whence none
can come."

An English verse of a similar strain will be equally applicable to Tiruvachakam:

"Oh, Book! Infinite Sweetnesse! Let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter and a hony gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain."

Tiruvachakam was the spontaneous out-pouring of a sensitive soul steeped in the depths of painful existence and feverish discontent. It is human in the full sense of the word because every ordinary reader can, while reading it exclaim: 'ah, this is me'. It is a blood-dripping wreath made out of a writhing and bruised heart and kept and preserved for ever in the refrigerator of tears.

"Ah, from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediaeval miracle of song!"

The sweet cadence and the melting strain of Tiruvachakam would soften even a stony heart and bring out tears from one's eyes. The pathos of the book is its forte and the rhythm and cadence are its hall-mark. If Lord Siva Himself is said to have taken all the pains not only to get the Saint sing this Poem but also to write it down Himself for His own edification and eternal perusal, how could we ever explain its greatness?

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shading granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes".

—*Lord Tennyson.*

THE AGE OF MANICKAVACHAKAR

It is our intention to bring out a separate treatise on this subject in the near future. Hence, we would content ourselves here by merely mentioning the arguments in favour of our view regarding the date of our Saint.

This question of the date of Manickavachakar, we presume, would never have arisen and agitated the minds of two or three generations of ingenious scholars, indigenous and foreign but for some over-zealous European student of Tamil literature who had, in his full ignorance of the traditions and beliefs of the land, had created this problem of date quite gratuitously. Infected with this itching for solving a problem which was forced into existence, even redoubtable Tamil scholars, who ought to have known better, have fallen a prey to this malady of reasoning backward and forward simply for the purpose of establishing a particular theory regarding the date of Manickavachakar, to which they had become wedded in advance.

Thus the dates assigned to the Saint range from the first century to the fourteenth century A. D.

We are, however, definitely of the opinion that Manickavachakar belongs to the latter-half of the ninth century.

The following are some of the arguments to prove that Saint Manickavachakar was the last of the Four Saivite Gospellers.

(1) The scheme of soul's development in the spiritual plane is in the natural order of Chariya, Kriya, Yoga and Gnana. Tradition has made each of the Four Gospellers representative of each one of these four-fold path respectively. Thus, St. Tirunavukarasar represents Chariya, St. Gnanasambandar represents Kriya, St. Sundarar represents Yoga and St. Manickavachakar represents Gnana. This being admitted, the order in which these four should have flourished must also be in accordance with the order of the four paths mentioned above. Thus, we have both St. Tirunavukarasar and St. Gnanasambandar living as contemporaries, the former one being the senior partner as well as the representative of the first of the four paths namely Chariya. Then

comes after about a century St. Sundaramurthi—the representative of the third path of Yoga.

If this is the logic of facts as well as theory with reference to three out of four saints, how could there be a deviation or difference in the case of the fourth alone ? Naturally, and necessarily the representative of the fourth and last path of Gnana must be the latest to flourish and hence we have St. Manickavachakar as the last of the four in point of time as much as in point of order among the paths.

Hence it is that literally every Puranam in Tamil anterior to the period of this unfortunate controversy, had been invariably placing the four Saints in the chronological order mentioned by us.

The following two stanzas will be enough to illustrate our point :

(*a*) "பூழியர்கோன் வெப்பொழித்த புகலியர்கோன் கழல்போற்றி
ஆழிமிசைக் கன்மிதப்பில் அணைந்தபிரான் அடிபோற்றி
வாழிதிரு நாவலூர் வன்றொண்டர் பதம் போற்றி
ஊழிமலி திருவாதவூரர்த் திருத்தாள் போற்றி."

(*b*) "சொற்கோவும் தோணிபுரத் தோன்றலும் என் சுந்தரனும்
சிற்கோல வாதவூர்த் தேசிகரும்—முற்கோலி
வந்திலரேல் நீறெங்கே மாமறைநூல் தானெங்கே
எந்தைபிரான் அஞ்செழுத்தெங்கே ?"

(2) It is also to be noted that it is in the same order as mentioned above that idols of the four Saints are arranged and placed in every Siva temple in the South. There is not a single exception to this rule. This also proves that St. Manickavachakar was chronologically as well as logically the last among the four.

(3) If on the other hand, St. Manickavachakar besides being the representative of the Gnana Marga which is the highest and the last, had been the earliest of the four in point of time also, would not have his name been placed first in all these traditional references ? There is not a single instance in Tamil literature where, while referring to the four Saints, the name of St. Manickavachakar has been mentioned first. The obvious explanation for this persistent, invariable and continuous maintenance of the order mentioned is to be found in the undoubted chronology of the four Saints which was too patent and clear for our forefathers to need any arguments.

(4) St. Sundarar the author of "Tiru Thonda Togai"—a catalogue of the sixty-three canonised saints of Saivism—had mentioned all the saints who had preceded him and omitted none. If, therefore, such a saint of unparalleled celebrity and eminence as Manickavachakar had really lived prior to St. Sundarar, that Biographer of saints would never have failed to mention his name in his authentic and God-inspired catalogue.

This argument is the most formidable one which the upholders of the Theory of the Saint's earlier date find it impossible to meet with any but fallacious and feeble reasoning.

Let us therefore briefly mention those feeble arguments of the opponents and as briefly contradict them.

(*a*) Some scholars contend that 'it is not as though Saint Manickavachakar had been altogether left unmentioned in the "Tiru-thonda Togai." Sundarar refers by the words "பொய்யடிமை இல்லாத புலவர்" to none else but St. Manickavachakar, they assert.

Now, we contend that this cannot be so for the following reasons:

(1) "பொய்யடிமை இல்லாத புலவர்" is an obvious reference to one of the group saints and not to a single or individual saint. That this is so is proved by the explanations offered to this by both St. Nambi Andar Nambi and St. Sekizhar respectively. The former refers these words to the Forty-nine Sangam Poets while the latter refers them to all of those poets who would never sing of the erring and mortal men but would always adore the immaculate Lord only.

Therefore, it is conclusively proved by an over-whelming weight of authority that those words "பொய்யடிமை இல்லாத புலவர்" do not and cannot refer to St. Manickavachakar.

(2) Again, St. Sundarar would never have referred to such an eminent Saint as Manickavachakar as a mere poet. Though our Saint was a poet of supreme sublimity, yet his greatness as Saint was over-whelming. In fact, if there had been a person in Tamilnad who had a greater right than any other to the title of Saint, it was our Manickavachakar!

(3) What is more important is the point that while very ordinary saints had been mentioned by name in the Catalogue of Canonised Saints such an extra-ordinary Saint as Manickavachakar who was heads and shoulders above all the rest, should have been merely and vaguely referred to not even as a saint but as a poet. If this should be a fact, St. Sundarar could not have been guilty of a graver crime and misdemeanour than this! But we assert that Sundarar, like the King can do no wrong and he never meant to refer to St. Manickavachakar by his words "பொய்யடிமை இல்லாத புலவர்."

(*b*) There are a few other scholars who would assert that the author of Tiruvachakam had definitely preceded not only St. Sundarar but also St. Appar who lived in the 7th century A. D. They cite such words of St. Appar as the following: "குடமுழ நந்தியை வாசகனுக் கொண்டார்" and "நரியைக் குதிரை செய்வானும்" in support of their contention. Except these two vague and doubtful expressions not one of the three Devaram Hymners has made even the remotest reference to our Saint.

Now, our objections to this argument are as follow:

1. "குடமுழ நந்தியை வாசகனுக் கொண்டார்" — these words simply refer to the obvious and well-known fact of Nandi with a drum being the divine messenger and Private Secretary of Lord Siva on Mount Kailas. This cannot refer to Manickavachakar.

2. The expression "நரியைக் குதிரை செய்வானும்" also simply illustrates the unbounded capacity of the Lord to achieve the impossible.

3. If, on the other hand, this expression alone were to make St. Appar succeed St. Manickavachakar, because of the historic fact of the metamorphosis of jackals into horses in the case of the latter, what are we to say about St. Appar's expression "ஆவணம் காட்டி ஆண்டான்" in his Tiru Thandagam? Simply because it is a historic fact that St. Sundarar had been enthralled through a document of slavery produced by a Brahmin, to wit Lord Siva, can we conclude, in the teeth of all known facts, that St. Sundarar must have preceded St. Appar because this fact is referred to by the latter? Yet, Sundarar was chronologically later than Appar. It will therefore be admitted that, just us a mere reference by St. Appar to the fact of enslaving through

a document of mancipation could not place St. Sundarar (to whom the reference is obvious) earlier than St. Appar, so also a mere referenee by St. Appar to an incident in the life of Manichavachakar cannot make the latter, on the strength of that reference alone, anterior in date to the former.

(c) There is yet another School of thought represented by the late Marai Malai Adigal which would advance the very strange theory that, though the author of Tiruvachakam had preceded Sundarar, yet the latter could not mention him in his Calendar because Manickavachakar had been a Veerasaivite. Marai Malai Adigal seriously suggests to us that St. Sundarar was afraid of the hostile reaction that a reference by him to a Veera Saiva Saint in his Calendar might produce among the Siddhanta Saivites of his days. This argument represents the height of absurdity that this School has reached in the course of its desperate fight against Truth with the dangerous weapons of wild guesses and wily suggestions!

We will now disprove this theory. First of all, no one has proved that at the alleged period of our Saint (namely third century A. D. according to Marai Malai Adigal) the sect of Veera Saivam had taken such a deep root in South India or the Tamil country as to be popular enough to be embraced by St. Manickavachakar. Incidentally, nobody has pointed out the doctrines of Veera Saivam in the teachings of our Saint.

Secondly, Siddhanta Saivam as such had not developed into a clear-cut creed of independent existence in the 8th century A. D. — the age of St. Sundarar. Hence, to speak of a sense of rivalry between Siddhanta Saivam and Veera Saivam during the 8th century A. D. to such a diabolical extent as to make the followers of the former sect intolerant of even the mention of the name of a Saint belonging to the latter sect (granting, for argument's sake that Manickavachakar had belonged to the Veera Saiva creed) is to fly against the facts of history on the frailest wings of fancy.

Thirdly, even granting for argument's sake that there was sufficient rivalry between the two sects, it cannot be a fact that the Siddhanta Saivites would have been so ill-mannered or ill-bred as to have raised a furore against St. Sundarar for his inclusion of the name of Manickavachakar in his Calendar. Considerations of minor

sectarianism would never have clouded the sense of fairness and confused the sense of judgment of the contemporary Saivites of Sundarar to the point of losing the greatest of the glorious favourites of Siva.

We can assert this truth with greater strength and conviction in the light of some other instances of saints who have been mentioned by Sundarar. When a dhoby saint, when more than one untouchable saint, when a saint whose hands, like those of Macbeth would "the multitudinous seas incarnadine," (though the motive of divinity would lift his case out of the mundane plane) and above all, when a saint who for all intents and purposes, at least outwardly continued to be a Buddhist, — when all these motley crew of no mighty claim could have been canonised by Sundarar with no protest from the orthodox Saivites, how on earth could they have objected to the inclusion of our Manickavachakar between whose alleged Veerasaivam on the one hand and Siddhanta Saivam on the other, there could be no formidable difference at all ?

Lastly, it is an insult to our immortal Sundarar to even remotely insinuate, as Marai Malai Adigal has done, that while singing his 'Thonda Thogai', the saint was weighing the pros and cons of the inclusion of each saint's name, in the scale of cool deliberation. It is too well-known a truth to need reiteration here that St. Sundarar was singing the 'Thonda Thogai' merely as the mouth-piece of Lord Siva, inspired and enabled by His grace to incorporate all the previous saints. If, therefore, the author of Tiruvachakam had predeceased Sundarar, neither the latter who was the inspired instrument nor Lord Siva who was the inspiring Agent would and could have omitted to mention his name specifically and beyond a shadow of doubt. We trust, we have written enough by way of meeting the arguments of the various kinds of scholars who are, though on differing grounds, of the opinion that St. Manickavachakar was the earliest of the Four Gospellers of Saivism.

Now, we shall briefly mention a few of the arguments which will conclusively establish the later date of Manickavachakar, to wit, 9th century A. D.

(*a*) Since Saint Sundarar had not mentioned his name specifically in his 'Thonda Thogai', Manickavachakar must be posterior in date to the three Devaram Hymners.

(*b*) Tradition and all previous literary references naturally place St. Manickavachakar last in the order of mentioning the four.

(*c*) In the arrangement of the order of placing the idols of the Four Gospellers in the Siva temples, the idols of Manickavachakar invariably finds the last place in accordance with chronology.

(*d*) If, on the other hand, this greatest of the Saints had preceded the Trio in point of time also, then his place would have been first from every point of view. Since, in actual practice it is hot so, he must have flourished afer the Devaram Trio.

(*e*) St. Pattinathar who belonged to the Tenth century, while referring to the Four Gospellers of Saivism naturally mentions the Devaram Trio first and then mentions our "Vadavur Pillai" as the fourth. This also decides the date of Manickavachakar as being posterior.

(*f*) St. Nambi Andar Nambi of the first half of the 11th century was the first Codifier of the Twelve Saiva Tables. In his codification, he naturally gave the first seven Tirumurais to the three Devaram Hymners in the chronological order and then gave the eighth place to St. Manickavachakar's Tiruvachakam and Tirukovaiyar. Does this fact also not prove that in Nambi-Andar Nambi's opinion St. Manickavachakar succeeded the other three in point of time? If on the other hand, the codification had been made on considerations of merit alone, would not Tiruvachakam — a Sacred Veda written down by Lord Siva Himself have been accorded the pride of place and included in the first Tirumurai? Since, it has not been done so, we have to conclude that Manickavachakar's works have been given the eighth place in view of his later date only.

(*g*) Except for some passing reference to 'Malam' in the Devaram hymns, we do not find repeated references to it in them. But Tiruvachakam, besides mentioning 'Malam' in a number of places, has gone a step further in referring to the Triple-malam. (Stanza 7, Chapt. 19) and even to the Five-fold Malam (Stanza 29, Chapt. 6) Now the development of the idea of a single Malam into the idea of Five-fold Malam indicates a later period in the history of Saiva Siddhanta metaphysics. Therefore St. Manickavachakar belonged to a later period than that of the Devaram Trio.

(*h*) Both St. Tirunavukarasar and St. Manickavachakar have respectively handled the metre called Kattalai Kalithurai (கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை). But the rhythm and flow of the compositions of the former are not so perfect and finished as those of the compositions of the latter. This will be patent to any one who dispassionately compares the works of the two saints. If so, this is yet another proof of the later date of St. Manickavachakar.

(*i*) The idea of Sivan being the Turiyam or Chaturtham and completely distinct from and superior to the gods of the Trinity is the exclusive property of Tiruvachakam. Sivan being the Fourth i.e. the Supreme Deity exercising control over Brahmman, Vishnu and Rudra is not found so well developed or emphasised in the Devaram hymns as it is in Tiruvachakam. This point also would tend to place St. Manickavachakar at a later period.

(*j*) Besides these, there are a larger number of seeds of Saiva Siddhanta doctrines in Tiruvachakam than there are in Devaram which fact also would indicate the later date of Manickavachakar. Thus the doctrine of "Iruvinai Oppu" or "balanced view of good and evil" is found referred to in stanza 464 of Tiruvachakam. It also has a reference to Guru Darshan which follows in the wake of Iruvinai Oppu (இருவினை ஒப்பு). Such doctrines are either absent or very vague in the Devaram Hymns. This again would prove the later age of Manickavachakar.

(*k*) There are obvious references to St. Gnanasambandar and St. Sundarar in the following words of Tiruvachakam.

1. பண்சுமந்த பாடல் பரிசு பூடைத்தருளும்.
2. ஓத உலவா ஒரு தோழன் தொண்டருளன்
3. பண்டைப் பரிசே பழ அடியார்க் கீந்தருளும்
   அண்டம் வியப்புறுமா பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்
4. கழுமலமதனிற் காட்சி கொடுத்தும்

This is only a subsidiary argument to establish the later date of our Saint.

(*l*) Such lines as

1. *சிந்தைதனைத் தெளிவித்துச் சிவமாக்கி எனையாண்ட*

2. *சித்தமலம் அறுவித்துச் சிவமாக்கி எனை ஆண்ட*

which definitely speak of converting the soul into Sivam find no place in the Devaram hymns. Since this idea is a later phase of the doctrine of Moksha, we must necessarily assign a later date to our Saint who was the first of the Gospellers to postulate this position.

(*m*) The earliest Puranam to deal with the Life of St. Manickavachakar is the Vembatturar's Tiruvilayadal Puranam. Dr. U. V. Swaminatha Iyer who has edited that work assigns it to the 13th century A. D. In that work the author calls the Arabic Horse-dealer in whose guise Lord Siva appeared before the Pandyan King as "*இராவுத்தன்*." Now, we know that whatever may be the origin of this word, it is being generally applied to a sect of Muslims whose mother-tongue is Tamil. Hence we have definite evidence on record to show that during the period of Manickavachakar contact had become established between the Muslim world of Arabia and the Tamil country. Hence the foreign horse-dealer in whose guise Sivan appeared was no other than an Arab Muslim whom the author of the Puranam in the full possession of the unadulterated tradition called Ravuthan (*இராவுத்தன்*).

(*n*) This earliest evidence of an unimpeachable nature indicating the later period of our Saint is further reinforced by the internal evidence of Tiruvachakam itself. Stanza 340 (The Mother Decad) speaks of the Prayer-cloak or coat worn by the Chief of the horse-men. This also would confirm the Muslim appearance of the Horse-dealer and consequently the later date of our Saint.

(*o*) Both the above-mentioned documentary evidences are found to be corroborated by an actual evidence of fact at Madurai even to-day. On the Avani Moolam day when the sale of horses is being annually celebrated in Madurai, it is interesting and revealing to find that the person who officiates at the festival as Lord Siva in the guise of a horse-seller is a Muslim of Tamilnad and this unique privilege has been handed down from father to son in that family ever

since the festival was instituted. That Muslim family of Rāvuthar (இராவுத்தர்) has been enjoying the temple inam for this holy service rendered by them. Could there therefore be any better and more irrefutable evidence than this concrete and time-worn fact of history which challenges all the up-holders of the theory of an early date and establishes beyond a shadow of doubt the later age of St. Manickavachakar—an age when there was mutual exchange between the Islamic goods and culture on the one hand and those of Tamilnad on the other.

(*p*) In Tirukovaiyar, the other celebrated work of our Saint written as a piece of Nuptial mysticism, there is a specific reference to one Varaguna Pandyan who was the later of the two kings of the same name and whose date is the latter half of the ninth century A. D. Since this Varagunan was a contemporary of our Saint, we can safely place the latter also in the same period.

(*q*) Another very formidable argument which is as conclusive about the later date of our Saint as the Muslim family argument is, is the reference to Lord Nataraja at Tillai *vis a vis* Sri Govindaraja by Saint Manickavachakar in his celebrated work of Tirukovaiyar. Our Saint sings under the heading வஞ்சித்துறைத்தல் that Govindaraja is performing penance lying down in the presence of Nataraja to have the darshan of the other Foot of the latter also. Now impartial history has placed on record the significant fact that the Vaishnava King Nandivarman was responsible for the first installation of Sri Govindaraja at Tillai in the shrine facing Ponnambalam, called Tiru Chitra Kootam. Now this King Pallavamallan Nandivarman II flourished in the 8th century (A. D. 717 to 782). Hence Saint Manickavachakar who followed this king immediately has sung about both the Gods Nataraja and Govindaraja. But no such reference to Vishnu at Tillai could be found in any of the Devaram hymns for the simple reason that the authors thereof had lived prior to the installation of Govindaraja in the first half of the eighth century. Hence the Devaram Trio had flourished as definitely prior to the beginning of the eighth century as the author of Tiruvachakam lived after the commencement of the eighth century.

(*r*) St. Sundaramurthi had been the contemporary of the Royal Saint Seraman Perumal who was the founder of the Kollam Era which commenced in the year 825 A. D. Secondly, St. Pattinathu Adigal belonged to the tenth century and he makes a reference to Saint Manickavachakar, in his work. So the earliest limit is 825 A. D. and the later limit is the tenth century. Even between these limits, the date of Varagunan II's being 840 A. D., we may safely assign that date to St. Manickavachakar also since both himself and the former are definitely established to have been contemporaries.

(*s*) That Sri Sankara Acharya Swamigal lived and flourished in the latter half of the eighth century or the former half of the ninth century A. D. is now a well-established and undisputed fact of history. That the Adi Sankara had been devoting a large part of his dynamic life to perennial peregrinations throughout the length and breadth of Bharat and that he had been engaged in a perpetual war against the Buddhists of his days is also a well-known fact. His victorious vindications of the Vedic cum Upanishadic doctrines in the light of his Advaitic philosophy and his meteoric victories over the Mighty Colossus of Buddhism were, we presume, still fresh and green in the memory of the immediately succeeding generations of Hindus. And St. Manickavachakar, coming as he did immediately in the wake of this tallest Giant-Saint of India, could not be altogether unaffected by his tremendous achievements. Hence, he refers to the gigantic strides of that Maya-Vada School in the following words :

> " The hurricane of mighty Maya-creed
> Whirled and whipped up, making blasting noise "
>
> (P. 39, Ll. 67 and 68)

Though the Maya Vada creed was not created by Sankara but was only inherited by him from his Guru, yet, never before or after him has it received such a fillip and flourishing touch as it did at his magic hands. Hence, our Saint succeeded Sankara who himself can be said to have followed in the wake of Saint Sundarar.

(*t*) There is yet another over-whelmingly weighty piece of evidence in favour of the later-period theory about Manickavachakar.

The Devaram Hymners have seldom referred to the Agamas and the one or two stray references are either vague or far between. But St. Manickavachakar makes a very picturesque reference to the Agamas in the fourth line of the very first chapter of his Tiruvachakam. Then he makes repeated references to the Agamas in his work. The impression that we gather from the intermittent and emphatic references made by our Saint to the Agamas is one which reveals the greater importance played by them in the polity of Saiva religion during our Saint's later period than during the time of the Devaram Trio of an earlier date. The emphasis that the Devaram-hymners had laid on the Vedas is definitely found to have been shifted on to the Agamas by the Author of Tiruvachakam.

Hence, we can safely and certainly place the date of St. Manickavachakar in the latter half of the ninth century A. D. We, however, would like to deal with this question *in extenso* in a separate treatise in the near future wherein we hope to meet the objections to our arguments by those who vote for the earlier date of St. Manickavachakar.

24—8—1958
Vilambi,
Avani Moolam.

K. M. BALASUBRAMANIAM,
MADRAS.

TIRUVACHAKAM

TEXT IN TAMIL

WITH

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

CORRIGENDA

A. Tamil Text.

Page	Line	Mistake	Correction
68	1	வேல்கணை	வேள்கணை
72	1	அம்மானே	எம்மானே
84	7	உமையாள்	உடையாள்
109	5	விம்மி விம்பி	விம்மி விம்மி

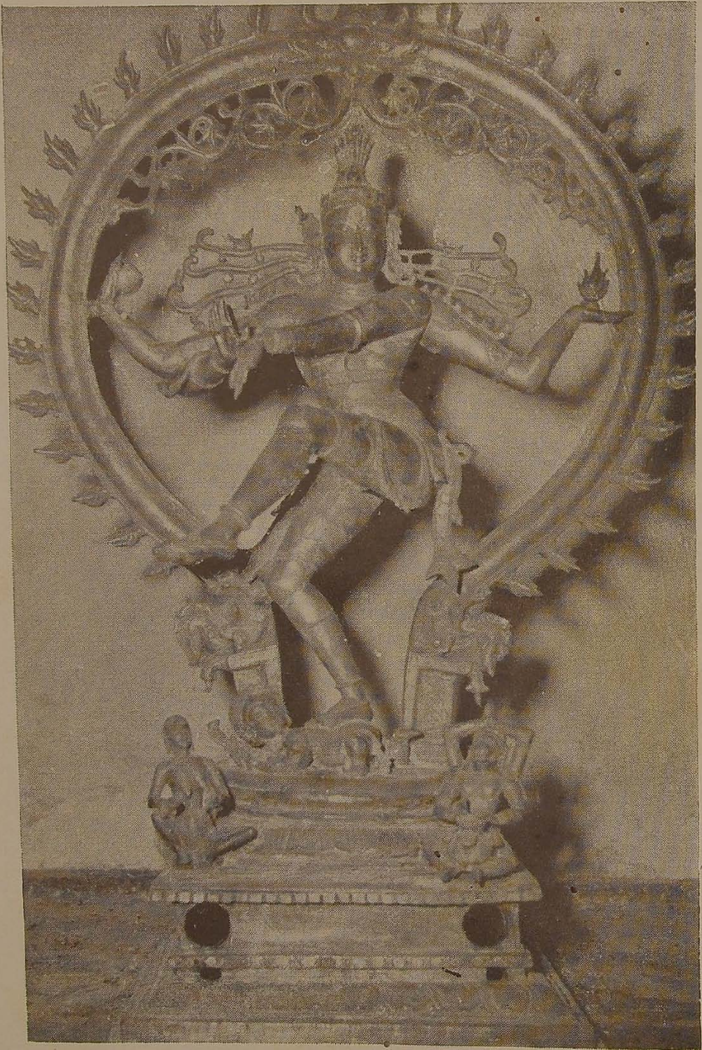
B. English Text.

Page	Line	Mistake	Correction
16	162	bid	did
41	118	would	wouldst
42	127	First	Fruit
47	221	bands	lands
51	7	Loath	Loathe
58	92	had'st	hadst
66	205	Thou.........hast	Though......has
88	441	did	didst
149	7	none	naught
163	2	latter	former
277	8	Perunthurai	Perunthurai's Feet
296	9	hearts	heart
331	7	stateless	sateless
342	11	Endlsss	Endless
345	2	caste-bounds	caste-bound

C. Notes and Comments.

Page	Line	Mistake	Correction
428	17	fiouted	flouted
430	21	mispend	mis-spend
432	10	cemmented	cemented
435	21	is	are
443	32	ln	in
460	10	tho	the
461	26	mant	meant
502	19	bloundless	boundless
514	30	Chapter VI	Chapters V & VI
520	13	wounderful	wonderful

ST. MANICKAVACHAKAR.



LORD NATARAJA — TIRUCHIRAPALLI BRONZE

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THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS D'INDOLOGIE, PONDICHÉRY.

" சிராப்பள்ளி மேவிய சிவனே போற்றி "

உ
சிவமயம்
திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

திருவாசகம்

1. சிவபுராணம்

சிவனது அநாதி முறைமையான பழமை

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது
கலிவெண்பா
திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

வாழ்த்து

நமச்சிவாய வாஅழ்க நாதன்தாள் வாழ்க
இமைப்பொழுதும் என்நெஞ்சில் நீங்காதான் தாள்வாழ்க
கோகழி யாண்ட குருமணிதன் தாள்வாழ்க
ஆகமம் ஆகிநின்று அண்ணிப்பான் தாள்வாழ்க
ஏகன் அநேகன் இறைவன் அடிவாழ்க
வேகம் கெடுத்தாண்ட வேந்தன் அடிவெல்க

TIRUVACHAKAM
OR
THE SACRED UTTERANCE

I. SIVAPURANAM OR SIVAN'S WAYS OF OLD

Salutations

Namasivaya hail! Hail to the Foot of the Lord!
Hail the Foot of Him Who does not part
Even for a twinkling from my heart!
Hail the Foot of th' Gem of Teacher ruling in Kokazhi!
Hail the Foot of Him Who has become
The Agamas and Who does sweetly bide!
Hail the Foot of the One, the Not One and the Immanent Lord!
Victory to the Foot of the King Who calmed
The storm within the soul and made me His!

பிறப்பறுக்கும் பிஞ்ஞகன்தன் பெய்கழல்கள் வெல்க
புறத்தார்க்குச் சேயோன்தன் பூங்கழல்கள் வெல்க
கரங்குவிவார் உள்மகிழும் கோன்கழல்கள் வெல்க
சிரங்குவிவார் ஓங்குவிக்கும் சீரோன் கழல்வெல்க
ஈசன் அடிபோற்றி எந்தை யடிபோற்றி
தேசன்அடி போற்றி சிவன்சே வடிபோற்றி
நேயத்தே நின்ற நிமலன் அடிபோற்றி
மாயப் பிறப்பறுக்கும் மன்னன் அடிபோற்றி
சீரார் பெருந்துறைநம் தேவன் அடிபோற்றி
ஆராத இன்பம் அருளு மலைபோற்றி

முகவுரை

சிவனவன்என் சிந்தையுள் நின்ற அதனால்
அவன்அரு ளாலே அவன்தாள் வணங்கிச்
சிந்தை மகிழச் சிவபுரா ணந்தன்னை
முந்தை வினைமுழுதும் ஓய உரைப்பன்யான்

Victory to the pair of jewelled Feet
Of Pingnakan Who snaps away all births !
Victory to the beautiful Feet of Him
Who is distant unto those sans love !
Victory to the anklet-Feet of the Lord
In Whom do those of joining palms rejoice !
Victory to the Feet of the glorious One
Who exalteth those who bow their heads !
Praise to Isan's Foot ! Praise to my Father's Foot !
Praise to the Bright One's Foot ! Praise to Sivan's red Foot !
Praise to the Foot of the Spotless One Who standeth rooted in love !
Praise to the Foot of the King Who snappeth off delusive births !
Praise to the Foot of our own Lord of glorious Perunthurai !
Praise to the Mountain whence doth flow the bliss that satiates not !

Introduction

As He, that Sivan abideth within my heart,
Through His grace alone, before His Feet
I bow with joy in heart and shall recount
The ancient ways of Sivan's own grace
That all my ancient deeds might cease.

கண்ணுதலான் தன்கருணைக் கண்காட்ட வந்தெய்தி
எண்ணுதற்கு எட்டா எழிலார் கழல்இறைஞ்சி
விண்நிறைந்து மண்நிறைந்து மிக்காய் விளங்குஒளியாய்
எண்இறந்து எல்லை இலாதானே நின்பெருஞ்சீர்
பொல்லா வினையேன் புகழுமாறு ஒன்றறியேன்

பிறவிகள்

புல்லாகிப் பூடாய்ப் புழுவாய் மரமாகிப்
பல்விருகம் ஆகிப் பறவையாய்ப் பாம்பாகிக்
கல்லாய் மனிதராய்ப் பேயாய்க் கணங்களாய்
வல்அசுரர் ஆகி முனிவராய்த் தேவராய்ச்
செல்லாஅ நின்றஇத் தாவர சங்கமத்துள்
எல்லாப் பிறப்பும் பிறந்திளைத்தேன் எம்பெருமான்

ஞானகுரு

மெய்யேஉன் பொன்அடிகள் கண்டுஇன்று வீடுற்றேன்
உய்யஎன் உள்ளத்துள் ஓங்காரமாய்நின்ற
மெய்யா விமலா விடைப்பாகா! வேதங்கள்

While the One of brow-eye reached and showed His gracious eye,
Before His jewelled Feet of beauty, hard for thought, bowed I.
Thou Who filledest heaven and earth and Who didst outgrow them.
Thou Refulgent Light and Thou the Boundless One past count,
I, a wicked sinner, know not how to sing Thy praise

Various Embodiments

The grass and herb and worm and tree,
The diverse beasts, the bird and snake,
The stone and man, the ghoul and hosts,
The mighty demons, sages and gods—
Among these static and mobile
Forms of all species of life,
I've been born and wearied, my Lord!

Master Found

Truly have I seen this day Thine own
Golden Feet and true release I've known.
Thou of Truth Who bidest within my soul
As "*Omkaram*" and grantest release whole.
O, Thou Spotless One Who own'st a Bull,

ஐயா எனவோங்கி ஆழ்ந்துஅகன்ற நுண்ணியனே
வெய்யாய் தணியாய் இயமான னாம்விமலா
பொய்யா யினவெல்லாம் போயகல வந்தருளி
மெய்ஞ்ஞானம் ஆகி மிளிர்கின்ற மெய்ச்சுடரே
எஞ்ஞானம் இல்லாதேன் இன்பப் பெருமானே
அஞ்ஞானம் தன்னை அகல்விக்கும் நல்அறிவே

ஐந்தொழில்கள்

ஆக்கம் அளவுஇறுதி இல்லாய் அனைத்துலகும்
ஆக்குவாய் காப்பாய் அழிப்பாய் அருள்தருவாய்
போக்குவாய் என்னைப் புகுவிப்பாய் நின்தொழும்பில்
நாற்றத்தின் நேரியாய் சேயாய் நணியானே
மாற்றம் மனங்கழிய நின்ற மறையோனே

While the Vedas called Thee "Sire,"
Thou the subtle shottest higher;
Thou didst dive too deep below
And didst expand sideways so.
Thou art heat and Thou art cold.
Thou art flawless Soul of old.
Thou Who art the Wisdom true,
Shining as True Splendour too,
Didst come in Thy grace to me,
And didst make all false things flee.
To me devoid of all gnosis
Thou art mighty Lord of bliss.
Thou art knowledge good and pure,
Which of nescience me doth cure.

Sivan's Five Operations

Uncreate Thou art and Thou hast not
Existence in time or end in aught.
All the worlds Thou dost create, sustain, erase,
And Thou grant'st them full release and grace.
Thou mad'st me enter Thy own band of serfs.
Thou art subtle like the fragrance high.
Thou art distant ; Thou art also nigh.
Thou of Vedas, past all word and thought.

கறந்தபால் கன்னலொடு நெய்கலந்தாற் போலச்
சிறந்தடியார் சிந்தனையுள் தேன்ஊறி நின்று
பிறந்த பிறப்பறுக்கும் எங்கள் பெருமான்
நிறங்கள்ஓர் ஐந்துடையாய் விண்ணோர்கள் ஏத்த
மறைந்திருந்தாய் எம்பெருமான் வல்வினையேன் தன்னை
மறைந்திட மூடிய மாய இருளை
அறம்பாவம் என்னும் அருங்கயிற்றாற் கட்டிப்
புறந்தோல்போர்த்து எங்கும் புழுவழுக்கு மூடி
மலஞ்சோரும் ஒன்பது வாயிற் குடிலை
மலங்கப் புலன்ஐந்தும் வஞ்சனையைச் செய்ய
விலங்கு மனத்தால் விமலா உனக்குக்
கலந்தஅன் பாகிக் கசிந்துள் உருகும்
நலந்தான் இலாத சிறியேற்கு நல்கி
நிலந்தன்மேல் வந்தருளி நீள்கழல்கள் காஅட்டி
நாயிற் கடையாய்க் கிடந்த அடியேற்குத்
தாயிற் சிறந்த தயாவான தத்துவனே

Within the hearts of saints supreme dost Thou spring up and swell
Like mixture of the fresh milk, cane juice and the ghee and dwell.
Thou our Lord uprootest all their births including this!

Human Embodiment and God's Grace

Thou dost shine with five-fold colour, our King.
When Thy praise the heavenly ones did sing,
Thyself Thou didst keep in full hiding.
The gloom delusive that had wrapped my self of hardest 'deeds'
Thou hadst bound with rarest cords of virtues and of sins.
Thou hadst clothed me with an outer skin which has concealed
All the worms and filth; and this cottage of ninefold door,
Which reeks with foul and which by treacherous senses five does get
Bewildered, has been granted by Thyself, to me, who am
A petty one of perverse mind, and one who couldn't at all
Have the virtue of a thrilled and softened, melting heart
Filled with love which merges me with Thee, O, Purest One!
On earth Thou cam'st and showed'st in grace Thy grand bejewelled Feet.
Worse than dog was I, Thy slave, wallowing. Upon me,
Better than mother Thy Truthful Self hast bestowed Thy mercy!

துதி

மாசற்ற சோதி மலர்ந்த மலர்ச்சுடரே
தேசனே தேனார் அமுதே சிவபுரனே
பாசமாம் பற்றறுத்துப் பாரிக்கும் ஆரியனே
நேச அருள்புரிந்து நெஞ்சில்வஞ் சம்கெடப்
பேராது நின்ற பெருங்கருணைப் பேர்ஆறே
ஆரா அமுதே அளவிலாப் பெம்மானே
ஓராதார் உள்ளத்து ஒளிக்கும் ஒளியானே
நீராய் உருக்கியென் ஆருயிராய் நின்றானே
இன்பமும் துன்பமும் இல்லானே உள்ளானே
அன்பருக்கு அன்பனே யாவையுமாய் அல்லையுமாம்
சோதியனே துன்னிருளே தோன்றாப் பெருமையனே
ஆதியனே அந்தம் நடுவாகி அல்லானே
ஈர்த்துஎன்னை யாட்கொண்ட எந்தை பெருமானே
கூர்த்தமெய்ஞ் ஞானத்தாற் கொண்டுணர்வார் தங்கருத்தின்
நோக்கரிய நோக்கே நுணுக்கரிய நுண்உணர்வே
போக்கும் வரவும் புணர்வும்இலாப் புண்ணியனே

Epithets of Praise

Thou art Flower-like Splendour blossomed out of Flawless Light.
Refulgent One. Sweet Ambrosia. Lord of Sivapuram.
Honoured One Who snappest off the bonds and guardest well.
Biding as the mighty, ceaseless Flood of mercy great,
Thou didst dispense loving grace and drov'st off guiles from heart.
Unsatiating Ambrosia. Thou Lord Imponderable.
O, Thou Light that lurkest in the souls which seek not Thee.
As Soul of soul Thou bidest, into liquid melting me.
Thou Who hast no pleasure nor pain and Thou Who hast them got.
Thou of love to those of love; Thou art all and naught.
Thou of resplendence, of darkness dense and greatness veiled.
First One, End and Midst Thou art and yet, Thou art not these.
Thou didst, seizing, drag and mad'st me Thine, our Sire and Lord.
Within the thought of those who apprehend with subtly keen
Gnosis true Thou art of subtle vision, hard to be seen.
Thou art Subtle Understanding subtler that can't be.
Exit, entrance or communion, hallowed Thou hast not,

காக்கும்எம் காவலனே காண்பரிய பேர்ஒளியே
ஆற்றின்ப வெள்ளமே அத்தாமிக் காய்நின்ற
தோற்றச் சுடர்ஒளியாய்ச் சொல்லாத நுண்உணர்வாய்
மாற்றமாம் வையகத்தின் வெவ்வேறே வந்தறிவுஆம்
தேற்றனே தேற்றத் தெளிவேயென் சிந்தனையுள்
ஊற்றான உண்ணார் அமுதே உடையானே

விண்ணப்பம்

வேற்று விகார விடக்குடம்பின் உட்கிடப்ப
ஆற்றேன்எம் ஐயா அரனேஓ என்றென்று
போற்றிப் புகழ்ந்திருந்து பொய்கெட்டு மெய்யானார்
மீட்டிங்கு வந்து வினைப்பிறவி சாராமே
கள்ளப் புலக்குரம்பைக் கட்டழிக்க வல்லானே
நள்ளிருளில் நட்டம் பயின்றாடு நாதனே
தில்லையுள் கூத்தனே தென்பாண்டி நாட்டானே

Thou, our Guardian guarding us and Great Light rare for sight.
O, my Father, Thou the Flooding Stream of Bliss divine.
Thou didst stand as unsurpassed and splendrous, visible Light.
Thou the Subtlest Intuition none can tell aright.
Within this world oft-changing didst Thou come in diverse guise,
And bid'st as Wisdom's Clarity and Cream of Clarity.
Thou Ambrosia rare that spring'st within my heart, my King.

Invocation

No more can I endure to lie within this frame of flesh
Which perverse is and loathsome too. "Oh, our Sire and Haran" —
That those who often invoke Thee like this and pray to Thee,
And who always bide with Thee, by singing Thy own praise,
And whose erring ways have yielded place to truthful ways,
Shall no more come back and shall have no more births of 'deed',
Thou alone canst snap their bonds of guileful, sensual frame.
Thou my Lord Who dancest well amidst the darkness dense.
O, Dancer within Tillai, Lord of Pandiland in south.

அல்லற் பிறவி அறுப்பானே ஓவென்று
சொல்லற்கு அரியானைச் சொல்லித் திருவடிக்கீழ்ச்
சொல்லிய பாட்டின் பொருள்உணர்ந்து சொல்லுவார்
செல்வர் சிவபுரத்தின் உள்ளார் சிவனடிக்கீழ்ப்
பல்லோரும் ஏத்தப் பணிந்து !

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

Thou Who cut'st off woeful births. Crying to Him as 'Oh',
All those who would speak of Him Who's hard to be described,
And who would, well feeling all its import, recount this
Song which has been sung beneath His sacred pair of Feet,
Shall reach the sacred Sivapuram, and humbly bowing, stay
Beneath the Feet of Lord Siva, whilst all the rest shall pray !

2. கீர்த்தித் திருஅகவல்

சிவனது திருவருட்புகழ்ச்சி முறைமை

தில்லையில் அருளியது

நிலைமண்டில ஆசிரியப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

தில்லை மூதூர் ஆடிய திருவடி
பல்லுயிர் எல்லாம் பயின்றனன் ஆகி
எண்ணில் பல்குணம் எழில்பெற விளங்கி
மண்ணும் விண்ணும் வானோர் உலகும்
துன்னிய கல்வி தோற்றியும் அழித்தும்
என்னுடை இருளை ஏறத் துரந்தும்
அடியார் உள்ளத்து அன்புமீ தூரக்
குடியாக் கொண்ட கொள்கையும் சிறப்பும்

II. KEERTHI TIRU AHAVAL

OR

THE SACRED SONG OF SIVAN'S RENOWNED ACTS

With His sacred Foot that danced
Within the ancient place of Tillai
He did dance in all the souls,
Shining forth in true beauty,
And with many a quality.
The earth, the sky and angels' world
And the richest lore revealed
He and had them then concealed.
He my darkness well dispelled.
'Tis His creed and glory that
In the hearts of saints which swell
With love He, as His House doth dwell.

மன்னு மாமலை மகேந்திரம் அதனில்
சொன்ன ஆகமம் தோற்றுவித்து அருளியும்
கல்லா டத்துக் கலந்தினிது அருளி
நல்லா ளோடு நயப்புற எய்தியும்
பஞ்சப் பள்ளியிற் பான்மொழி தன்னொடும்
எஞ்சாது ஈண்டும் இன்னருள் விளைத்தும்
கிராத வேடமொடு கிஞ்சுக வாயவள்
விராவு கொங்கை நற்றடம் படிந்தும்
கேவேடர் ஆகிக் கெளிறது படுத்து
மாவேட் டாகிய ஆகமம் வாங்கியும்
மற்றவை தம்மை மகேந்திரத்து இருந்து
உற்றஐம் முகங்க ளாற்பணித் தருளியும்
நந்தம் பாடியில் நான்மறை யோனாய்

Upon the biding Mahendra Mount
Disclosed He and did recount
Agamas with grace, of old,
Which had been by Him once told.
With His good Spouse in embrace
Mingling in love and sweet grace
Did He reach Kalladam's place.
At the Panchapalli's shrine
With His Spouse of milk-words fine,
Sweetest grace did He disclose
That knows no decrease but grows.
In the sweet, close-breasted pool
Of Her Whose lips are red-hued,
He, disguised as hunter sank.
In the guise of fisherman caught
He a shark from which He brought
Agamas which augment great
Taste for themselves in th' palate.
Then did He with five-fold face
Explain them in endless grace,
Biding on Mahendra Mount.
At the Nandampadi's shrine,
As Sage of Vedas four divine,

அந்தமில் ஆரியன் ஆயமர்ந் தருளியும்
வேறுவேறு உருவும் வேறுவேறு இயற்கையும்
நூறுநூறு ஆயிரம் இயல்பின தாகி
ஏறுடை யீசன்இப் புவனியை உய்யக்
கூறுடை மங்கையும் தானும்வந் தருளிக்
குதிரையைக் கொண்டு குடநாடு அதன்மிசைச்
சதுர்படச் சாத்தாய்த் தான்எழுந் தருளியும்
வேலம் புத்தூர் விட்டே றருளிக்
கோலம் பொலிவு காட்டிய கொள்கையும்
தர்ப்பணம் அதனிற் சாந்தம் புத்தூர்
விற்பொரு வேடற்கு ஈந்த விளைவும்
மொக்கணி யருளிய முழுத்தழல் மேனி
சொக்க தாகக் காட்டிய தொன்மையும்
அரியொடு பிரமற்கு அளவறி யொண்ணான்
நரியைக் குதிரை யாக்கிய நன்மையும்

And as eternal Aryan too,
He did bide and give grace true.
Diverse forms and varied natures
And a crore of shapes assuming,
That Isan Who rides a Bull
With a Dame Who is His half,
Came and graced to save this world.
In grace did He repair that day
With His fleet of steeds of grand
Features of the western land.
In the Velamputtur's heart
In grace did He a javelin dart
And a beauteous stream did start.
At the Santamputtur town,
Showing Himself in a mirror,
He did grant the bowman's wish.
He, of yore, did show His Form
Of beauty of the perfect flame,
While He handled horse-gram bag.
He Whose measure was not known
Both to Vishnu and Brahmman,
Did the good of transforming
All the jackals into steeds.

ஆண்டுகொண்டு அருள அழகுறு திருவடி
பாண்டி யன்றனக் குப்பரி மாவிற்று
ஈண்டு கனகம் இசையப் பெறாஅது
ஆண்டான் எங்கோன் அருள்வழி இருப்பத்
தூண்டு சோதி தோற்றிய தொன்மையும்
அந்தணன் ஆகி ஆண்டுகொண்டு அருளி
இந்திர ஞாலம் காட்டிய இயல்பும்
மதுரைப் பெருநன் மாநகர் இருந்து
குதிரைச் சேவகன் ஆகிய கொள்கையும்
ஆங்கது தன்னில் அடியவட் காகப்
பாங்காய் மண்சுமந்து அருளிய பரிசும்
உத்தர கோச மங்கையுள் இருந்து
வித்தக வேடம் காட்டிய இயல்பும்

That His sacred Foot might grant
Grace and make him his own thrall,
He to the Pandyan King did sell
All His horses but declined
The proffered heap of precious gold.
Thus my Lord did make him His.
He disclosed, of old, the Light
Which did induce him aright
In His way of grace to bide.
As a Brahmin sage did He
Come and made His slave of me
In grace and wrought His magic tricks.
Biding in big Madurai City
Good, became a horseman He.
He then in the self-same place
Deigned to carry earth in grace,
For the sake of His crone-slave.
In Uttrakosamangai's shrine
Biding, showed He Wisdom-Form.

பூவணம் அதனிற் பொலிந்திருந்து அருளித்
தூவண மேனி காட்டிய தொன்மையும்
வாத வூரினில் வந்தினி தருளிப்
பாதச் சிலம்பொலி காட்டிய பண்பும்
திருவார் பெருந்துறைச் செல்வன் ஆகிக்
கருவார் சோதியிற் கரந்த கள்ளமும்
பூவலம் அதனிற் பொலிந்தினிது அருளிப்
பாவ நாசம் ஆக்கிய பரிசும்
தண்ணீர்ப் பந்தர் சயம்பெற வைத்து
நன்னீர்ச் சேவகன் ஆகிய நன்மையும்
விருந்தினன் ஆகி வெண்காடு அதனில்
குருந்தின் கீழ்அன்று இருந்த கொள்கையும்

In the town of Poovanam
Biding with His beauteous grace,
He, of old, did manifest
Himself in His Form purest.
He did come to Vadavur
And dispensing sweet grace, He
Caused to be heard the music sweet
Of His tinkling anklet Feet.
In the wealthy Perunthurai
He became the Bounteous One,
And by guiles hid Himself in
The Light-Effulgent source of all.
In the town of Poovalam
Shining sweetly and with grace,
All my sins did He efface.
A water-booth that day did He
Conduct well for victory,
And waterman good He became.
In that town of Venkadu
Came He as a rare guest too
On that day and did sit He
Underneath the Kuruntham tree.

பட்ட மங்கையிற் பாங்கா யிருந்தங்கு
அட்டமா சித்தி யருளிய அதுவும்
வேடுவன் ஆகி வேண்டுருக் கொண்டு
காடது தன்னிற் கரந்த கள்ளமும்
மெய்க்காட் டிட்டு வேண்டுருக் கொண்டு
தக்கான் ஒருவன் ஆகிய தன்மையும்
ஓரி யூரின் உகந்தினிது அருளிப்
பாரிரும் பாலகன் ஆகிய பரிசும்
பாண்டூர் தன்னில் ஈண்ட இருந்தும்
தேவூர்த் தென்பால் திகழ்தரு தீவிற்
கோவார் கோலம் கொண்ட கொள்கையும்
தேனமர் சோலைத் திருவா ரூரில்
ஞானம் தன்னை நல்கிய நன்மையும்
இடைமருது அதனில் ஈண்ட இருந்து
படிமப் பாதம் வைத்தஅப் பரிசும்

In the Pattamangai town
He did stay by right and there
Gave the meaning of the eight
Mystic powers graciously.
Having become woodman, He
Assumed whate'er form willed He,
And He did conceal Himself
By His guiles within the woods.
Taking all the forms He willed
The Proper One did He become.
In the town of Oriyur
Pleased well did He sweetly grace
And did become with beauty
Upon the earth a fine baby.
Reached and lived in Pandur He.
In the bright isle south of Tevur
He assumed the royal Form.
In the sacred Arur town
Girt with groves of honey-combs,
He did grant the good and gnosis.
Intimately living on
In the town of Idaimaruthu,
He did plant His glittering Feet.

ஏகம் பத்தின் இயல்பா யிருந்து
பாகம் பெண்ணோடு ஆயின பரிசும்
திருவாஞ் சியத்திற் சீர்பெற இருந்து
மருவார் குழலியொடு மகிழ்ந்த வண்ணமும்
சேவகன் ஆகித் திண்சிலை ஏந்திப்
பாவகம் பலபல காட்டிய பரிசும்
கடம்பூர் தன்னில் இடம்பெற இருந்தும்
ஈங்கோய் மலையில் எழில்அது காட்டியும்
ஐயாறு அதனிற் சைவன் ஆகியும்
துருத்தி தன்னில் அருத்தியோடு இருந்தும்
திருப்பனை யூரில் விருப்பன் ஆகியும்
கழுமலம் அதனிற் காட்சி கொடுத்தும்

In the town of Ekambam
In His nature did He bide,
With the Half of His own Form
Filled with that of Dame of Charm.
In the sacred Vanjiam
He in glory dwelt and was
Pleased to be along with His
Devotee-maid of fragrant locks.
He a warrior did become,
And with mighty bow in hand,
Showed Himself in varied forms.
In the Kadambur town did He
Find a place wherein dwelt He.
On the hills of Ingoi He
Showed His Form of sweet beauty.
In the shrine of Ayyaru
He became a Saiva true.
In the shrine of Turuthi
Bided He with love mighty.
In the sacred Panaiyur
He did dwell with fondness pure.
In the shrine of Kazhumalam
He in vision showed His Form.

கழுக்குன்று அதனில் வழுக்காது இருந்தும்
புறம்பயம் அதனில் அறம்பல அருளியும்
குற்றா லத்துக் குறியா யிருந்தும்
அந்தமில் பெருமை அழலுருக் கரந்து
சுந்தர வேடத்து ஒருமுதல் உருவுகொண்டு
இந்திர ஞாலம் போலவந்து அருளி
எவ்வெவர் தன்மையும் தன்வயிற் படுத்துத்
தானே யாகிய தயாபரன் எம்மிறை
சந்திர தீபத்துச் சாத்திரன் ஆகி
அந்தரத்து இழிந்துவந்து அழகமர் பாலையுட்
சுந்தரத் தன்மையொடு துதைந்திருந்து அருளியும்
மந்திர மாமலை மகேந்திர வெற்பன்

Upon the Kazhu-Kunru Hill
Unfailingly bides He still.
In the town of Purambayam
Countless virtues He taught them.
A Sign He was in Kuttralam.
Hiding His own Fire-like Form
Full of endless, glorious charm,
As the Primal One of beauty
He did come and showed His grace
With a magic, splendrous trick.
He's the Lord of mercy and
Unto us the Lord supreme,
Who does absorb everyone's
Nature into His own Self
And does shine as He alone.
From the orb of Chandradeepam
As a Teacher bid he come,
Sliding down from regions high ;
And well reaching fair Palai,
He did fill it full with His
Beauty great and graceful bliss.
Dwells He on the Mahendra,
A Mighty Mountain of Mantra.

அந்தமில் பெருமை அருளுடை அண்ணல்
எந்தமை ஆண்ட பரிசுஅது பகரின்
ஆற்றல் அதுவுடை அழகமர் திருவுரு
நீற்றுக் கோடி நிமிர்ந்து காட்டியும்
ஊனம் தன்னை ஒருங்குடன் அறுக்கும்
ஆனந் தம்மே ஆறு அருளியும்
மாதிற் கூறுடை மாப்பெரும் கருணையன்
நாதப் பெரும்பறை நவின்று கறங்கவும்
அழுக்கடை யாமல் ஆண்டுகொண்டு அருள்பவன்
கழுக்கடை தன்னைக் கைக்கொண்டு அருளியும்
மூலம் ஆகிய மும்மலம் அறுக்கும்
தூய மேனிச் சுடர்விடு சோதி
காதலன் ஆகிக் கழுநீர் மாலை
ஏலுடைத்து ஆக எழில்பெற அணிந்தும்

He's the gracious mighty Lord
Whose true greatness knows no end.
To tell the way He made us His :—
He did raise and held aloft
The banner bearing stripes of ash
Of strong and sacred beauty soft.
Rapture-bliss which would uproot
All the sins and shortcomings
He did give in grace as River.
He Whose Half is Lady fair
Is of infinite mercy rare.
His own mighty Nada-sound
Is the roaring drum that's round.
He Who saves and graces all
Souls from all impurities,
Handles His Trident with grace.
He Who cuts off all the three
Primal bonds and makes us free,
Has Light resplendent of rays
As His purest Form of grace.
He became a Lover true,
Wearing Kazhuneer garlands too,
Fittingly with beauty new.

அரியொடு பிரமற்கு அளவறி யாதவன்
பரிமா வின்மிசைப் பயின்ற வண்ணமும்
மீண்டு வாரா வழியருள் புரிபவன்
பாண்டி நாடே பழம்பதி ஆகவும்
பத்திசெய் அடியரைப் பரம்பரத்து உய்ப்பவன்
உத்தர கோச மங்கையூர் ஆகவும்
ஆதி மூர்த்திகட்கு அருள்புரிந்து அருளிய
தேவ தேவன் திருப்பெயர் ஆகவும்
இருள்கடிந்து அருளிய இன்ப ஊர்தி
அருளிய பெருமை அருள்மலை யாகவும்
எப்பெரும் தன்மையும் எவ்வெவர் திறமும்
அப்பரிசு அதனால் ஆண்டுகொண்டு அருளி

He Whose Form Brahmman and Mal
Knew not how to measure at all,
Came on horse's back and rode
And his horsemanship well showed.
He does grant in grace that way
Which brings not again births' sway.
Pandiland's His old domain.
In the most supreme of bliss
He would place true saints of His,
Who would worship Him aright.
Uttrakosamangai town
Is His Home-town of renown.
Since He granted grace to all
Ancient gods, His sacred name
Is the one of God of gods.
Rides on horse of rare delight
He and drives the darkest night
Of the soul and graces right.
His grace-granting greatness is
The Gracious Mountain high of His.
Every kind of greatness and
Every one's goodness and strength
In the self-same measure and length
He would accept and make all
His own, both the big and small.

நாயி னேனை நலமலி தில்லையுள்
கோலம் ஆர்தரு பொதுவினில் வருகஎன
ஏல என்னை ஈங்கு ஒழித்தருளி
அன்றுடன் சென்ற அருள்பெறும் அடியவர்
ஒன்ற ஒன்ற உடன்கலந்து அருளியும்
எய்தவந்து இலாதார் எரியில் பாயவும்
மால்அது ஆகி மயக்கம் எய்தியும்
பூதலம் அதனிற் புரண்டுவீழ்ந்து அலறியும்
கால்விசைத்து ஓடிக் கடல்புக மண்டி
நாதநாத என்று அழுது அரற்றிப்
பாதம் எய்தினர் பாதம் எய்தவும்
பதஞ்சலிக்கு அருளிய பரமநா டகஎன்று
இதம்சலிப்பு எய்தநின்று ஏங்கினர் ஏங்கவும்

Bade He me, the dog-like self
Reach the beauteous Common Hall
Within the goodly Tillai City,
And He did quite fittingly
Herein leave in grace poor me.
Those devotees who that day
Did follow Him all the way,
And who were ripe for His grace,
Merged and sank in His embrace.
Those who could not reach the Sire,
Plunged themselves in burning fire.
Some did grow quite mad and faint.
Some upon the earth did fall,
And did roll and loudly call.
Some did take to their heels and sped
Into the ocean and were dead.
'Lord O, Lord' did cry and rave
Some and reached His Feet which save.
'Dancer great Who mad'st embrace
Patanjali Thy Feet, in grace'—
Thus did some address and prate,
And, cloyed with joy did stand frustrate.
While they stand thus grieving on,

எழில்பெறும் இமயத்து இயல்புடை அம்பொற்
பொலிதரு புலியூர்ப் பொதுவினில் நடம்நவில்
கனிதரு செவ்வாய் உமையொடு காளிக்கு
அருளிய திருமுகத்து அழகுறு சிறுநகை
இறைவன் ஈண்டிய அடியவ ரோடும்
பொலிதரு புலியூர்ப் புக்குஇனிது அருளினன்
ஒலிதரு கைலை உயர்கிழ வோனே!

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்.

The Lord Who danced in bright and gold
Common Hall of " Tiger Town ",
Which is of the nature of
High and beauteous Himalayas—
He Who shines with celestial smile
Upon His lustrous face with which
He had granted grace unto
Umai of sweet and rosy lips,
And to Kali Who abides,—
He Who's Supreme Owner of
Mount Kailas of mystic sounds—
Entered He the lustrous Tiger Town with His
Band of saints and sweetly gracing, bides with Bliss !!

3. திருஅண்டப் பகுதி

சிவனது தூலசூக்குமத்தை வியந்தது

தில்லையில் அருளியது

இணைக்குறள் ஆசிரியப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

சிவனது தூலசூக்குமம்

அண்டப் பகுதியின் உண்டைப் பிறக்கம்
அளப்பரும் தன்மை வளப்பெரும் காட்சி
ஒன்றனுக்கு ஒன்று நின்றஎழில் பகரின்
நூற்றொரு கோடியின் மேற்பட விரிந்தன
இல்நுழை கதிரின் துன்அணுப் புரையச்
சிறிய வாகப் பெரியோன் ; தெரியின்

III. TIRU ANDA PAHUTHI

OR

THE NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNIVERSE

Sivan's Gross and Subtle Shapes

The Macrocosm's global units :—
Their immense and measure-less nature,
Their luxuriant, mighty stature,
And their beautiful relative feature—
If we were to describe them, thus they are :
They in number far exceed
Hundred crores and one indeed.
He is so big unto them
That they are as small for Him
As the tiniest atom's speck
Floating in the rays of Sun
Streaking through the roof's crevice !

வேதியன் தொகையொடு மாலவன் மிகுதியும்
தோற்றமும் சிறப்பும் ஈற்றொடு புணரிய
மாப்பேர் ஊழியும் நீக்கமும் நிலையும்
சூக்கமொடு தூலத்துச் சூறை மாருதத்து
எறியது வளியிற்
கொட்கப் பெயர்க்கும் குழகன் முழுவதும்

அவருடைய செய்கை

படைப்போற் படைக்கும் பழையோன் படைத்தவை
காப்போற் காக்கும் கடவுள் காப்பவை
கரப்போன் கரப்பவை கருதாக்
கருத்துடைக் கடவுள் திருத்தகும்
அறுவகைச் சமயத்து அறுவகை யோர்க்கும்
வீடுபே றாய்நின்ற விண்ணோர் பகுதி
கீடம் புரையும் கிழவோன் நாள்தொறும்

If you'd know a little more :
The tribe of Brahmmans and proud Mals,
Creation and sustentation,
And the End as well as aeon
And the mighty aeon's own
End as well as duration—
All these diverse things happen,
And, rotating spin and run
Due to Him that Youth Eternal,
Even as a gentle breeze
Caught within a strong vortex
Of the gross and subtle kinds,
Spinning, whirls and blows along !

The Operations of the Supreme

He's that Ancient One Who does create the Creator of all :
He's that God Who guards creation's Sustainer, the Mal.
He's the One Who conceals all creations thus preserved.
He's such esteemed Lord as has none else above Himself
Who could have control at all over the things concealed !
All those gods who stand forth as the goal and salvation
Of the sixfold followers of all the sixfold creed
Are but maggots mean compared with that great Lord of all !

அருக்கனிற் சோதி அமைத்தோன் திருத்தகு
மதியில் தண்மை வைத்தோன் திண்திறல்
தீயின் வெம்மை செய்தோன் பொய்தீர்
வானிற் கலப்பு வைத்தோன் மேதகு
காலின் ஊக்கம் கண்டோன் நிழல்திகழ்
நீரில் இன்சுவை நிகழ்ந்தோன் வெளிப்பட
மண்ணில் திண்மை வைத்தோன் என்றுஎன்று
எனைப்பல கோடி எனைப்பல பிறவும்
அனைத்துஅனைத்து அவ்வயின் அடைத்தோன் அஃதாஅன்று

நாமங்கள்

முன்னோன் காண்க முழுதோன் காண்க
தன்நேர் இல்லோன் தானே காண்க
ஏனத் தொல்எயிறு அணிந்தோன் காண்க
கானப் புலியுரி அரையோன் காண்க
நீற்றோன் காண்க நினைதொறும் நினைதொறும்
ஆற்றேன் காண்க அந்தோ கெடுவேன்

He it is Who imparts lustre daily unto the Sun.
He it is Who gave the glowing Moon its coolness too.
He it is Who gave the heat to great and mighty Fire.
He it is Who gave to Ether true pervasiveness.
He it is Who gave the noble Wind its motion too.
He it is Who gave good taste to the bright and cool Water.
He it is Who obviously made the Earth so strong.
Everytime and always quite a number of crores of things
And a number of lives have been well ordained by His grace
All within their measure and in their respective place !

Sivan's Sacred Epithets

Nay, more :—
See He is the First One; see He is Perfection !
See He is by Himself sans an equal true !
See He wears upon Himself the tusk of ancient boar !
See He wears a forest tiger's skin around His waist.
See He is the Ash-worn. The more I think of Him
The more I cannot brook His absence ! See ! Alas, I die !

இன்இசை வீணையில் இசைந்தோன் காண்க
அன்னதுஒன்று அவ்வயின் அறிந்தோன் காண்க
பரமன் காண்க பழையோன் காண்க
பிரமன்மால் காணாப் பெரியோன் காண்க
அற்புதன் காண்க அநேகன் காண்க
சொற்பதம் கடந்த தொல்லோன் காண்க
சித்தமும் செல்லாச் சேட்சியன் காண்க
பத்தி வலையிற் படுவோன் காண்க
ஒருவன் என்னும் ஒருவன் காண்க
விரிபொழில் முழுதாய் விரிந்தோன் காண்க
அணுத்தரும் தன்மையில் ஐயோன் காண்க
இணைப்பரும் பெருமையில் ஈசன் காண்க
அரியதில் அரிய அரியோன் காண்க
மருவிஎப் பொருளும் வளர்ப்போன் காண்க
நூலுணர்வு உணரா நுண்ணியோன் காண்க
மேலொடு கீழாய் விரிந்தோன் காண்க
அந்தமும் ஆதியும் அகன்றோன் காண்க
பந்தமும் வீடும் படைப்போன் காண்க

See He is the Melody of the sweetest Veena's music !
See He plays a good tune too upon the self-same Veena !
See He is the Supreme One. See He is the Ancient-most !
See He is the Greatest One to Brahmman and to Mal unknown !
See He is the Wondrous One. See He is the Many.
See He is the Ancient One, beyond the power of words.
See He is too distant for the reach of mind also.
See Him Who would well within the net of love be caught !
See the Peerless One Who is known as the 'Only One'.
See Him Who expanded as the world's expanse in full.
See He's subtler than the tiny atom's own nature !
See Him Who is Isan Whose own greatness peerless is.
See the Rarest One amongst the rarest of the rare !
See He pervades everything and makes it grow also.
See Him Who is too subtle for knowledge gained in books.
See Him who did expand Himself high above and low.
See Him Who is sans an end and sans a beginning too.
See Him Who creates the bond and who creates Release !

நிற்பதும் செல்வதும் ஆனேன் காண்க
கற்பமும் இறுதியும் கண்டோன் காண்க
யாவரும் பெறவுறும் ஈசன் காண்க
தேவரும் அறியாச் சிவனே காண்க
பெண்ஆண் அலிஎனும் பெற்றியன் காண்க
கண்ணால் யானுங் கண்டேன் காண்க
அருள்நனி சுரக்கும் அமுதே காண்க
கருணையின் பெருமை கண்டேன் காண்க
புவனியிற் சேவடி தீண்டினன் காண்க
சிவன்என யானும் தேறினன் காண்க
அவன்எனை யாட்கொண்டு அருளினன் காண்க
குவளைக் கண்ணி கூறன் காண்க
அவளும் தானும் உடனே காண்க

கடலும் மேகமும்

பரமா னந்தப் பழங்கடல் அதுவே
கருமா முகிலில் தோன்றித்
திருவார் பெருந்துறை வரையில் ஏறித்
திருத்தகு மின்ஒளி திசைதிசை விரிய

See Him Who is all the static and the mobile ones.
See Him Who has ordained every aeon and its end.
See Him Isan Who could be attained by every one.
See Him Sivan unknown to gods themselves !
See Him Who is Female, Male and Neuter !
See that One Whom even I did see with eyes !
See Him Nectar which from grace springs well.
See His mercy's greatness, I perceived.
See He placed his rosy Feet on earth !
See I too was convinced He was Siva !
See He made me His and gave me grace.
See Him with a Partner of blue eyes.
See Herself and Himself both together.

The Sea and the Cloud

That good Ancient Sea of Rapture great
Got transformed as dark and Mighty Cloud
And did scale the sacred Perunthurai Hill !
While the glitt'ring lightning's flashes spread on everyside,

ஐம்புலப் பந்தனை வாளரவு இரிய
வெந்துயர்க் கோடை மாத்தலை கரப்ப
நீடுஎழில் தோன்றி வாள்ஒளி மிளிர
எந்தம் பிறவியிற் கோபம் மிகுத்து
முரசுஎறிந்து மாப்பெரும் கருணையின் முழங்கிப்
பூப்புரை அஞ்சலி காந்தள் காட்ட
எஞ்சா இன்அருள் நுண்துளி கொள்ளச்
செஞ்சுடர் வெள்ளம் திசைதிசைதெவிட்ட வரையுறக்
கேதக் குட்டம் கையற வோங்கி
இருமுச் சமயத்து ஒருபேய்த் தேரினை
நீர்நசை தரவரு நெடும்கண் மான்கணம்
தவப்பெரு வாயிடைப் பருகித் தளர்வொடும்
அவப்பெரும் தாபம் நீங்காது அசைந்தன
ஆயிடை வானப் பேரியாற்று அகவயின்
பாய்ந்துஎழுந்து இன்பப் பெரும்சுழி கொழித்துச்
சுழித்துஎம் பந்தமாக் கரைபொருது அலைத்திடித்து

While the glist'ning snake of five-sensed bondage flees in dread,
While the draught of hard distress conceals its mighty head,
While Hibiscus flowers of beauty great, with splendour shine,
And while scarlet flies like our own countless births increase,
While like infinite mercy does the drum-like thunder roar,
While like praying up-raised palms do look the Kanthal flowers,
And while sweet and endless grace does fall in driblets fine,
    The red, resplendent torrent surges on
    Ev'ryside and reaches the top of Hill,
    Flooding all the whilom 'distress-ponds' !
The thirsty herd of large-eyed stags that went
To quench their thirst did drink with widened mouths
The mirage-water of the sixfold creed !
While their painful thirst abated not,
Restlessly they moved and left. Just there
The flood does, rushing flow through mighty river,
And then it rises, eddies round and whirls
With the endless bubbles of delight !
Dashing 'gainst the mighty banks of our bondage,
And smashing them with rising waves, it washes off !

ஊழ் ஊழ் ஓங்கிய நங்கள்
இருவினை மாமரம் வேர்பறித்து எழுந்து
உருவ அருள்நீர் ஓட்டா அருவரைச்
சந்தின் வான்சிறை கட்டி மட்டவிழ்
வெறிமலர்க் குளவாய் கோலி நிறையகில்
மாப்புகைக் கரைசேர் வண்டுடைக் குளத்தின்
மீக்கொள மேல்மேல் மகிழ்தலின் நோக்கி
அருச்சனை வயலுள் அன்புவித்து இட்டுத்
தொண்ட உழவர் ஆரத் தந்த

வாழ்த்து

அண்டத்து அரும்பெறல் மேகன் வாழ்க
கரும்பணக் கச்சைக் கடவுள் வாழ்க
அருந்தவர்க்கு அருளும் ஆதி வாழ்க
அச்சம் தவிர்த்த சேவகன் வாழ்க

Rooting out the mighty trees of our own 'two-fold deed',
Which have been expanding on from age to age and then,
Rising, it does cause the pretty water of grace to flow !
Building massive dams by means of mountain-sandal trees,
Flows it through the lakes all filled with flowers of sweetest honey !
And then it fills and overflows the tank
Full of smoke of agil on its bank,
And with beetles which do hum their songs !
This high-rising flood's good sight
Is espied with pure delight
By the farmer-saints of might,
Who, by sowing seeds of love
In their fields of worship now,
Will hence reap the fruits also !

Hallelujahs

Hail Him such a Cloud so rare for all the worlds to have !
Hail the God Whose girdle is black snake.
Hail the First One gracing sages rare.
Hail the Warrior Who has killed our fears.

நிச்சலும் ஈர்த்துஆட் கொள்வோன் வாழ்க
சூழிரும் துன்பம் துடைப்போன் வாழ்க
எய்தினர்க்கு ஆர்அமுது அளிப்போன் வாழ்க
கூர்இருட் கூத்தொடு குனிப்போன் வாழ்க
பேரமைத் தோளி காதலன் வாழ்க
ஏதிலர்க்கு ஏதில்எம் இறைவன் வாழ்க
காதலர்க்கு எய்ப்பினில் வைப்பு வாழ்க

போற்றி

நச்சரவு ஆட்டிய நம்பன் போற்றி
பிச்சுஎமை ஏற்றிய பெரியோன் போற்றி
நீற்றொடு தோற்ற வல்லோன் போற்றி, நாற்றிசை
நடப்பன நடாஅய்க் கிடப்பன கிடாஅய்
நிற்பன நிறீஇச்
சொற்பதம் கடந்த தொல்லோன்
உள்ளத்து உணர்ச்சியிற் கொள்ளவும் படாஅன்
கண்முதற் புலனாற் காட்சியும் இல்லோன்

Hail Him Who would daily drag and Who would make us His !
Hail Him Who would wipe away all great besetting griefs !
Hail Him Who would grant ambrosia sweet
Unto all those who could gain His Feet !
Hail Him Who would dance and bend in darkness thick.
Hail the Lover of Lady of the bamboo-like shoulders.
Hail our Monarch Who is nought to those who hostile are.
Hail the Treasure of Help in need to all the men who love.

Praises

Praise to Him, our King Who caused the venomous snakes to sport.
Praise to Him, that Great One Who has charged us with love-rage.
Praise to Him Who would disclose His Form that's smeared with ash.
In all the four directions,
He moves the things which move !
He lays down things which lie !
He steadies the things which stand !
He's the Ancient One Who is beyond the powers of word.
Nor can He be apprehended by the powers of mind.
He's not seen by senses like the eye.

விண்முதற் பூதம் வெளிப்பட வகுத்தோன்
பூவில் நாற்றம் போன்றுயர்ந்து எங்கும்
ஒழிவுஅற நிறைந்து மேவிய பெருமை
இன்று எனக்கு எளிவந்து அருளி
அழிதரும் ஆக்கை ஒழியச்செய்த ஒண்பொருள்
இன்றுஎனக்கு எளிவந்து இருந்தனன் போற்றி
அளிதரும் ஆக்கை செய்தோன் போற்றி
ஊற்று இருந்து உள்ளம் களிப்போன் போற்றி
ஆற்றா இன்பம் அலர்ந்து அலைசெய்யப்
போற்றா ஆக்கையைப் பொறுத்தல் புகலேன்

ஒளித்தல்

மரகதக் குவாஅல் மாமணிப் பிறக்கம்
மின்ஒளி கொண்ட பொன்ஒளி திகழத்
திசைமுகன் சென்று தேடினர்க்கு ஒளித்தும்

Elements like the ether He evolves.
Shooting up like fragrance of the sweetest flower, His own
Glory spreads and fills up ev'ry place and leaves out naught !
This day He has come with ease
And has shown me His own grace,
And has quite rid me of this
Body that is evanescent !
That Resplendent Being did
Condescending, come to me
On this day and stayed, I praise !
Praise to Him Who gave this frame which melts in love.
Praise to Him Who fount-like yields delight in hearts.
I want this body not that couldn't enjoy in full
The bliss unbearable which spreads and soars in waves !

His Sports of Hiding

As the golden flame-like bright lightning
He did shine with splendour that floods out
From heaps of emeralds green and rubies red !
Yet, when Four-faced one sought Him,
Well had He concealed Himself !

முறையுளி யொற்றி முயன்றவர்க்கு ஒளித்தும்
ஒற்றுமை கொண்டு நோக்கும் உள்ளத்து
உற்றவர் வருந்த உறைப்பவர்க்கு ஒளித்தும்
மறைத்திறம் நோக்கி வருந்தினர்க்கு ஒளித்தும்
இத்தந் திரத்திற் காண்டுமென்று இருந்தோர்க்கு
அத்தந் திரத்தின் அவ்வயின் ஒளித்தும்
முனிவுஅற நோக்கி நனிவரக் கௌவி
ஆண்எனத் தோன்றி அலிஎனப் பெயர்ந்து
வாள்நுதற் பெண்என ஒளித்தும் சேண்வயின்
ஐம்புலன் செலவிடுத்து அருவரை தொறும்போய்த்
துற்றவை துறந்த வெற்றுயிர் ஆக்கை
அருந்தவர் காட்சியுள் திருந்த ஒளித்தும்
ஒன்றுஉண்டு இல்லை என்றஅறி வொளித்தும்

He concealed Himself from those who strove to approach Him,
Biding well and guided on by their own bookish lore !
He hid Himself from those who
Concentrating on Him with
Single-minded love persevered,
While their kinsmen moaned their acts !
From those who placed their trust in strength
Of the Vedic path and strained
Themselves He did hide Himself !
From those who had hoped to see
Him by means of certain tricks,
By those self-same tricks He hid !
Void of malice regarded He,
Gripping well with growing grace !
He showed Himself first as Male,
Changed then into Neuter and
Hid Himself as bright-browed Maid !
Himself He did hide in full from sight and vision of those
Who had at a great distance their senses five dropped off,
And who perform penances rare upon the distant hills,
Breathing with their bony frames and scorning all delights !
From the minds of those who stood
Wond'ring if there's One or not,
He did conceal Himself well !

பண்டே பயில்தொறும் இன்றே பயில்தொறும்
ஒளிக்கும் சோரனைக் கண்டனம்

அர்ச்சனை

ஆர்மின் ஆர்மின் நாள்மலர்ப் பிணையலில்
தாள்தளை இடுமின்
சுற்றுமின் சூழ்மின் தொடர்மின் விடேன்மின்
பற்றுமின் என்றவர் பற்றுமுற்று ஒளித்தும்
தன்நேர் இல்லோன் தானே ஆனதன்மை
என்நேர் அனையோர் கேட்கவந்து இயம்பி
அறைகூவி ஆட்கொண்டு அருளி
மறையோர் கோலங் காட்டி அருளலும்
உளையா அன்புஎன்பு உருக ஓலம்இட்டு

" Seen have we the stealthy One
Who had Himself hidden when
Sought of old and sought to-day !

Worship

Come and bide ! Ye, haste and bide !
Bind His Feet with garlands of
Pure and freshly-gathered flow'rs !
Come ye round and round and form
A cordon round Him, follow Him !
Leave Him not and hold Him on ! "
Slipping from their firmest grips,
He did hide Himself from those
Who did cry in frenzy thus.
He came and spoke for men like me to hear
His nature that He is Himself and all.
He. His clarion call sent forth and made
Me His own in grace ! And in His grace,
Showed me His own beauteous Form of sage !
Then while ceaseless love did melt my frame,
I wailed aloud and jumping high I roared,

அலைகடல் திரையின் ஆர்த்துஆர்த்து ஓங்கித்
தலைதடு மாறா வீழ்ந்து புரண்டு அலறிப்
பித்தரின் மயங்கி மத்தரின் மதித்து
நாட்டவர் மருளவும் கேட்டவர் வியப்பவும்
கடக்களிறு ஏற்றாத் தடப்பெரும் மதத்தின்
ஆற்றேன் ஆக அவயவம் சுவைதரு
கோல்தேன் கொண்டு செய்தனன்
ஏற்றார் மூதூர் எழில்நகை எரியின்
வீழ்வித் தாங்கு அன்று
அருட்பெரும் தீயின் அடியோம் அடிக்குடில்
ஒருத்தரும் வழாமை ஒடுக்கினன்

ஆனந்தம்

தடக்கையில் நெல்லிக் கனிஎனக்கு ஆயினன்
சொல்லுவது அறியேன் வாழி முறையோ !
தரியேன் நாயேன் தான்எனைச் செய்தது

And roared again like surging waves of sea !
And falling headlong, rolled and crying, yelled !
I fainted like the mad and like the frenzied, gazed !
People got bewildered ; those who heard were 'mazed !
Like the rutting tusker whose mad rage
Burning, would not suffer his mahout mount,
I too couldn't contain my love at all,
While He charged my limbs with sweet honey !
Even as He had brought down and burnt
The ancient cities of His old, strong foes,
With the fire of His own charming smile,
By means of fire of His own mighty grace,
He did burn the humble 'bodes of ours,
His own slaves, and left off none intact !

Rapture

A Nelli-fruit has He become within my spacious palm.
What to say I know not ! Hail, my Lord !
Is it just ? My cur-like self can't brook !

தெரியேன் ! ஆவா செத்தேன் அடியேற்கு
அருளியது அறியேன் பருகியும் ஆரேன்
விழுங்கியும் ஒல்ல கில்லேன்
செழுந்தண் பாற்கடல் திரை புரைவித்து
உவாக்கடல் நள்ளுநீர் உள்அகம் ததும்ப
வாக்கிறந்து அமுதம் மயிர்க்கால் தோறும்
தேக்கிடச் செய்தனன் கொடியேன் ஊன்தழை
குரம்பை தோறும் நாயுடல் அகத்தே
குரம்பைகொண்டு இன்தேன் பாய்த்தி நிரம்பிய
அற்புதம் ஆன அமுத தாரைகள்
எற்புத் துளைதொறும் ஏற்றினன் உருகுவது
உள்ளம் கொண்டுஓர் உருச்செய் தாங்குஎனக்
கள்ஊறு ஆக்கை அமைத்தனன் ஒள்ளிய
கன்னற் கனிதேர் களிறுஎனக் கடைமுறை
என்னையும் இருப்பது ஆக்கினன் என்னில்

I know not what He has done me at all !
Alas, I'm dead ! Neither do I know
What Thou hast in grace done me, Thy slave !
Neither can I drink Thy bliss and thus rest satisfied ;
Nor have I the strength to quaff it in !
My heart resembling boist'rous sea on full moon night
He has made like luscious, cooling sea of milk,
And did fill it brimful with the billows of His bliss !
With the flood of sweet ambrosia well beyond all words,
He did fill the interstices of my hair-cells full !
This frame of dog-like me He made His 'bode,
Irrigating ev'ry fleshy limb of this body
Of my coarse and cruel self with His own grace-like honey !
And with full and wondrous, sweet
Ambrosial driblets did He charge
Ev'ry bone's deep pore of mine !
Just as if a body had been made
Out of melting heart alone He gave
Me a frame wherein does nectar spring !
Even me like tusker fond of canes
He has blessed with being endless true !

கருணை வான்தேன் கலக்க
அருளொடு பராஅமுது ஆக்கினன்
பிரமன் மால்அறியாப் பெற்றி யோனே !

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்.

While His mercy's supreme honey
Had been blended well in me,
He whose greatness is unknown
Both to Mal and that Brahmman,
Has prepared and served His good
Grace and His ambrosial food !

4. போற்றித் திருஅகவல்

சகத்தின் உற்பத்தி

தில்லையில் அருளியது

நிலைமண்டில ஆசிரியப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

சிவன் திருவடி

நான்முகன் முதலா வானவர் தொழுதுஎழ
ஈரடி யாலே மூவுலகு அளந்து
நாற்றிசை முனிவரும் ஐம்புலன் மலரப்
போற்றிசெய் கதிர்முடித் திருநெடு மால்அன்று
அடிமுடி அறியும் ஆதரவு அதனில்
கடுமுரண் ஏனம் ஆகிமுன் கலந்து
ஏழ்தலம் உருவ இடந்துபின் எய்த்து

IV. POTRI TIRU AHAVAL

OR

THE SACRED VERSE OF PRAISE

The Feet of Sivan

While the Four-faced and the heavenly ones bowed down and stood,
The tall and beauteous Mal whose splendrous diadem glitters well,
And who had with twain Feet measured all the three-fold world,
And who had been worshipped by the sages in the four
Directions, with all their senses five well blossoming,
Was once all agog to know where terminate Thy Feet !
And hence did he become a mighty boar and forged ahead
Digging out and piercing through the seven-fold world below !
Failing then, became he wearied and he cried aloud :

ஊழி முதல்வ சயசய என்று
வழுத்தியும் காணா மலர்அடி இணைகள்
வழுத்துதற்கு எளிதாய் வார்கடல் உலகினில்

பிறவி

யானை முதலா எறும்பு ஈறுஆய
ஊனமில் யோனியின் உள்வினை பிழைத்தும்
மானுட்ப் பிறப்பினுள் மாதா உதரத்து
ஈனம்இல் கிருமிச் செருவினிற் பிழைத்தும்
ஒருமதித் தான்றியின் இருமையிற் பிழைத்தும்
இருமதி விளைவின் ஒருமையிற் பிழைத்தும்
மும்மதி தன்னுள் அம்மதம் பிழைத்தும்
ஈரிரு திங்களில் பேர்இருள் பிழைத்தும்
அஞ்சு திங்களின் முஞ்சுதல் பிழைத்தும்
ஆறு திங்களின் ஊறலர் பிழைத்தும்
ஏழு திங்களில் தாழ்புவி பிழைத்தும்
எட்டுத் திங்களிற் கட்டமும் பிழைத்தும்

" Vict'ry, Vict'ry unto Thee, Thou the First of aeon " !
Though he had thus worshipped Thee, yet, he couldn't espie
Thy own pair of flower-like Feet that day,
Which, with ease can be worshipped within this sea-girt world !

Human Embodiment

Saved were they from fall within the diverse, countless wombs
Of all creations from the elephant down to the tiny ants !
Even in this human birth they have been well saved
From the warring, growing worms within their mothers' womb.
In the first month 'scaped the dual state
Occurring, when it is of Tanri's size.
In the second month 'scaped amorphus state.
In the third month 'scaped the giddy liquid.
In the fourth month 'scaped the darkness dense.
In the fifth month escaped extinction.
In the sixth month 'scaped the itching pains.
In the seventh month 'scaped abortive birth.
In the eighth month 'scaped from congestion.

ஒன்பதில் வருதரு துன்பமும் பிழைத்தும்
தக்க தசமதி தாயொடு தான்படும்
துக்க சாகரத் துயர்இடைப் பிழைத்தும்
ஆண்டுகள் தோறும் அடைந்தஅக் காலை
ஈண்டியும் இருத்தியும் எனைப்பல பிழைத்தும்
காலை மலமொடு கடும்பகற் பசிநிசி
வேலை நித்திரை யாத்திரை பிழைத்தும்
கருங்குழற் செவ்வாய் வெண்நகைக் கார்மயில்
ஒருங்கிய சாயல் நெருங்கியுண் மதர்த்துக்
கச்சுஅற நிமிர்ந்து கதிர்த்து முன்பணைத்து
எய்த்துஇடை வருந்த எழுந்து புடைபரந்து
ஈர்க்குஇடை போகா இளமுலை மாதர்தம்
கூர்த்த நயனக் கொள்ளையிற் பிழைத்தும்
பித்த உலகர் பெருந்துறைப் பரப்பினுள்
மத்தக் களிறுஎனும் அவாஇடைப் பிழைத்தும்

In the ninth month escaped from distress.
In the tenth month themselves and their mothers
Survived well the sea of travail and their sorrows too.
And when thus they grew with every year,
From the evil of earning and storing wealth,
Saved they were and saved from so many ills.
They did 'scape from dangers all that lurk
In the morning nature's call and midday's hunger too,
As well as in midnight sleep and through the journeys all !
Survived they the banditry of sharp-eyed damsels sweet,
Whose locks are dark and whose good lips are red
Whose teeth are white and whose gait is too fine
Like the pea-hen's in the cool and wintry days,
And whose breasts so tender, close to each other grow,
And expand and burst the corset by their mighty heave,
And which, erect and bright, do swell in size in front
And spread so much that their thin waists do shrink in pain,
And, in between which two not ev'n a thread could pass !
They escaped the tusker mad of greed,
Which in worldly-maniacs' broadland sways.

கல்வி என்னும் பல்கடற் பிழைத்தும்
செல்வம் என்னும் அல்லலிற் பிழைத்தும்
நல்குரவு என்னும் தொல்விடம் பிழைத்தும்
புல்வரம்பு ஆய பலதுறை பிழைத்தும்

சமயம்

தெய்வம் என்பதுஓர் சித்தம்உண் டாகி
முனிவு இலாததுஓர் பொருள்அது கருதலும்
ஆறு கோடி மாயா சத்திகள்
வேறு வேறுதம் மாயைகள் தொடங்கின
ஆத்தம் ஆனார் அயலவர் கூடி
நாத்திகம் பேசி நாத்தழும்பு ஏறினர்
சுற்றம் என்னும் தொல்பசுக் குழாங்கள்
பற்றி அழைத்துப் பதறினர் பெருகவும்
விரத மேபர மாகவே தியரும்
சரத மாகவே சாத்திரம் காட்டினர்

From the diverse seas of learning were they saved !
From the distress of the wealth did they escape !
From the ancient poison of penury were they saved !
And from varied spheres of work
Of limited scope did they escape.

Sixty Million Illusions

Then the notion of a God did dawn,
When the search for passionless supreme
Being sans an equal did commence.
Sixty million forces of illusion
Started playing varied guiles of theirs !
Trusted friends and neighbours gathering round
Spoke atheism till their tongues were scarred.
The ancient herd of cows — the kith and kin
Seized and dragged them and were fretting on.
Vedins who were versed in Vedas said :
" Penance alone is God supreme and true "
And in proof they cited scriptures too.

சமய வாதிகள் தத்தம் மதங்களே
அமைவது ஆக அரற்றி மலைந்தனர்
மிண்டிய மாயா வாதம் என்னும்
சண்ட மாருதம் சுழித்துஅடித்து ஆர்த்து
உலோகா யதன்எனும் ஒண்திறல் பாம்பின்
கலாபே தத்த கடுவிடம் எய்தி
அதிற்பெரும் மாயை எனைப்பல சூழவும்

குரு

தப்பா மேதாம் பிடித்தது சலியாத்
தழல்அது கண்ட மெழுகுஅது போலத்
தொழுதுளம் உருகி அழுதுடல் கம்பித்து
ஆடியும் அலறியும் பாடியும் பரவியும்
கொடிறும் பேதையும் கொண்டது விடாதுஎனும்
படியே யாகிநல் இடையறா அன்பில்

Disputants of every kind of faith
Did assert that theirs alone is true,
Raving loudly and pugnatiously !
The hurricane of mighty Maya-Creed
Whirled and whipped up, making blasting noise !
The mighty, glist'ning snake of Lokayat
Spate its cruel poison multiphased !
Whilst the great and varied guiles in these
Came and got at them, surrounding well,
They didn't fall a victim unto these !

Successful Conversion

Loos'ning not the grip of Him once caught,
And with melting heart like wax that's placed
Before the fire, they worshipped Thee and cried,
With quiv'ring body danced and shouted 'loud.
Songs of praise they sang and bowed to Thee !
Like the pair of tongs and fools from whose
Hardest grips their victims they won't lose !
They too were with ceaseless love and pure,

பசுமரத்து ஆணி அறைந்தாற் போலக்
கசிவது பெருகிக் கடல்என மறுகி
அகம்குழைந்து அனுகுல மாய்மெய் விதிர்த்துச்
சகம்பேய் என்று தம்மைச் சிரிப்ப
நாண்அது ஒழிந்து நாடவர் பழித்துரை
பூண்அது ஆகக் கோணுதல் இன்றிச்
சதுர்இழந்து அறிமால் கொண்டு சாரும்
கதியது பரமா அதிசயம் ஆகக்
கற்றா மனம்எனக் கதறியும் பதறியும்
மற்றோர் தெய்வம் கனவிலும் நினையாது
அருபரத்து ஒருவன் அவனியில் வந்து
குருபரன் ஆகி அருளிய பெருமையைச்
சிறுமைஎன்று இகழாதே திருவடி இணையைப்
பிறிவினை அறியா நிழல்அது போல

With the tears welling up in streams,
Even as a soft tree into which
A sharp iron has been driven, oozes !
They were tossed like sea, with melting heart !
Quite in keeping with these acts
Tremulous did their frames become !
While the worldlings called them ghouls
And did jeer and laugh at them,
They their sense of shame gave up,
And no umbrage did they take then
At the worldlings' words of scorn
With which themselves they did adorn !
Their sense of agency they lost
And gained the Gnosis-mania true !
The thought of goal that lay ahead
For them great amazement caused !
Even as the cow that calls its calf
Did they shout and fretted restlessly !
Ev'n in dreams they thought of no other god !
They didn't deem as cheap and scorn
The greatness rare and grace with which
The Supreme Primal One did come
Upon this earth as Teacher Great !
Like the shadow which from substance does not part at all,

முன்பின் ஆகி முனியாது அத்திசை
என்புநைந்து உருகி நெக்குநெக்கு ஏங்கி
அன்புஎனும் ஆறு கரையது புரள
நன்புலன் ஒன்றி நாதஎன்று அரற்றி
உரைதடு மாறி உரோமம் சிலிர்ப்பக்
கரமலர் மொட்டித்து இருதயம் மலரக்
கண்களி கூர நுண்துளி அரும்பச்
சாயா அன்பினை நாள்தொறும் தழைப்பவர்

தோத்திரம்

தாயே ஆகி வளர்த்தனை போற்றி !
மெய்தரு வேதியன் ஆகி வினைகெடக்
கைதர வல்ல கடவுள் போற்றி
ஆடக மதுரை அரசே போற்றி
கூடல் இலங்கு குருமணி போற்றி
தென்தில்லை மன்றினுள் ஆடி போற்றி

Followed they Thy sacred pair of Feet in front and rear,
In that self-same direction and they did not hate aught !
Their bones did soften and did melt in love.
Their hearts mellowed and mellowed and dissolved.
The stream of love did overflow its banks.
With all their five good senses fixed on Thee,
" Our Lord " they raved and faltered too their words !
Their bodies' hair did, bristling, stand on end !
Their florid palms in worship closed, their flower-like heart did ope.
Their eyes were full of joy and glee and tears in driblets flowed.
Thus did they revel in such a quenchless, flourishing love !

Praises

Praise to Thee Who as their mother fostered'st all these saints.
Praise, O, God, Who would as Truth-dispensing Sage
Give Thy helping hand to wipe off all the " deeds " of age !
Praise to Thee the King of golden Madurai town.
Praise to Thee, O, Koodal's Teacher-Gem.
Praise to Thee, O Dancer at the Court of South Tillai.

இன்றுஎனக்கு ஆர்அமுது ஆனாய் போற்றி
மூவா நான்மறை முதல்வா போற்றி
சேவார் வெல்கொடிச் சிவனே போற்றி
மின்ஆர் உருவ விகிர்தா போற்றி
கல்நார் உரித்த கனியே போற்றி
காவாய் கனகக் குன்றே போற்றி
ஆவா என்றுஎனக்கு அருளாய் போற்றி
படைப்பாய் காப்பாய் துடைப்பாய் போற்றி
இடரைக் களையும் எந்தாய் போற்றி
ஈச போற்றி இறைவ போற்றி
தேசப் பளிங்கின் திரளே போற்றி
அரைசே போற்றி அமுதே போற்றி
விரைசேர் சரண விகிர்தா போற்றி
வேதி போற்றி விமலா போற்றி
ஆதி போற்றி அறிவே போற்றி
கதியே போற்றி கனியே போற்றி
நதிசேர் செஞ்சடை நம்பா போற்றி
உடையாய் போற்றி உணர்வே போற்றி

To me this day Thou art Ambrosia rare, I praise !
O, Author of the Vedas four Who agest not, I praise !
Thou Siva of Bull-marked Victory banner, praise.
Thou, O Proteus of the brilliant Form, I praise.
Thou First Who hast the fibre pealed from stone, I praise.
Thou the Mount of Gold, protect me. Praise.
Alas, do grant Thy grace to me ! I praise.
Thou Who dost create, protect and wipe off, praise.
O, my Father Who dost weed out griefs, I praise.
Thou Isa, praise. Thou Overlord, praise.
O, Thou Heap of Brilliant Crystals, praise.
Thou King, I praise. Thou Nectar, praise.
Thou Proteus of the fragrant Feet, I praise.
Thou Vedin, praise. Thou Immaculate, praise.
Thou First One, praise. Thou Wisdom, praise.
O, Thou Salvation, I praise. Thou the Sweet Fruit, praise.
Our Lord with River on Thy red plait, I praise.
O, my Owner, praise. Thou Understanding, praise.

கடையேன் அடிமை கண்டாய் போற்றி
ஐயா போற்றி அணுவே போற்றி
சைவா போற்றி தலைவா போற்றி
குறியே போற்றி குணமே போற்றி
நெறியே போற்றி நினைவே போற்றி
வானோர்க்கு அரிய மருந்தே போற்றி
ஏனோர்க்கு எளிய இறைவா போற்றி
மூவேழ் சுற்றம் முரண்உறு நரகிடை
ஆழா மேஅருள் அரசே போற்றி
தோழா போற்றி துணைவா போற்றி
வாழ்வே போற்றிஎன் வைப்பே போற்றி
முத்தா போற்றி முதல்வா போற்றி
அத்தா போற்றி அரனே போற்றி
உரைஉணர்வு இறந்த ஒருவ போற்றி
விரிகடல் உலகின் விளைவே போற்றி
அருமையில் எளிய அழகே போற்றி
கருமுகில் ஆகிய கண்ணே போற்றி

Thou hast me the humblest one as slave, I praise.
O Sire, I praise. O Atom, praise.
Thou Saiva, praise. Thou Chief, I praise.
Thou Sign, I praise. Thou Quality, praise.
Thou True Way, praise. O Thought, I praise.
Rare Nectar of celestial ones, I praise.
Affable Lord to all the rest, I praise.
O King Who canst give grace to save
All the three-fold seven generations
Of my kinsmen from fierce hells !
Comrade, praise. My help, I praise.
My Life, I praise. My Treasure, I praise.
The Ever-Free, praise. Thou First One, praise.
O Father, praise. Thou Haran, I praise.
Thou the Peerless One past words
And Thou past all ken, I praise !
Thou the Yield of wide and sea-girt world, I praise.
Thou of simple beauty 'midst the rarest things, I praise.
My Eye of dark-cloud hue, I praise.

மன்னிய திருவருள் மலையே போற்றி
என்னையும் ஒருவன் ஆக்கி இரும்கழல்
சென்னியில் வைத்த சேவக போற்றி
தொழுதகை துன்பம் துடைப்பாய் போற்றி
அழிவிலா ஆனந்த வாரி போற்றி
அழிவதும் ஆவதும் கடந்தாய் போற்றி
முழுவதும் இறந்த முதல்வா போற்றி
மான்நேர் நோக்கி மணாளா போற்றி
வானகத்து அமரர் தாயே போற்றி
பார்இடை ஐந்தாய்ப் பரந்தாய் போற்றி
நீர்இடை நான்காய் நிகழ்ந்தாய் போற்றி
தீயிடை மூன்றாய்த் திகழ்ந்தாய் போற்றி
வளியிடை இரண்டாய் மகிழ்ந்தாய் போற்றி
வெளியிடை ஒன்றாய் விளைந்தாய் போற்றி
அளிபவர் உள்ளத்து அமுதே போற்றி
கனவிலும் தேவர்க்கு அரியாய் போற்றி
நனவிலும் நாயேற்கு அருளினை போற்றி
இடைமருது உறையும் எந்தாய் போற்றி

Thou Biding Mount of Sacred Grace, I praise.
Thou Warrior Great Who hadst made even me Thy slave
And hadst placed Thy Feet upon my crown, I praise !
Thou wip'st off griefs of those of praying palms, I praise.
Thou, the Sea of Bliss that driest not, I praise !
Thou art past all death and birth, I praise.
Thou First One Who dost transcend all, I praise
Bridegroom of the Dame of fawn-like eyes, I praise.
Mother of heavenly angels, praise.
Thou Who spread'st in earth as five, I praise.
Thou Who runnest as the four in water, praise.
Thou Who shinest in the fire as three, I praise.
Thou Who dost delight in air as two, I praise.
Thou didst grow as one in ether, praise.
Thou melting heart's Ambrosia, praise.
Thou art hard for sight of gods even in their dreams, I praise.
Thou hast graced my dog-like self even while awake, I praise.
Our Father in Idaimaruthu, I praise.

சடையிடைக் கங்கை தரித்தாய் போற்றி
ஆரூர் அமர்ந்த அரசே போற்றி
சீர்ஆர் திருஐ யாறு போற்றி
அண்ணா மலைஎம் அண்ணா போற்றி
கண்ணார் அமுதக் கடலே போற்றி
ஏகம் பத்துறை எந்தாய் போற்றி
பாகம் பெண்ணுரு ஆனாய் போற்றி
பராய்த்துறை மேவிய பரனே போற்றி
சிராப்பள்ளி மேவிய சிவனே போற்றி
மற்றுஓர் பற்றிங்கு அறியேன் போற்றி
குற்றா லத்துஎம் கூத்தா போற்றி
கோகழி மேவிய கோவே போற்றி
ஈங்கோய் மலைஎம் எந்தாய் போற்றி
பாங்குஆர் பழனத்து அழகா போற்றி
கடம்பூர் மேவிய விடங்கா போற்றி
அடைந்தவர்க்கு அருளும் அப்பா போற்றி
இத்தி தன்னின் கீழ்இரு மூவர்க்கு
அத்திக்கு அருளிய அரசே போற்றி

Praise to Thee Who carriest the Ganga on Thy plait.
O King Who bid'st in Arur, praise.
Thou of famous Ayyaru, praise.
O Honoured One of Annamalai, praise.
Thou Sea of Nectar within my eyes, I praise.
Our Father living in Ekambam, I praise.
Thou of Dame in half Thy Form, I praise.
Thou Supreme Who liv'st in Paraithurai, praise.
Siva Who dwell'st in Sirapalli, praise.
I know no prop save Thee, I praise.
Our Dancer in Kuttralam, praise.
Thou King Who bid'st in Kokazhi, praise.
Our Father of Ingoi Hills, I praise.
Handsome One of proper Pazhanam, praise.
Self-born One of Kadambur's shrine, I praise.
Thou Gracious Father of those who surrendered, praise.
O King Who bestowed'st under the Ithi tree
Thy grace to the six ones and the elephant, praise.

தென்நாடுடைய சிவனே போற்றி
எந்நாட் டவர்க்கும் இறைவா போற்றி
ஏனக் குருளைக்கு அருளினை போற்றி
மானக் கயிலை மலையாய் போற்றி
அருளிட வேண்டும் அம்மான் போற்றி
இருள்கெட அருளும் இறைவா போற்றி
தளர்ந்தேன் அடியேன் தமியேன் போற்றி
களங்கொளக் கருத அருளாய் போற்றி
அஞ்சேல் என்றுஇங்கு அருளாய் போற்றி
நஞ்சே அமுதா நயந்தாய் போற்றி
அத்தா போற்றி ஐயா போற்றி
நித்தா போற்றி நிமலா போற்றி
பத்தா போற்றி பவனே போற்றி
பெரியாய் போற்றி பிரானே போற்றி
அரியாய் போற்றி அமலா போற்றி
மறையோர் கோல நெறியே போற்றி
முறையோ தரியேன் முதல்வா போற்றி
உறவே போற்றி உயிரே போற்றி

I praise Thee, Siva of Southern Land !
I praise Thee, Lord of everyland !
Thou didst grace to the babes of sow, I praise.
Thou of grandest Kailai Mount, I praise.
Grant me grace, O Amman, praise.
O King Who driv'st in grace the darkness, praise.
I, Thy lonely slave did languish, praise.
Grace me with the thirst for eternal 'bode, I praise.
Grace and tell me " Fear not ", praise.
Even poison Thou didst taste as Nectar, praise.
O Father, praise. O Sire, I praise.
Thou Eternal, praise. Thou Immaculate, praise.
O Lover, I praise. O Bhava, I praise.
Thou Great One, praise. Thou Lord, I praise.
Rare One, praise. O Pure One, praise.
Thou Way of Beauty of the Vedic saints, I praise.
I can't brook it ! Is it just ? First One, praise.
My Kinsman, praise. My Life, I praise.

சிறவே போற்றி சிவமே போற்றி
மஞ்சா போற்றி மணாளா போற்றி
பஞ்சுஏர் அடியாள் பங்கா போற்றி
அலந்தேன் நாயேன் அடியேன் போற்றி
இலங்கு சுடர்எம் ஈசா போற்றி
கவைத்தலை மேவிய கண்ணே போற்றி
குவைப்பதி மலிந்த கோவே போற்றி
மலைநா டுஉடைய மன்னே போற்றி
கலையார் அரிகே சரியாய் போற்றி
திருக்கழுக் குன்றிற் செல்வா போற்றி
பொருப்புஅமர் பூவணத்து அரனே போற்றி
அருவமும் உருவமும் ஆனாய் போற்றி
மருவிய கருணை மலையே போற்றி
துரியமும் இறந்த சுடரே போற்றி
தெரிவுஅரிது ஆகிய தெளிவே போற்றி
தோளா முத்தச் சுடரே போற்றி
ஆள்ஆ னவர்கட்கு அன்பா போற்றி
ஆரா அமுதே அருளே போற்றி

O Glory, praise. O Sivam, I praise.
Thou Handsome, praise. Thou Bridegroom, praise.
Thou Partner of the soft foot Dame, I praise.
Distressed is my dog-like self-Thy slave, I praise.
Our Isa Thou of brilliant splendour, praise.
Thou, my Eye of Kavaithalai, praise.
Thou, my King of Kuvaipathi, praise.
Thou Monarch of the hilly bands, I praise.
Thou of cultured Arikesari, I, praise.
Affluent One of Tirukazhukunram, praise.
Thou, Haran of hill-like Poovanam, praise.
Thou art Formless and of Form, I praise.
Thou like Mount of Mercy, praise.
Light transcending ' Thuriyam ', praise.
Thou Clearest Gnosis, hard to know, I praise.
O Splendrous Ray of Perfect Pearl, I praise.
Thou of love to Thy own serfs, I praise.
Unsatiating Ambrosia and Grace, I praise.

பேர்ஆ யிரம்உடைப் பெம்மான் போற்றி
தாளி அறுகின் தாராய் போற்றி
நீள்ஒளி ஆகிய நிருத்தா போற்றி
சந்தனச் சாந்தின் சுந்தர போற்றி
சிந்தனைக்கு அரிய சிவமே போற்றி
மந்திர மாமலை மேயாய் போற்றி
எந்தமை உய்யக் கொள்வாய் போற்றி
புலிமுலை புல்வாய்க்கு அருளினை போற்றி
அலைகடல் மீமிசை நடந்தாய் போற்றி
கருங்குரு விக்குஅன்று அருளினை போற்றி
இரும்புலன் புலர இசைந்தனை போற்றி
படியுறப் பயின்ற பாவக போற்றி
அடியொடு நடுவீறு ஆனாய் போற்றி
நரகொடு சுவர்க்கம் நானிலம் புகாமற்
பரகதி பாண்டியற்கு அருளினை போற்றி
ஒழிவுஅற நிறைந்த ஒருவ போற்றி
செழுமலர்ச் சிவபுரத்து அரசே போற்றி
கழுநீர் மாலைக் கடவுள் போற்றி

Thou Lord of Thousand Names, I praise.
Thou of Tali Aruhu garland, praise.
Thou Dancer of Expanding Light, I praise.
Thou Beautiful Lord of Sandal-paste, I praise.
O Sivam, too hard for thought, I praise.
Thou Who dwell'st on mighty Mystic Mount, I praise.
Thou would'st take us as Thy serfs to save, I praise.
Thou Who mad'st in grace a tigress suckle a deer, I praise.
Thou Who strod'st upon the sea of waves, I praise.
Thou didst that day show Thy grace to th' tiny black-bird, praise.
Thou didst bide and killed'st the mighty senses five, I praise.
Thou didst often stalk the earth in diverse forms, I praise.
Thou art the bottom, midst and top, I praise.
Thou didst give in grace the Pandyan supreme salvation,
Which was neither hell nor heaven nor earth even, I praise.
Thou art One Who without a void dost fill all things, I praise.
Thou the King of Sivapuram, too rich in flowers, praise.
O God Who wearest Kazhuneer garlands, praise.

தொழுவார் மையல் துணிப்பாய் போற்றி
பிழைப்பு வாய்ப்புஒன்று அறியா நாயேன்
குழைத்தசொல் மாலை கொண்டருள் போற்றி
புரம்பல எரித்த புராண போற்றி
பரம்பரம் சோதிப் பரனே போற்றி
போற்றி போற்றி புயங்கப் பெருமான் !
போற்றி போற்றி புராண காரண !!
போற்றி போற்றி சயசய போற்றி !!!

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

Thou Who snapp'st off delusions of Thy worshippers , praise.
My cur-like self which knows not aught of wrong or right
Has with moist'ned words this garland wreathed this day !
Mayest Thou accept it and to me do grace, I praise !
Thou the Ancient Who didst burn the forts galore, I praise !
Thou Supreme of splendour, greater than the Great One, praise !
Praise, praise, Serpent-wearing Lord !
Praise, praise, Ancient Cause and God !!
Praise, praise ; Vict'ry, Vict'ry, praise !!!

5. திருச்சதகம்

பக்தி வைராக்கிய விசித்திரம்

1. மெய்யுணர்தல்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. மெய்தான் அரும்பி விதிர்விதிர்த்து(உ)ன் விரையார் கழற்கென்
கைதான் தலைவைத்துக் கண்ணீர் ததும்பி வெதும்பிஉள்ளம்
பொய்தான் தவிர்ந்து (உ)ன்னைப் போற்றி சயசய
போற்றிஎன்னும்
கைதான் நெகிழவிடேன் உடையாய் என்னைக்
கண்டுகொள்ளே.

V. TIRUCHATAKAM

OR

THE SACRED CENTO

WONDROUS SPIRITUAL STEADFASTNESS

Decad I

MEI UNARTHAL OR COGNITION OF TRUTH

Humble Access to the Master

1. Thrilled and tremulous is my frame before Thy fragrant Feet !
Above my head I raise my hands ; my eyes do brim with tears !
My melting heart gives up the false ; I give up not the way
Of praising Thee as 'Vict'ry, Vict'ry, praise': Cognise me, Lord ! 4

2. கொள்ளேன் புரந்தரன் மால்அயன் வாழ்வு குடிகெடினும்
நள்ளேன் நினதடி யாரொடல் லால்நர கம்புகினும்
எள்ளேன் திருவரு ளாலே இருக்கப் பெறின்இறைவா
உள்ளேன் பிறதெய்வம் உன்னையல் லாதெங்கள் உத்தமனே.

3. உத்தமன் அத்தன் உடையான் அடியே நினைந்துருகி
மத்த மனத்தொடு மால்இவன் என்ன மனநினைவில்
ஒத்தன ஒத்தன சொல்லிட ஊரூர் திரிந்தெவரும்
தத்தம் மனத்தன பேசஎஞ் ஞான்றுகொல் சாவதுவே.

4. சாவமுன் னாள்தக்கன் வேள்வித் தகர்தின்று நஞ்சம்அஞ்சி
ஆவஎந் தாய்என்(ற) அவிதா இடும்நம் மவர்அவரே
மூவரென் றேஎம்பி ரானொடும் எண்ணிவிண் ணாண்டுமண்மேல்
தேவரென் றேஇறு மாந்தென்ன பாவம் திரிதவரே.

Self-surrender and steadfastness

2. I would not accept the state of Indra, Mal or Brahmman !
Though ruined be my house, befriend I none but Thy own saints !
Loath not I the hell itself, if there Thy grace placed me !
O our King and Best One, I would think no god save Thee ! 8

My Wish

3. Thinking of the Feet of Noble Sire and Lord, melting,
Prattling all that suits my frenzied soul, and rambling on
From place to place that men might call me mad and speak out all
That their minds do think of me, I'd die ! When dawns that day ? 12

The impudence of devas

4. Those, our kin, who ate the flesh in Dhakshan's sacrifice,
But who, in dread of death by poison cried, ' ah, Father, save '
Deem our Lord as one of themselves Three and rule in heaven,
And stalk the earth as haughty gods ! Oh, what a sin it is ! 16

5. தவமே புரிந்திலன் தண்மலர் இட்டுமுட் டா(து)இறைஞ்சேன்
அவமே பிறந்த அருவினை யேன்உனக் கன்பருள்ளாம்
சிவமே பெறுந்திரு எய்திற்றி லேன்நின் திருவடிக்காம்
பவமே அருளுகண் டாய்அடி யேற்குஎம் பரம்பரனே.

6. பரந்துபல் ஆய்மலர் இட்டுமுட் டாதடி யேஇறைஞ்சி
இரந்தஎல் லாம்எமக் கேபெற லாம்என்னும் அன்பர்உள்ளம்
கரந்துநில் லாக்கள்வ னேஉன்றன் வார்கழற்(கு)
அன்பெனக்கு
நிரந்தர மாய்அரு ளாய்நின்னை ஏத்த முழுவதுமே.

7. முழுவதும் கண்டவ னைப்படைத் தான்முடி சாய்த்துமுன்னாள்
செழுமலர் கொண்டெங்கும் தேடஅப் பாலன்இப்
பால்எம்பிரான்
கழுதொடு காட்டிடை நாடகம் ஆடிக் கதியிலியாய்
உழுவையின் தோல்உடுத்து (உ)ன்மத்த மேல்கொண்டு
உழிதருமே.

My vain birth

5. Naught of penance have I wrought; nor would I of cruel fate,
And born in vain, worship with cool flowers unstintedly!
I've not attained the gnosis of Thy saints that yields Release!
My Lord of lords, grant me Thy thrall the birth to reach Thy Feet.

I want perfect love to pray

6. O, Elusive Trickster Who hides not from hearts of saints
Who roam and worship at Thy Feet with choice and varied flowers
Unstintedly and hope to be blessed with all that they prayed for!
Grant me perfect love for Thy great Feet to praise Thee ever!

Sivan's greatness and simplicity

7. Once before with bowing head and fresh flowers when that
Father of worlds' Author had sought, beyond his ken stood He!
Here He dances in the burning-ghat with ghouls and roams
Madly frenzied, void of friends and clad in tiger's skin!

8. உழிதரு காலும் கனலும் புனலொடு மண்ணும்விண்ணும்
இழிதரு காலம்எக் காலம் வருவது வந்ததற்பின்
உழிதரு கால்அத்த உன்னடி யேன்செய்த வல்வினையைக்
கழிதரு காலமும் ஆய்அவை காத்தெம்மைக் காப்பவனே.

9. பவன்எம் பிரான்பனி மாமதிக் கண்ணிவிண் ணோர்பெருமான்
சிவன்எம் பிரான்என்னை யாண்டுகொண் டான்என்
சிறுமைகண்டும்
அவன்எம் பிரான்என்ன நான்அடி யேன்என்ன இப்பரிசே
புவன்எம் பிரான்தெரி யும்பரி சாவ தியம்புகவே.

10. புகவே தகேன்உனக் கன்பருள் யான்என்பொல் லாமணியே
தகவே எனையுனக் காட்கொண்ட தன்மைஎப் புன்மையரை
மிகவே உயர்த்திவிண் ணோரைப் பணித்திஅண் ணாஅமுதே
நகவே தகும்எம் பிரான்என்னை நீசெய்த நாடகமே.

Sivan is eternal

8. When shall come the time when wand'ring wind, the fire and water,
Earth and ether'll get involved, O Father ? Dancest Thou
Even after that and bidest as the Time when hard
Sins of me, Thy thrall shall die and guard'st Thou me from them ! 32

May the Lord be glorified

9. Our Lord Bhavan is God Sivan Who is the King of Heaven,
And whose crown's wreath is the great, cool Moon. Though
He has seen
My meanness too, He made me His ! Proclaim that He's my Lord,
And that I am His slave that world might know my Lord's
greatness ! 36

His laugh-provoking sport

10. My Perfect Gem, to enter 'midst Thy saints unfit I am !
Sire and Nectar, was it meet that Thou should'st make me Thine ?
Thou exaltest meanest ones, degrading heavenly ones !
Our Lord, what Thou hast done me is a laugh-provoking sport ! 40

2. அறிவுறுத்தல்

11. நாடகத்தால் உன்னடியார் போல்நடித்து நான்நடுவே
வீடகத்தே புகுந்திடுவான் மிகப்பெரிதும் விரைகின்றேன்
ஆடகச்சீர் மணிக்குன்றே இடையறா அன்புனக்கென்
ஊடகத்தே நின்றுருகத் தந்தருள்எம் உடையானே.

12. யான்ஏதும் பிறப்பஞ்சேன் இறப்பதனுக்(கு) என்கடவேன்
வானேயும் பெறில்வேண்டேன் மண்ணாள்வான் மதித்துமிரேன்
தேன்ஏயும் மலர்க்கொன்றைச் சிவனேஎம் பெருமான்எம்
மானேயுன் அருள்பெறுநாள் என்றென்றே வருந்துவனே.

13. வருந்துவன்நின் மலர்ப்பாதம் அவைகாண்பான் நாயடியேன்
இருந்துநல மலர்புனையேன் ஏத்தேன்நாத் தழும்பேறப்
பொருந்தியபொற் சிலைகுனித்தாய் அருளமுதம் புரியாயேல்
வருந்துவன்நல் தமியேன்மற் றென்னேநான் ஆமாறே.

Decad II

INDOCTRINATION

I want perfect love

11. As on the stage, I feigned the part of Thy own saints and sped
In the midst with mighty haste for me to enter heaven !
O, Lustrous Mount of Gems on gold, my Lord, do grant in grace
That ceaseless love in me for Thee which all my heart
would melt ! 44

I want naught but Thy grace

12. Births I dread not aught at all; for death what care I owe ?
I want not heaven, ev'n if given ! I prize not earthly crown !
O, Sivan of honied Cassia flow'rs, our Lord and Father too,
I cry in anguish : " when, when dawns the day that brings
Thy grace ? "

I pine forlorn

13. I Thy dog-like slave do pine to see Thy flower-like Feet !
I bide and deck Thee not with flow'rs nor praise till tongue
gets scarred !
If Thou who had'st bent the Golden Mount should'st grant me not
Thy Gracious Nectar, I will grieve forlorn ! What's then
my fate ? 52

14. ஆமாறுன் திருவடிக்கே அகம்குழையேன் அன்புருகேன்
பூமாலை புனைந்தேத்தேன் புகழ்ந்துரையேன் புத்தேளிர்
கோமான்நின் திருக்கோயில் தூகேன்மெழுகேன் கூத்தாடேன்
சாமாறே விரைகின்றேன் சதுராலே சார்வானே.

15. வானாகி மண்ணாகி வளியாகி ஒளியாகி
ஊனாகி உயிராகி உண்மையுமாய் இன்மையுமாய்க்
கோனாகி, யான்எனதென்(று) அவர்அவரைக் கூத்தாட்டு
வானாகி நின்றாயை என்சொல்லி வாழ்த்துவனே.

16. வாழ்த்துவதும் வானவர்கள் தாம்வாழ்வான் மனம்நின்பால்
தாழ்த்துவதும் தாம்உயர்ந்து தம்மையெல்லாம் தொழவேண்டிச்
சூழ்த்துமது கரம்முரலும் தாரோயை நாயடியேன்
பாழ்த்தபிறப் பறுத்திடுவான் யானும்உன்னைப் பரவுவனே.

I haste to my ruin

14. Softens not nor melts in love my heart to reach Thy Foot !
I neither worship nor praise Thee, adorning with flow'r wreaths !
King of gods, I neither sweep nor cleanse Thy shrines nor dance,
But haste towards my death ! O Thou who reachest through Thy skill ! 56

God is All

15. The sky and earth, the wind and fire, the body and the soul,
The being and the non-being Thou art. Thou the King bidest
Causing every one to dance like puppet and to say
"I and Mine" ! What words shall I speak out and how hail Thee ? 60

The gods' prayer and mine

16. To prosper 'lone the gods hail Thee; they humble themselves too
'Fore Thyself that they may be exalted and worshipped !
Thou of garlands round which hum the bees. Thy dog-like thrall,
I praise Thee that Thou mayest my worthless births snap off ! 64

17. பரவுவார் இமையோர்கள் பாடுவன நால்வேதம்
குரவுவார் குழல்மடவாள் கூறுடையாள் ஒருபாகம்
விரவுவார் மெய்யன்பின் அடியார்கள் மேன்மேலுன்
அரவுவார் கழலிணைகள் காண்பாரோ அரியானே.

18. அரியானே யாவர்க்கும் அம்பரவா அம்பலத்துஎம்
பெரியானே சிறியேனை ஆட்கொண்ட பெய்கழற்கீழ்
விரையார்ந்த மலர்தூவேன் வியந்தலறேன் நயந்துருகேன்
தரியேன்நான் ஆமா(று)என் சாவேன்நான் சாவேனே.

19. வேனில்வேள் மலர்க்கணைக்கும் வெண்நகைச்செவ் வாய்க்கரிய
பானலார் கண்ணியர்க்கும் பதைத்துருகும் பாழ்நெஞ்சே
ஊன்எலாம் நின்றுருகப் புகுந்தாண்டான் இன்றுபோய்
வான்உளான் காணாய்நீ மாளாவாழ் கின்றாயே.

Will Thy servants see more of Thee ?

17. Thee the heavenly ones do praise and four-fold Vedas Sing !
Half of Thee Thy Spouse of locks of Kurava is sharing !
Thy saints of true love band themselves together. Can all of them
See Thy pair of Feet of anklets more and more, Rare One ? 68

My soul can't endure

18. Hard to know for all, Thou mov'st in subtle Ether-Space !
Our Great One of the Ambalam, beneath Thy jewelled Feet,
Which my poor self have made theirs, I shower not flowers sweet,
Nor cry amazed nor melt ! I can't bear it ! What next ?
I die, I die ! 72

God's in His Heaven : I pray not

19. Oh, ruined Mind that pant'st and melt'st for Cupid's flowery darts
Of the Spring and maids of white teeth, red lips and paint-eyes !
He Who made thee His by ent'ring and thy flesh melting,
Dwells up now ! Thou seest not ; yet, dying not, thou liv'st ! 76

20. வாழ்கின்றாய் வாழாத நெஞ்சமே வல்வினைப்பட்(டு)
ஆழ்கின்றாய் ஆழாமற் காப்பானை ஏத்தாதே
சூழ்கின்றாய் கேடு(உ)னக்குச் சொல்கின்றேன் பல்காலும்
வீழ்கின்றாய் நீஅவலக் கடலாய வெள்ளத்தே.

3. சுட்டறுத்தல்

21. வெள்ளம்தாழ் விரிசடையாய் விடையாய் விண்ணோர்
பெருமானே எனக்கேட்டு வேட்ட நெஞ்சாய்ப்
பள்ளம்தாழ் உறுபுனலிற் கீழ் மேலாகப்
பதைத்துருகும் அவர்நிற்க என்னை யாண்டாய்க்(கு)
உள்ளம்தாள் நின்று(உ)ச்சி யளவும் நெஞ்சாய்
உருகாதால் உடம்பெல்லாம் கண்ணாய் அண்ணா
வெள்ளம்தான் பாயாதால்நெஞ்சம் கல்லாம்
கண்ணிணையும் மரமாம்தீ வினையி னேற்கே.

Oh, Mind, beware of thy ruin !

20. Oh Mind that liv'st a soulless life, through thy cruel fate
Sinkest thou but sing'st not Him Who would from sinking save !
Thou thy ruin dost compass ! I warn thee oft ; yet thou
Plungest thyself always into the flooded sea of griefs !

Decad III

DYING TO SENSE AND SELF

My cold and callous heart

21. "Thou of broad and braided locks wherein does flow the Flood !
Thou on Bull ! Thou Overlord of heavenly ones !" —While those
Who heard these words became enamoured of Thyself and fell
Upside down, like mighty flood that plunged within abyss,
And with tremulous frame and melting heart were standing by,
Thou didst make me Thine ! For Thee my entire human frame
Like a heart from head to foot does not at all soften !
From all my frame as one of eyes flows not a flood of tears !
Hence, O Sire, my heart is stony and the pair of eyes
Of my sinful self are made of hardest wood alone !

22. வினையிலே கிடந்தேனைப் புகுந்து நின்று
போதுநான் வினைக்கேடன் என்பாய் போல
இனையன்நான் என்று(உ)ன்னை அறிவித் தென்னை
ஆட்கொண்டுஎம் பிரான் ஆனாய்க்(கு) இரும்பின்பாவை
அனையநான் பாடேன்நின் றாடேன் அந்தோ
அலறிடேன் உலறிடேன் ஆவி சோரேன்
முனைவனே முறையோநான் ஆன வாறு
முடிவறியேன் முதலந்தம் ஆயி னானே.

23. ஆயநான் மறையவனு(ம்) நீயே ஆதல்
அறிந்துயான் யாவரினும் கடையன் ஆய
நாயினேன் ஆதலையும் நோக்கிக் கண்டு
நாதனே நான்உனக்கோர் அன்பன் என்பேன்

I am a steel puppet

22. As if Thou said'st : " Do come, I am a slayer of thy sins, "
Thou had'st entered my own soul that lay wrapped up in sins !
Thou didst bide and Thyself thus announcing well
Mad'st myself Thy serf and didst become my Lord !
Yet, myself a steel-puppet would not at all sing Thee !
Nor, alas would myself stand and dance in ecstasy !
I would neither cry aloud nor would I dry up,
Nor would faint and fail my soul. O, Thou the Primal One !
Is what I have become quite meet ? Pray, tell !
Thou the First and Last, I know not how would all this end !

God's magnanimity

23. Although I had well-known that Thou art One
Of Vedas four and though I've seen and known
That I am the meanest one of all,
And a dog-like one, I simply cried,
" O Lord, I too am full of love for Thee."

ஆயினேன் ஆதலால் ஆண்டு கொண்டாய்
அடியார்தாம் இல்லையே அன்றி மற்றோர்
பேயனேன் இதுதான்நின் பெருமை அன்றே
எம்பெருமான் என்சொல்லிப் பேசு கேனே.

24. பேசில்தாம் ஈசனே எந்தாய் எந்தை
பெருமானே என்(று)என்றே பேசிப் பேசிப்
பூசில்தாம் திருநீறே நிறையப் பூசிப்
போற்றிஎம் பெருமானே என்று பின்று
நேசத்தாற் பிறப்புஇறப்பைக் கடந்தார் தம்மை
ஆண்டானே அவாவெள்ளக் கள்வ னேனை
மாசற்ற மணிக்குன்றே எந்தாய் அந்தோ
என்னை நீ ஆட்கொண்ட வண்ணம் தானே.

And so Thou hast accepted me as Thine !
Are there not enough of saints other for Thee
Than my evil self which is a ghoul ?
Ah, but is this not Thy greatness rare ?
Oh, our Lord, with what words shall I speak ?

How wondrous Thy grace ?

24. Whenever they spake, they spake repeatedly,
" O Isa, Mother, Father and Mighty Lord " !
Whenever they smeared, they smeared themselves in full
With plenty of the sacred ashes too !
" We praise Thee, O, our greatest King "—they cried
With constant love and bypassed births and deaths !
Oh, our Father, Thou Who mad'st them Thine,
And Thou Who art the Flawless Mount of Gems !
Alas, Thou mad'st me too, a guileful flood of lust
Thy own servant now ! How wondrous all this is !

25. வண்ணம்தான் சேயதன்று வெளிதே யன்(று)
அநேகன் ஏகன் அணுஅணுவில் இறந்தாய் என்(று)
எண்ணம்தான் தடுமாறி இமையோர் கூட்டம் [அங்(கு)
எய்துமா(று) அறியாத எந்தாய் உன்றன்
வண்ணம்தான் அதுகாட்டி வடிவு காட்டி
மலர்க்கழல்கள் அவைகாட்டி வழியற் றேனைத்
திண்ணம்தான் பிறவாமற் காத்தாட் கொண்டாய்
எம்பெருமான் என்சொல்லிச் சிந்திக்கேனே.

26. சிந்தனைநின் தனக்காக்கி நாயி னேன்தன்
கண்ணிணைநின் திருப்பாதப் போதுக் காக்கி
வந்தனையும் அம்மலர்க்கே ஆக்கி வாக்குன்
மணிவார்த்தைக் காக்கிஐம் புலன்கள் ஆர

God's manifestation to me

25. " Neither red nor white is Thy true colour.
Thou art all the beings, Thou art One.
Thou art Atom and One subtler too ! "
Thus the heavenly hosts, confounded think,
And they know not how to reach Thy Feet !
But Thy colour Thou didst show, O Father,
And Thy Form and flowery Anklet-Feet !
Thou didst make my helpless self too Thine and saved'st
Me for certain from my future births !
How shall I, my great Lord, speak and think ?

Consecration of my body

26. Thou mad'st the thought of my own dog-like self
Full of Thee alone and Thou didst fill
My pair of eyes with sight of Thy flow'r-Feet !
Thou didst make my obeisance too reach them !
Thou mad'st my tongue praise Thee with ruby-words !

வந்தனையாட் கொண்டுள்ளே புகுந்த விச்சை
 மாலமுதப் பெருங்கடலே மலையே உன்னைத்
தந்தனைசெந் தாமரைக்கா டனைய மேனித்
 தனிச்சுடரே இரண்டும்இலித் தனிய னேற்கே.

27. தனியனேன் பெரும்பிறவிப் பௌவத்(து) எவ்வத்
 தடம்திரையால் எற்றுண்டு பற்(று)ஒன்று இன்றிக்
கனியைநேர் துவர்வாயார் என்னும் காலால்
 கலக்குண்டு காமவான் சுறவின் வாய்ப்பட்(டு)
இனிஎன்னே உய்யுமாறு என்று என்று எண்ணி
 அஞ்செழுத்தின் புணைபிடித்துக் கிடக்கின் றேனை
முனைவனே முதல்அந்தம் இல்லா மல்லற்
 கரைகாட்டி ஆட்கொண்டாய் மூர்க்க னேற்கே.

Thus Thou camest and didst enter me,
And feasting senses five, Thou mad'st me Thine.
Mighty Sea of Magic ! Great Ambrosia and O Mount !
Thou art Sight unique of Form like ruddy Lotus-thicket !
To me, a lone self who is neither Thou didst give Thyself !

The Raft of Five Letters

27. My forlorn self was being tossed upon the billows broad
Of sorrows great within the mighty ocean of the births
Without a single hold or prop, when violent storm of maids
Who have reddened, fruit-like mouths, whirled and wildered me!
And caught betwixt the jaws of mighty shark of lust
Oftentimes I thought and thought : " in future what's the way
I should seek for my Release " and then did seize the Raft
Of the Mystic Letters Five and floated on the waves !
O, Primal One, didst Thou disclose to me, a brutal soul
A fertile haven which has neither origin nor end !

28. கேட்டாரும் அறியாதான் கேடுஒன்று இல்லான்
கிளையிலான் கேளாதே எல்லாம் கேட்டான்
நாட்டார்கள் விழித்திருப்ப ஞாலத்துள்ளே
நாயினுக்குத் தவிசுஇட்டு நாயி னேற்கே
காட்டா தனஎல்லாம் காட்டிப் பின்னும்
கேளா தனஎல்லாம் கேட்பித்து என்னை
மீட்டேயும் பிறவாமல் காத்தாட் கொண்டான்
எம்பெருமான் செய்திட்ட விச்சை தானே.

29. விச்சைதான் இது ஒப்பது உண்டோ கேட்கின்
மிகுகாதல் அடியார்தம் அடியன் ஆக்கி
அச்சம்தீர்த்து ஆட்கொண்டான் அமுதம் ஊறி
அகம்நெகவே புகுந்து ஆண்டான் அன்பு கூர

Celestial visions and sounds !

28. No one can e'er know Him through the hearsay words alone !
He has not the least of decay nor hath kith and kin !
Without list'ning He has heard all things !
While the people of the land kept vigil,
To dog-like me He offered in this world
A seat of honour and to me a cur,
All that was not shown before He showed !
All that was unheard before He made me hear as well !
He made me His and saved from future births !
Our Lord hath wrought such wondrous, magic work !

Wonderful grace !

29. " Was there ever such wondrous work, " ? One asks.
Making me the servant of the saints of immense love,
All my fears had He wiped off and made me His own thrall !
Ent'ring myself He did make me His,
While my heart, with nectar-springs did melt

அச்சன்ஆண் பெண்அலி ஆகாசம் ஆகி
ஆர்அழலாய் அந்தமாய் அப்பால் நின்ற
செச்சைமா மலர்புரையும் மேனி எங்கள்
சிவபெருமான் எம்பெருமான் தேவர் கோவே.

30. தேவர்கோ அறியாத தேவ தேவன்
செழும்பொழில்கள் பயந்துகாத்து அழிக்கும் மற்றை
மூவர்கோன் ஆய்நின்ற முதல்வன் மூர்த்தி
மூதாதை மாதாளும் பாகத்து எந்தை
யாவர்கோன் என்னையும்வந் தாண்டு கொண்டான்
யாமார்க்கும் குடிஅல்லோம் யாதும் அஞ்சோம்
மேவினோம் அவன்அடியார் அடியா ரோடும்
மேன்மேலும் குடைந்தாடி ஆடு வோமே.

And my love did swell ! He who is my Sire
Was Male, Female, the Neuter and the Fire,
And the End. And beyond it all He stood 168
With a Form like crimson flowers. He is our own Sivan.
He is our own Lord as well as King of all the worlds !

We fear naught

30. The God of gods unknown to the King of gods !
He's the Lord of Three who all the fertile worlds 172
Create, preserve, and destroy ! He stands forth as the First !
All their forms are His. He is the Sire of Sire.
He is our own Father Whose one half is ruled by Dame.
That Lord of all has made me too His own ! 176
Henceforth are we slaves to no one else !
Nor are we afraid of aught ! We've reached
The servants of His saints and more and more
Shall we sport and plunge and sport with joy ! 180

4. ஆத்துமசுத்தி

31. ஆடு கின்றிலை கூத்துடை யான்கழற்கு அன்பிலை என்புருகிப்
பாடு கின்றிலை பதைப்பதும் செய்கிலை பணிகிலை பாதமலர்
சூடு கின்றிலை சூட்டுகின் றதும்இலை துணைஇலி பிணநெஞ்சே
தேடு கின்றிலை தெருவுதோறும் அலறிலை செய்வதொன் று
அறியேனே.

32. அறிவி லாத எனைப்புகுந்து ஆண்டுகொண்டு அறிவதை
அருளிமேல்
நெறியெ லாம்புலம் ஆக்கிய எந்தையைப் பந்தனை
அறுப்பானைப்
பிறிவி லாதஇன் அருள்கள்பெற் றிருந்துமா றுடுதி
பிணநெஞ்சே
கிறியெ லாம்மிகக் கீழ்ப்படுத் தாய்கெடுத் தாய்எனைக்
கெடுமாறே.

Decad IV

SOUL PURIFIED

Oh my deadened Mind !

31. Thou dancest not and for the Dancer's Foot thou hast no love !
With melting frame thou singest not ; thou quiverest not,
nor bow'st !
Dead Mind, thou wear'st not His flow'r Foot, nor with flowers
thou deck'st !
Crying thro' all streets thou seek'st not Him ! I know not
what's to be done ! 184

My perverse Mind !

32. My nescient self ent'ring, He made me His and wisdom graced,
And showed all higher paths ! Though blest with changeless,
blissful grace
By our Sire Who'd break thy bonds, thou art perverse, Corpse-
Mind !
With mounting lies degrading me, to ruin thou dost bedevil me ! 188

33. மாறி நின்றெனைக் கெடக்கிடந் தனையைஎம் மதியிலி மடநெஞ்சே
தேறு கின்றிலம் இனியுனைச் சிக்கெனச் சிவனவன் திரள் தோள்மேல்
நீறு நின்றது கண்டனை ஆயினு(ம்) நெக்கிலை இக்காயம்
கீறு கின்றிலை கெடுவதுன் பரிசிது கேட்கவும் கில்லேனே.

34. கிற்ற வாமன மேகெடு வாய்உடை யான்அடி நாயேனை
விற்றெ லாமிக ஆள்வதற்கு உரியவன் விரைமலர்த் திருப்பாதம்
முற்றி லாஇளம் தளிர்பிரிந் திருந்துநீ உண்டன எல்லாமுன்
அற்றவா றும்நின் அறிவும்நின் பெருமையும் அளவறுக் கில்லேனே.

35. அளவு அறுப்பதற்கு அரியவன் இமையவர்க்கு (அ)டியவர்க்கு எளியான்நம்
களவு (அ)றுத்துநின்று ஆண்டமை கருத்தினுட் கசிந்துணர்ந் திருந்தேயும்

I can't brook my Mind

33. My stupid and senseless Mind, thou art perverse and work'st my ruin !
Hence, we shan't trust thee at all ! Although thou saw bright ash
Upon the huge shoulders of Sivan, melt'st thou not nor rend'st thy frame !
'Tis thy ruinous nature and I can't bear even its name ! 192

The folly of my frivolous Mind

34. Oh, my accursed, mischievous Mind, He's the Master Great Who has
The right to sell me, His own dog-like serf and lord o'er me !
Since thou left His flower-like shoot of Foot, the loss of pleasure
Thou hast sustained, thy 'wisdom' and 'greatness' I can't measure ! 196

Insensible to infinite mercy

35. Oh Mind, our bonds He broke and bides ; of this thou hast not thought,
And melted ! Hating all thy sins thou hast not raised a huge

உளக றுத்துனை நினைந்துளம் பெரும்களன் செய்ததும்
இலைநெஞ்சே
பளகு (அ)றுத்துடை யான்கழல் பணிந்திலை பரகதி புகுவானே.

36. புகுவ தாவதும் போதர வில்லதும் பொன்நகர் புகப்போதற்(கு)
உகுவ தாவதும் எந்தைஎம் பிரான்என்னை ஆண்டவன்
கழற்கன்பு
நெகுவ தாவதும் நித்தலும் அமுதொடு தேனொடு பால்கட்டி
மிகுவ தாவதும் இன்றெனின் மற்றிதற்கு என்செய்கேன்
வினையேனே.

37. வினைஎன் போல்உடை யார்பிறர் ஆர்உடை யான்அடி
நாயேனைத்
தினையின் பாகமும் பிரிவது திருக்குறிப்பு அன்றுமற் றதனாலே
முனைவன் பாதநன் மலர்பிரிந் திருந்து(ம்)நான் முட்டிலேன்
தலைகீறேன்
இனையன் பாவனை இரும்புகல் மனம்செவி இன்னதென்று
அறியேனே.

Mansion for Him in thee for thy good and for release
Bowed'st thou not before the Master's Feet which cleanse
the dirt ! 200

What can I do ?

36. Should it not be given me to shed my bonds and reach that
Golden City
With no exit but entrance and to melt in love before the Feet
Of His, my Sire and Lord Who's made me His and if 'tis denied
To daily taste Ambrosia, honey and milk, what can I sinner
do ? 204

My iron mind and flint heart !

37. Are there sinners too, like me ? Thou my Lord hast not
Slightest Will to part from me, His dog-like ward, yet I
Though parted from the Prime One's Feet, won't break nor
rend my head !
My mind is iron, my heart is flint ! I know not what my
ear is like ! 208

38. ஏனை யாவரும் எய்திடல் உற்றுமற்று இன்னதென்று அறியாத
தேனை ஆன்நெயைக் கரும்பினின் தேறலைச் சிவனைஎன்
சிவலோகக்
கோனை மான்அன நோக்கிதன் கூறனைக் குறுகிலேன்
நெடும்காலம்
ஊனை யானிருந் தோம்புகின் றேன்கெடு வேன்உயிர் ஓயாதே.

39. ஒய்வு இலாதன உவமனில் இறந்தன ஒண்மலர்த் தாள்தந்து
நாயில் ஆகிய குலத்தினும் கடைப்படும் என்னை நல்நெறி
காட்டித்
தாயில் ஆகிய இன்அருள் புரிந்தஎன் தலைவனை நனிகாணேன்
தீயில் வீழ்கிலேன் திண்வரை உருள்கிலேன் செழுங்கடல்
புகுவேனே.

Won't I die ?

38. He Whose nature is not known to all the rest who would reach Him,
He Who's Honey and Cow's ghee, Cane-juice and Siva and
Sivalok's Lord,
And He, the Spouse of fawn-eyed Dame was reached not by
my ruined self !
I bide and cherish my frame of flesh for long ! Will not I die ? 212

I still live

39. His resplendent, flowery Feet without an end and sans compare
He gave and showed the righteous way to me of baser stock
than dog's
And thus did grant me sweeter grace than mother's ! Though
I've failed,
To see my King, I leap not into fire or sea nor jump the hill ! 216

40. வேனில் வேல்கணை கிழித்திட மதிசுடும் அதுதனை நினையாதே
மான்நி லாவிய நோக்கியர் படிறிடை மத்திடு தயிராகித்
தேன்நி லாவிய திருவருள் புரிந்தஎன் சிவன்நகர்
புகப்போகேன்
ஊனில் ஆவியை ஓம்புதற் பொருட்டினும் உண்டுடுத்து
இருந்தேனே.

5. கைம்மாறு கொடுத்தல்

41. இருகை யானையை ஒத்திருந்து என்உளக்
கருவை யான்கண்டி லேன்கண்ட(து) எவ்வமே
வருக என்று பணித்தனை வான்உளோர்க்கு
ஒருவ னேகிற்றி லேன்கிற்பன் உண்ணவே.

I revel in my fleshy frame

40. I heeded not the moon's scorching of wounds which Cupid's
darts had caused !
Like curd by churning rod, I'm stirred by guiles of fawn-eyed maids !
Yet I go forth not to reach the City of Sivan Who granted me
His Honied grace, but drag on, fed and clad to cherish my
life in flesh ! 220

Decad V.

GRATITUDE

My Gem, I've not seen Thee

41. I a twain-trunked tusker could not see
Thee, my soul's Gem, saw distress only !
Though Thou Lord of heavens didst bid me come,
Come I can't, but can enjoy the world ! 224

42. உண்டுஓர் ஒண்பொருள் என்றுணர் வார்க்குஎலாம்
பெண்டிர் ஆண்அலி என்றுஅறி ஒண்கிலை
தொண்ட னேற்குள்ள வாவந்து தோன்றினாய்
கண்டும் கண்டிலேன் என்னகண் மாயமே.

43. மேலை வானவ ரும்அறி யாததோர்
கோல மேஎனை ஆட்கொண்ட கூத்தனே
ஞால மேவிசும் பேஇவை வந்துபோம்
கால மேஉனை என்றுகொல் காண்பதே.

44. காணல் ஆம்பர மேகட்(கு) இறந்ததோர்
வாள்நி லாப்பொரு ளேஇங்கொர் பார்ப்புஎனப்
பாழ்ந னேன்படிற்று ஆக்கையை விட்டுனைப்
பூணும் ஆறுஅறி யேன்புலன் போற்றியே.

Optical Illusion ?

42. Those who sense a Being Bright know not
If Thou art a Male, Female or Neuter !
To me Tby serf Thou showed'st Thy truest Form !
I've seen yet see not ! Optical illusion ? 228

When can I see Thee ?

43. Thou of Form unique, unknown to heavenly ones themselves.
O Dancer Who hast made myself Thy own. Thou art the earth,
Thou art the Sky and Thou the Time when all these come and go !
When oan I be blessed with vision of Thy Truest Form ? 232

I can't leave this frame

44. Thou Supreme One apprehended through celestial eye !
Thou the Flame-like Truth abiding far beyond eye-reach !
Like a fledgling here to leave and flee my guileful frame
And to lodge myself in Thee my wretched self knows not ! 236

45. போற்றி என்றும் புரண்டும் புகழ்ந்தும்நின்(று)
ஆற்றல் மிக்கஅன் பால்அழைக் கின்றிலேன்
ஏற்று வந்துஎதிர் தாமரைத் தாள்உறும்
கூற்றம் அன்னதொர் கொள்கைஎன் கொள்கையே.

46. கொள்ளும் கில்எனை அன்பரிற் கூய்ப்பணி
கள்ளும் வண்டும் அருமலர்க் கொன்றையான்
நள்ளும் கீழுளும் மேலுளும் யாவுளும்
எள்ளும் எண்ணெயும் போல்நின்ற எந்தையே.

47. எந்தை ஆய்எம்பி ரான்மற்றும் யாவர்க்கும்
தந்தை தாய்தம்பி ரான்தனக்கு அஃதிலான்
முந்தி என்னுள் புகுந்தனன் யாவரும்
சிந்தை யாலும் அறிவரும் செல்வனே.

My perverse creed

45. Hailing Thee and rolling on and standing and praising
With tremendous love for Thee, I cannot cry for Thee !
My own perverse creed is like the creed of that Death-god
Who confronted Thee and fell beneath Thy lotus - Feet !

Thou art immanent

46. Like the oil in sesame He my Father bides,
In the midst, below, above, and all the rest of things !
Will He who is wearing Cassia full of honey and bees
Call my effete self amidst His saints and make me His ?

He entered my soul

47. He's my Father, Mother and Lord and unto all the rest
He is Father, Mother and Lord—With none of these He's blest !
That Blessed One Who is too hard for mind itself to know
Had Himself His entrance made within my soul before !

48. செல்வ(ம்) நல்குரவு இன்றிவிண் ணோர்புழுப்
புல்வ ரம்பின்றி யார்க்கும் அரும்பொருள்
எல்லை இல்கழல் கண்டும் பிரிந்தனன்
கல்வ கைமனத் தேன்பட்ட கட்டமே.

49. கட்டு அறுத்தெனை ஆண்டுகண் ஆரநீ(று)
இட்ட அன்பரோடு யாவரும் காணவே
பட்டி மண்டபம் ஏற்றினை ஏற்றினை
எட்டி னோடுஇரண் டும்அறி யேனையே.

50. அறிவ னேஅமு தேஅடி நாயினேன்
அறிவ னாகக்கொண் டோஎனை ஆண்டது ?
அறிவி லாமையன் றேகண்டது ஆண்டநாள்
அறிவ னோஅல்ல னோஅருள் ஈசனே.

I saw him but left

48. Although I had well descried Him, I have now parted from
The boundless jewelled Feet of that Great Being Rare, unknown
Alike to the rich and poor and heavenly ones too and to worms
And grass ! What grief it is for me of stony heart, alas ! 252

How I am honoured

49. I know not "*eight and two*" and yet my bonds Thou didst cut off,
And didst make me Thine own servant ! Thou didst place me oft
Upon the public Forum so that all Thy ash - worn saints
As well as the rest of men could see and stare at me ! 256

I was chosen but not for my wisdom

50. Thou All-Wise One, Thou Ambrosia, was it because I was
Deemed as wise that Thou didst make my dog-like self Thy serf ?
Didst Thou not my nescience see that day when Thou took'st me ?
Do I know that fact or not ? O, Isa, grant me grace ! 260

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6. அனுபோக சுத்தி

51. ஈச னேஎன் அம்மானே எந்தை பெருமான் என்பிறவி
நாச னேநான் யாதுமொன்று அல்லாப் பொல்லா நாயான
நீச னேனை ஆண்டாய்க்கு நினைக்க மாட்டேன் கண்டாயே
தேச னேஅம் பலவனே செய்வது ஒன்றும் அறியேனே.

52. செய்வது அறியாச் சிறுநாயேன் செம்பொற் பாத மலர்காணாப்
பொய்யர் பெறும்பே(று) அத்தனையும் பெறுதற்குரியேன் பொய்யிலா
மெய்யர் வெறியார் மலர்ப்பாதம் மேவக் கண்டும் கேட்டிருந்தும்
பொய்ய னேன்நான் உண்டுடுத்(து)இங்கு இருப்பதுஆனேன் போர்ஏறே.

Decad VI

MYSTIC EXPERIENCE PURIFIED

I know not what to do

51. O, Isa and my Lord, my Father Great and One Who could'st
My birth destroy, behold ! I think not Thee Who mad'st Thine me-
A vicious dog and caitiff bad, good for naught at all !
O, Bright Lord of Golden Court, I know not what to do ! 264

I am as unworthy as sinners

52. I a mean cur know not what to do ! I'm fit to gain all gifts
Attained by all the false ones who Thy flowery golden Feet know not !
Though I've seen and heard of how Thy true and guileless saints
Have reached Thy sweet Flow'r-Foot, O Warrior-Lion, I live here fed and clothed ! 268

53. போர்ஏறேநின் பொன்நகர்வாய் நீபோந்து அருளி இருள்நீக்கி
வார்ஏறு இளமென் முலையாளோடு உடன்வந்து அருள
அருள்பெற்ற
சீர்ஏறு அடியார் நின்பாதம் சேரக் கண்டும் கண்கெட்ட
ஊர்ஏறுஆயிங் குழல்வேனோ கொடியேன் உயிர்தான்
உலவாதே.

54. உலவாக் காலம் தவம்எய்தி உறுப்பும் வெறுத்திங்கு
உனைக்காண்பான்
பலமா முனிவர் நனிவாடப் பாவியேனைப் பணிகொண்டாய்
மலமாக் குரம்பை இதுமாய்க்க மாட்டேன் மணியே
உனைக்காண்பான்
அலவா நிற்கும் அன்புஇலேன் என்கொண்டு எழுகேன்
எம்மானே.

55. மான்நேர் நோக்கி உமையாள் பங்கா வந்திங்கு ஆட்கொண்ட
தேனே அமுதே கரும்பின் தெளிவே சிவனே தென்தில்லைக்

Still I die not

53. Thou Warrior-Lion didst leave Thy Golden City and
darkness drovest too !
The glorious saints who have been blest with grace by Thee and
Thy own Spouse
Of soft and tender breasts, have reached Thy Feet ! And seeing
this, shall I
Roam like village blind hog here ? Won't my cruel, hard
self die ? 272

Thy special grace for me

54. Whilst a number of saints who hate their limbs and who have
penance performed
Through endless time to see Thee, lie chagrined, Thou mad'st
my sinful self
Thy own slave, my Lord ! I would not shuffle off this
foul-ful frame !
Devoid I am of pining love to perceive Thee ! With what
help shall I rise ? 276

Yet, I guard this worm-house !

55. Fawn-eyed Uma is Thy Half. Thou cam'st and mad'st me Thine.
O, Honey, Ambrosia, Cane-Juice, Siva and King of South Tillai,

10

கோனே உன்தன் திருக்குறிப்புக் கூடு வார்நின் கழல்கூட
ஊன்ஆர் புழுக்கூடு இதுகாத்துஇங்கு இருப்பதானேன்
உடையானே.

56. உடையா னேநின் தனைஉள்கி உள்ளம் உருகும் பெரும்காதல்
உடையார்உடையாய் நின்பாதம் சேரக் கண்டிங்(கு) ஊர்நாயிற்
கடையா னேன்நெஞ் சுருகாதேன் கல்லா மனத்தேன்
கசியாதேன்
முடையார் புழுக்கூடு இதுகாத்துஇங்கு இருப்பதாக
முடித்தாயே.

57. முடித்த வாறும் என்தனக்கே தக்க தேமுன் அடியாரைப்
பிடித்த வாறும் சோராமற் சோர னேன்இங்கு ஒருத்திவாய்
துடித்த வாறும் துகில்இறையே சோர்ந்த வாறும்
முகம்குறுவேர்
பொடித்த வாறும் இவைஉணர்ந்து கேடுஎன்தனக்கே
சூழ்ந்தேனே.

My Lord, while those who trod the path of Thy own
Will have reached
Thy Foot, I'm left to guard this flesh worm - house and
tarry here! 280

Is it Thy Ordain?

56. O, Master Who dost own those saints of mighty love whose
hearts do melt
In thought of Thee! Though I, quite meaner than a village
cur did see
Those saints who reached Thy Feet, I don't get thrilled; my
stony heart melts not!
Thou hast ordained that I guard this foul worm - house and
live on here! 284

I succumbed to Maya

57. Proper is Thy Will's Ordain for me! Although I had known how
Thou hadst held Thy saints firmly lest they should fall off,
I of guilt
Saw the quiv'ring lips, the trifle loos'ning of the dress and
tiny drops
Of perspiration on the maid's face here and wrought my
own ruin! 288

58. தேனைப் பாலைக் கன்னலின் தெளிவை ஒளியைத்
தெளிந்தார்தம்
ஊனை உருக்கும் உடையானை உம்பரானை வம்பனேன்
நான்நின் அடியேன் நீஎன்னை ஆண்டாய் என்றால்
அடியேற்குத்
தானும் சிரித்தே அருளலாம் தன்மையாம் என் தன்மையே.

59. தன்மை பிறரால் அறியாத தலைவா பொல்லா நாயான
புன்மை யேனை ஆண்(டு)ஐயா புறமே போக விடுவாயோ
என்னை நோக்கு வார்யாரே என்நான் செய்கேன் எம்பெருமான்
பொன்னே திகழும் திருமேனி எந்தாய் எங்குப் புகுவேனே.

60. புகுவேன் எனதே நின்பாதம் போற்றும் அடியார் உள்நின்று
நகுவேன் பண்டு தோள்நோக்கி நாணம் இல்லா நாயினேன்
நெகும்அன்பு இல்லை நினைக்காண நீஆண்டு அருள
அடியேனும்
தகுவ னேஎன் தன்மையே எந்தாய் அந்தோ தரியேனே.

He will laugh at me but would grace

58. He is Honey, Milk and Essence of the Cane - Juice and the Light !
He's the Heavenly Lord Who melts the frames of those of
clear vision !
To Him, if I a worthless wretch should say : "I'm Thine,
Thou mad'st me Thine,"
He may laugh yet bestow His own grace ! And that's my
nature ! 292

No other refuge for me

59. My Lord Whose nature's not known unto others ! Wilt Thou,
O Sire Who mad'st
My mean and dog-like self, Thy servant, make me part from Thee ?
Who will then look after me ? O, Mighty King, what can I do ?
O, Father of bright, golden Form, where else can I find refuge ?
296

My shameless self

60. I reached Thy Foot as my Refuge ! I stood amidst Thy
praying saints !
And glancing at my shoulders I, a shameless dog did use to laugh !
To have Thy vision, of melting love I'm void ! Am I quite fit
To be Thy thrall ? My Sire, what nature's mine ? Alas, I can't
brook it! 300

7. காருண்யத்திரங்கல்

61. தரிக்கிலேன் காய வாழ்க்கை சங்கரா போற்றி வான
விருத்தனே போற்றி எங்கள் விடலையே போற்றி ஒப்பில்
ஒருத்தனே போற்றி உம்பர் தம்பிரான் போற்றி தில்லை
நிருத்தனே போற்றி எங்கள் நின்மலா போற்றி போற்றி.

62. போற்றியோ நமச்சி வாய புயங்கனே மயங்கு கின்றேன்
போற்றியோ நமச்சி வாய புகலிடம் பிறிதொன்று இல்லை
போற்றியோ நமச்சி வாய புறம்எனைப் போக்கல் கண்டாய்
போற்றியோ நமச்சி வாய சயசய போற்றி போற்றி.

63. போற்றிஎன் போலும் பொய்யர் தம்மைஆட்கொள்ளும் வள்ளல்
போற்றிநின் பாதம் போற்றி நாதனே போற்றி போற்றி

Decad VII

COMPASSIONATE MERCY

I can't brook this frame

61. No more can I bear the life in flesh, O Sankara, save !
Save, Thou Ancient One of heavens ! O our Strong One, save !
Unequalled One, do save ! Save, O Lord of heavenly ones !
Save O Tillai's Great Dancer ! Our Spotless One, save, save ! 304

Ecstasy

62. Om Namasivaya, praise ! Thou Serpent - Lord, I faint !
Om Namasivaya, praise ! There's no refuge, except Thee !
Om Namasivaya, praise ! Drive me not from Thee !
Om Namasivaya, praise ! Vict'ry, Vict'ry, praise, praise ! 308

All in all

63. Thou Benevolent One Who mak'st false ones like me too Thine, I praise !
Praise ! Thy Sacred Foot, O praise ! O, my Lord, praise, praise !

போற்றிநின் கருணை வெள்ளப் புதுமதுப் புவனம் நீர்தீக்
காற்றுஇய மானன் வானம் இருசுடர்க் கடவுளானே.

64. கடவுளே போற்றி என்னைக் கண்டுகொண்டு அருளு போற்றி
விடஉளே உருக்கி என்னை ஆண்டிட வேண்டும் போற்றி
உடல்இது களைந்திட்டு ஒல்லை உம்பர்தந்து அருளு போற்றி
சடையுளே கங்கை வைத்த சங்கரா போற்றி போற்றி.

65. சங்கரா போற்றி மற்றோர் சரண்இலேன் போற்றி கோலப்
பொங்குஅரா அல்குல் செவ்வாய் வெள்நகைக் கரிய வாட்கண்
மங்கைஓர் பங்க போற்றி மால்விடை ஊர்தி போற்றி
இங்குஇவ் வாழ்வு ஆற்ற கில்லேன் எம்பிரான் இழித்திட்
டேனே.

66. இழித்தனன் என்னை யானே எம்பிரான் போற்றி போற்றி
பழித்திலேன் உன்னை என்னை ஆளுடைப் பாதம் போற்றி
பிழைத்தவை பொறுக்கை எல்லாம் பெரியவர் கடமை போற்றி
ஒழித்திடுஇவ் வாழ்வு போற்றி உம்பர்நாட்டு எம்பிரானே.

Thou Fresh Honey of Mercy's Flood, do save, O God ! Thou art
Earth, Water, Fire, the Moon, the Sun and Wind and Sky
and Soul ! 312

Rid me of this body

64. Praise, O God ! Behold myself and do me grace, I praise !
Pray, do melt my venomous heart and make me Thine, I praise !
Strip me quickly of this frame and grace me heavenly 'bode,
I praise !
Sankara Who placed'st the Gangai on Thy plait, I praise !
I praise ! 316

I can't live any more

65. Sankara, praise ! No other refuge have I, save !
I praise Thee Whose own half is Dame of red mouth and
white teeth,
And of bright paint-eyes ! I praise Thee, Rider on mighty Bull.
My Lord, I loathe and scorn this life on earth which I can't
bear ! 320

Pardon my sins

66. My own self I scorn ! My Lord, I praise, I praise !
I scorn not Thee. I praise the Foot which made me Thine !
Praise, it behoves noble ones to forgive all our faults !
Praise, my Lord Who rul'st the heaven ! End this life of mine ! 324

67. எம்பிரான் போற்றி வானத்து அவரவர் ஏறு போற்றி
கொம்பர்ஆர் மருங்குல் மங்கை கூறவெள் நீற போற்றி
செம்பிரான் போற்றி தில்லைத் திருச்சிற்றம் பலவ போற்றி
உம்பரா போற்றி என்னை ஆளுடை ஒருவ போற்றி.

68. ஒருவனே போற்றி ஒப்பில் அப்பனே போற்றி வானோர்
குருவனே போற்றி எங்கள் கோமளக் கொழுந்து போற்றி
வருகஎன்று என்னை நின்பால் வாங்கிட வேண்டும் போற்றி
தருகநின் பாதம் போற்றி தமியனேன் தனிமை தீர்த்தே.

69. தீர்ந்தஅன்பு ஆய அன்பர்க்கு அவரினும் அன்ப போற்றி
பேர்ந்தும்என் பொய்ம்மை ஆட்கொண்டு அருளிடும் பெருமை போற்றி
வார்ந்தநஞ்சு அயின்று வானோர்க்கு அமுதம்ஈ வள்ளல் போற்றி
ஆர்ந்தநின் பாதம் நாயேற்கு அருளிட வேண்டும் போற்றி.

Adoration

67. Praise, my Lord ! Thou art a Lion to all the heavenly ones !
Praise, O Partner of the Dame of slender waist ! Thou wear'st white ash !
Praise, O Red-hued Lord and Thou of Tillai's Sacred Court !
Praise, Thou Lord of heaven and praise, Thou only Master of mine ! 328

Destroy my loneliness

68. Praise, Thou Unique One ! Praise, Incomparable Sire !
Praise, Thou Teacher of heavenly ones ! Praise, Thou Komala's Tender shoot !
Praise, do bid me come to Thee and do accept me as Thine own !
Praise, do grant Thy Foot and save my helpless, lonely self ! 332

Thou gracest oft

69. Praise, Thou lov'st with greater love Thy saints of mighty love !
Praise, Thou Greatness that drov'st off my lies and mad'st me Thine !
Praise, Thou Bounteous drankest poison, nectar giving to heavenly ones !
Praise, do grant Thy biding Foot unto my poor and dog-like self ! 336

70. போற்றிஇப் புவனம் நீர்தீக் காலொடு வானம் ஆனாய்
போற்றிஎவ் உயிர்க்கும் தோற்றம் ஆகிநீ தோற்றம் இல்லாய்
போற்றிஎல் லாஉயிர்க்கும் ஈறாய் ஈறு இன்மை ஆனாய்
போற்றிஐம் புலன்கள் நின்னைப் புணர்கிலாப் புணர்க்கை
யானே.

8. ஆனந்தத்து அழுந்தல்

71. புணர்ப்பது ஒக்க எந்தை என்னை ஆண்டுபூண நோக்கினாய்
புணர்ப்பது அன்று இதென்ற போது நின்னொடு என்னொடு
என்இதாம்
புணர்ப்பது ஆக அன்று இதாக அன்பு நின்க ழற்கணே
புணர்ப்பது ஆக அங்க ணாள புங்க மான போகமே.

72. போகம் வேண்டி வேண்டி லேன்பு ரந்த ராதி இன்பமும்
ஏக நின்க ழல்இணைய லாதி லேன்என் எம்பிரான்

The Universal Lord

70. Praise, Thou art the Earth, the Water, Fire and Wind and Ether !
Praise, Thou Cause of all the lives but Thyself sans a cause !
Praise, Thou End of all the lives but Thyself sans an end !
Praise, Thou Great Pervader Whom the senses five can't reach ! 340

Decad VIII

REVELLING IN BLISS

I want pure bliss

71. Auspicious One, Enjoyment Pure, and my Father, Thou
regarded'st me
With gripping look that day as if Thou would'st unite with
me ! But if
That look unites not me with Thee, what's the good ?
Whether it will
Unite or not, I want that love should unite me with Thy
bejewelled Feet ! 344

I want the thrill and joy

72. My Lord, I want not enjoyment nor even the bliss of Indra !
Save Thy pair of Feet, there's naught for me to reach and bide !

ஆகம் விண்டு கம்பம் வந்து குஞ்சி அஞ்ச லிக்கணே
ஆக என்கை கண்கள் தாரை ஆறது ஆக ஐயனே

73. ஐய நின்னது அல்லது இல்லை மற்றோர் பற்று வஞ்சனேன்
பொய்க லந்தது அல்லது இல்லை பொய்ம்மை யேன்என்
எம்பிரான்
மைக லந்த கண்ணி பங்க வந்து நின்க ழற்கணே
மெய்க லந்த அன்பர் அன்பு எனக்கும் ஆக வேண்டுமே.

74. வேண்டும் நின்க ழற்கண் அன்பு பொய்ம்மை தீர்த்து
மெய்ம்மையே
ஆண்டு கொண்டு நாயி னேனை ஆவ என்று அருளுநீ
பூண்டு கொண்டு அடிய னேனும் போற்றி போற்றி என்றும்
என்றும்
மாண்டு மாண்டு வந்து வந்து மன்ன நின் வணங்கவே.

O, Father grant that my body gets transformed and tremulous,
My hands on head adoring rise and ceaseless stream my eyes
pour down ! 348

I want Thy true saints' love

73. O Sire, my Lord, of prop save Thee my guileful self has none !
My false self is nothing but one immersed in all falsehood !
O Partner of the paint-eyed Spouse, the love with which
Thy saints
Reached Thy Feet and mixed with Truth in Thee, I want for me! 352

I'll be born oft to worship Thee

74. I want love for Thy jewelled Feet. Remove my lies and
make me Thine in truth.
Grant in grace by bidding dog-like me reach Thee so that
I, Thy slave, wearing Thy Feet upon my head cry often "Praise,
O, Praise,"
And worship Thee, O King, by being born and born again ! 356

75. வணங்கும் நின்னை மண்ணும் விண்ணும் வேதம்நான்கும் ஓலமிட்டு
உணங்கும் நின்னை எய்தல் உற்று மற்றோர் உண்மை இன்மையின்
வணங்கி யாம்வி டேங்கள் என்ன வந்துநின்று அருளுதற்கு
இணங்கு கொங்கை மங்கை பங்க என்கொலோ நினைப்பதே.

76. நினைப்ப தாக சிந்தை செல்லும் எல்லை ஏய வாக்கினால்
தினைத்த னையும் ஆவது இல்லை சொல்லல் ஆவ கேட்பவே
அனைத்து லகும் ஆயநின்னை ஐம்பு லன்கள் காண்கிலா
எனைத்து எனைத்தது எப்புறத்தது எந்தை பாதம் எய்தவே.

77. எய்தல் ஆவது என்று நின்னை எம்பி ரான்இவ் வஞ்சனேற்கு
உய்தல் ஆவது உன்கண் அன்றி மற்றோர் உண்மை இன்மையின்
பைதல் ஆவது என்று பாது காத்து இரங்கு பாவியேற்கு
ஈதுஅ லாது நின்கண் ஒன்றும் வண்ணம் இல்லை ஈசனே.

Thou the sole Truth

75. Earth and Heaven do worship Thee. The Vedas four in search of Thee shout tired
In plaintive tones ! And since save Thee abides no truth, we too worship
Thyself, saying "We won't leave Thee" O Partner of broad-breast Dame !
But, to come and stay and grant us grace what's it Thou thinkest ? 360

Thou transcendest thought and speech

76. To reach the utmost limits to which the mind extends in thought,
And speak of Thee the words of mouth are not fit in the least !
Ah ! then how could the world hear Thee Whom senses five can't see ?
To reach Thy Foot, do say my Sire, what's its nature and where it rests ! 364

Pity me

77. When can I reach Thee, my Lord ? To me, this guileful self,
There is none of Being True save Thee to grant release !
O Isa, do commisserate and guard me from the griefs !
To reach Thee for myself a sinner, there's no way save this ! 368

78. ஈச னேநீ அல்லது இல்லை இங்கும் அங்கும் என்பதும்
பேசி னேன்ஓர் பேதம் இன்மை பேதை யேன்என் எம்பிரான்
நீச னேனை ஆண்டு கொண்ட நின்ம லாஓர் நின்அலால்
தேச னேஓர் தேவர் உண்மை சிந்தி யாது சிந்தையே.

79. சிந்தை செய்கை கேள்வி வாக்குச் சீரில் ஐம்பு லன்களால்
முந்தை யான காலம் நின்னை எய்தி டாத மூர்க்கனேன்
வெந்து ஐயா விழுந்தி லேன்என் உள்ளம் வெள்கி விண்டிலேன்
எந்தை ஆய நின்னை இன்னம் எய்தல் உற்று இருப்பனே.

80. இருப்பு நெஞ்ச வஞ்ச னேனை ஆண்டு கொண்ட நின்னதாட்
கருப்பு மட்டு வாய்ம டுத்து எனைக்க லந்து போகவும்
நெருப்பும் உண்டு யானும் உண்டு இருந்தது உண்டது ஆயினும்
விருப்பும் உண்டு நின்கண் என்கண் என்பது என்ன விச்சையே.

I think of none else

78. O Isa my Good Ruler, my own foolish self did speak
Abheda true that "here and there there's nought except Thyself !"
Thou Spotless Teacher True Who mad'st my base self too Thy serf !
My mind will never think of a god except Thy matchless Self ! 372

My past sins

79. A stupid wretch was I who failed in days gone by to reach Thy Feet
By means of thought and acts and list'ning, words and weak senses !
I've not burnt myself and dropped down nor has my heart burst in shame !
O my Sire, I still abide in hope of reaching Thee, my Father ! 376

Have I real love ?

80. Deceitful me of heart like hard iron Thou mad'st in grace Thy slave !
Thy Foot did feed me on its cane-juice grace and mixed with me but left !
And yet, with fire beside and myself here quite living on, well-fed,
If I said that I've true love for Thee, what wondrous trick it is ? 380

9. ஆனந்த பரவசம்

81. விச்சுக் கேடுபொய்க்கு ஆகாது என்றிங்கு எனைவைத்தாய்
இச்சைக்கு ஆனார் எல்லாரும் வந்துன் தாள்சேர்ந்தார்
அச்சத் தாலே ஆழ்ந்திடு கின்றேன் ஆரூர்எம்
பிச்சைத் தேவா என்நான் செய்கேன் பேசாயே.

82. பேசப் பட்டேன் நின்அடி யாரில் திருநீறே
பூசப் பட்டேன் பூதல ரால்உன் அடியான்என்று
ஏசப் பட்டேன் இனிப்படு கின்றது அமையாதால்
ஆசைப் பட்டேன் ஆட்பட் டேன்உன் அடியேனே.

83. அடியேன்அல் லேன்கொல்லோ தான்எனைஆட் கொண்டு இலைகொல்லோ
அடியார் ஆனார் எல்லாரும் வந்துன் தாள்சேர்ந்தார்

Decad IX

RAPTURE-BLISS

I, the seed of lies

81. Lest the seeds of lie should die, Thou hadst left me here !
All those whom Thou didst love well have come and reached Thy Feet !
Sinking in the deepest depths of dread I am ! Our own
Mendicant God of Arur ! Do Thou speak ! What shall I do ? 384

The worldlings' mockery

82. I was counted one amongst Thy servants' fold by some !
I was smeared with holy ashes by them too and then
I was by the worldlings all derided as Thy serf !
Enough of such to me Thy slave who craved and got made Thine ! 388

Can't I see you still ?

83. Am I not Thy slave ? And didst Thou not make me Thy own ?
All those who were made Thine own by Thee have reached Thy Feet !

செடிசேர் உடலம் இதுநீக்க மாட்டேன்எங்கள் சிவலோகா
கடியேன் உன்னைக் கண்ஆரக் காணும்ஆறு காணேனே.

84. காணும்ஆறு காணேன் உன்னை அந்நாட் கண்டேனும்
பாணேபேசி என்தன்னைப் படுத்தது என்ன பரஞ்சோதி
ஆணே பெண்ணே ஆர்அமுதே அத்தாசெத்தே போயினேன்
ஏண்நாண்இல்லா நாயினேன் என்கொண்டு எழுகேன்
எம்மானே.

85. மான்நேர் நோக்கி உமையாள்பங்கா மறைஈறுஅறியா
மறையோனே
தேனே அமுதே சிந்தைக்குஅரியாய் சிறியேன்
பிழைபொறுக்கும்
கோனே சிறிதே கொடுமைபறைந்தேன் சிவமா நகர்குறுகப்
போனார் அடியார் யானும் பொய்யும் புறமே போந்தோமே.

Our Lord of Sivalok. I a wretch can't shake my self free of
This painful frame; nor see the way of seeing Thee with eyes! 392

Alas, I die !

84. Though I saw Thyself that day, I know not how to see Thee now !
O Great Light, say why Thou caught'st me, speaking guileful
words ?
O Male, the Female, Rare Ambrosia, Sire, I'm dead and gone !
My Lord, with what shall I, a dog sans might or shame, rise up ? 396

I and falsehood left Thee !

85. Partner of the fawn-eyed Dame and Sage unknown to Word's
Essence !
Honey and Nectar rare for thought, O King too blind to my
small self's faults !
I did speak a few harsh words ! While all Thy saints did reach
Sivalok,
I and falsehood trod the path together that leads astray from
there ! 400

86. புறமே போந்தோம் பொய்யும் யானும் மெய்யன்பு
பெறவே வல்லேன் அல்லாவண்ணம் பெற்றேன் யான்
அறவே நின்னைச் சேர்ந்தஅடியார் மற்றுஒன்று அறியாதார்
சிறவேசெய்து வழிவந்து சிவனே நின்தாள் சேர்ந்தாரே.

87. தாராய் உடையாய் அடியேற்கு உன்தாள் இணைஅன்பு
பேரா உலகம் புக்கார்அடியார் புறமே போந்தேன்யான்
ஊர்ஆ மிலைக்கக் குருட்டுஆ மிலைத்தாங்கு உன்தாள் இணை
அன்புக்கு
ஆரா அடியேன் அயலே மயல்கொண்டு அழுகேனே.

88. அழுகேன் நின்பால் அன்பாம் மனமாய் அழல்சேர்ந்த
மெழுகே அன்னார் மின்னார் பொன்னார் கழல்கண்டு
தொழுதே உன்னைத் தொடர்ந்தா ரோடும் தொடராதே
பழுதே பிறந்தேன் என்கொண்டு உன்னைப் பணிகேனே.

But Thy saints reached Thee !

86. Falsehood and myself have gone astray ! And I have gained the way
By which true love for Thee I cannot gain ! Those saints who
sought Thee whole
Know of no other help save Thee ! They trod the supreme
path, O Siva,
And wrought the rarest deeds of virtue and have reached Thy
Feet ! 404

I am but a blind cow !

87. My Master, grant to me Thy slave true love for Thy own pair
of Feet !
Thy saints have reached the world whence none returns while
I have strayed away !
Like the blind cow which too bellows with the village cows, I weep
Fondly near Thy saints, although I'm void of love for Thy twain
Feet ! 408

I followed not Thy saints !

88. I weep not with love in my heart for Thee ! Those saints like wax
on fire,
Did descry Thy glitt'ring golden Feet and worshipped Thee,
And followed Thee ! But them, myself of useless birth would
not follow !
Say by what means can I henceforth offer Thee worship ? 412

89. பணிவார் பிணிதீர்த்து அருளிப் பழைய அடியார்க்குன்
அணியார் பாதம் கொடுத்தி அதுவும் அரிதுஎன்றால்
திணியார் மூங்கில் அனையேன் வினையைப் பொடியாக்கித்
தணியார் பாதம் வந்துஒல்லை தாராய் பொய்தீர் மெய்யானே.

90. யானே பொய்என் நெஞ்சும் பொய்என் அன்பும்பொய்
ஆனால் வினையேன் அழுதால் உன்னைப் பெறல்ஆமே ?
தேனே அமுதே கரும்பின் தெளிவே தித்திக்கும்
மானே அருளாய் அடியேன் உனைவந்து உறுமாறே.

10. ஆனந்தாதீதம்

91. மாறு இலாதமாக் கருணை வெள்ளமே
வந்து முந்திநின் மலர்கொள் தாள்இணை
வேறு இலாப்பதப் பரிசு பெற்றநின்
மெய்ம்மை அன்பர்உன் மெய்ம்மை மேவினார்

Powder my sins and save me

89. Thou dost cure the birth-maladies of those who bow to Thee,
And bestow'st Thy jewelled Feet upon Thy tried old saints !
If it is too good for me, O Thou True One from falsehood free,
Powder the sins of bamboo-like me and grant me quick Thy
cooling Foot ! 416

Could I attain Thee by crying ?

90. All my self is false ! Is false my heart and false is my love too !
Despite this, if sinful I should weep, could not I gain Thee whole ?
O, Thou Honey, Ambrosia, Cane-juice and O Thou the Luscious
Lord,
Disclose the way in grace to me Thy slave to come and Thee
attain ! 420

Decad X

SELF-FORGETTING ECSTASY

The true saints and myself

91. O Flood of mighty Grace that changest not !
Those true lovers of Thine who came,
And received the gift of State that's one
With Thy lotus flower-like Feet, 424

ஈறு இலாதநீ எளியை ஆகிவந்து
ஒளிசெய் மானுடம் ஆக நோக்கியும்
கீறு இலாதநெஞ்சு உடைய நாயினேன்
கடையன் ஆயினேன் பட்ட கீழ்மையே.

92. மை இலங்குநற் கண்ணி பங்கனே
வந்து எனைப்பணி கொண்ட பின்மழக்
கை இலங்குபொற் கிண்ணம் என்று அலால்
அரியை என்றுனைக் கருது கின்றிலேன்
மெய் இலங்குவெள் நீற்று மேனியாய்
மெய்ம்மை அன்பர்உன் மெய்ம்மை மேவினார்
பொய் இலங்குஎனைப் புகுத விட்டுநீ
போவதோ சொலாய் பொருத்தம் ஆவதே.

93. பொருத்தம் இன்மையேன் பொய்ம்மை உண்மையேன்
போத என்றுஎனைப் புரிந்து நோக்கவும்
வருத்தம் இன்மையேன் வஞ்சம் உண்மையேன்
மாண்டிலேன் மலர்க் கமல பாதனே

Did attain Thy Truthful Self erewhile !
Though Thou Endless One camest in simple yet the bright,
Human Form and looked'st at me, my dog-like self of breast
Unsundered in meanest state doth lie ! What fall is this ?

I know not Thy value

92. O Partner of the Maid of bright good eyes of paint !
Since the time when Thou didst come and mad'st me Thine,
Even like a bantling which regards a golden cup
Upon its tender palm, I deem Thee not as rare !
Thou of Form of bright true ashes white,
All Thy lovers true have attained Thy own Essence Pure !
Leaving me to fall and bide in falsehood here,
How canst Thou go there at all ? How becomes it Thee ?

Could I be left like this ?

93. Of fitness I have none ; of falsehood I am full !
Though Thou gav'st Thy gracious look and didst bid me come,
Of pains to reach Thee I have none ; but guileful heart I have !
Thou of lotus-Feet, I'm not yet dead and gone !

அரத்த மேனியாய் அருள்செய் அன்பரும்
நீயும் அங்குஎழுந்து அருளி இங்குஎனை
இருத்தி னாய்முறை யோஎன் எம்பிரான்
வம்ப னேன்வினைக்கு இறுதி இல்லையே.

94. இல்லை நின்கழற்கு அன்புஅது என்கணே
ஏலம் ஏலும்நற் குழலி பங்கனே
கல்லை மென்கனி ஆக்கும் விச்சைகொண்டு
என்னை நின்கழற்கு அன்பன் ஆக்கினாய்
எல்லை இல்லைநின் கருணை எம்பிரான்
ஏது கொண்டுநான் ஏது செய்யினும்
வல்லை யேஎனக்கு இன்னும் உன்கழல்
காட்டி மீட்கவும் மறுஇல் வானனே.

95. வான நாடரும் அறிஒ ணாதநீ
மறையில் ஈறும்முன் தொடர் ஒணாதநீ
ஏனை நாடரும் தெரிஒ ணாதநீ
என்னை இன்னிதாய் ஆண்டு கொண்டவா

Thou of crimson-Form did go above
With all Thy loving saints who got Thy grace,
And didst place me here ! Is it all quite just ?
My Lord, is there no end to the sins of my own wasteful self? 444

Thy miracle great

94. There's no love in me for Thy own pair of anklet Feet !
Thou the Partner of the Maid of good and fragrant locks.
Thou didst make me love Thy Feet, through Thy magic feat,
Which can create out of stone a soft and mellowed fruit ! 448
Thou of spotless Mystic Ether, Thou the Lord of mine !
Whatever be my means and whatever be my deeds,
Since Thy mercy knows no limit, canst Thou not redeem
Myself, yet disclosing Thy own pair of jewelled Feet ? 452

Thou mad'st me dance

95. Thou art One Whom heavenly ones themselves can't know at all !
Thou art One the Vedas' End itself couldn't pursue then !
Thou art One Whom all the rest of worlds cannot descry !
Thou hast sweetly made me Thy own slave ! 456

ஊனை நாடகம் ஆடு வித்தவா
　　உருகி நான்உனைப் பருக வைத்தவா
ஞான நாடகம் ஆடு வித்தவா
　　நைய வையகத் துடைய விச்சையே.

96. விச்சுஅது இன்றியே விளைவு செய்குவாய்
　　விண்ணும் மண்ணகம் முழுதும் யாவையும்
வைச்சு வாங்குவாய் வஞ்ச கப்பெரும்
　　புலைய னேனைஉன் கோயில் வாயிலில்
பிச்சன் ஆக்கினாய் பெரிய அன்பருக்கு
　　உரியன் ஆக்கினாய் தாம்வ ளர்த்ததோர்
நச்சு மாமரம் ஆயினும் கொலார்
　　நானும் அங்ஙனே உடைய நாதனே.

97. உடைய நாதனே போற்றி நின் அலால்
　　பற்று மற்றுஎனக்கு ஆவது ஒன்றுஇனி
உடைய னேபணி போற்றி உம்பரார்
　　தம்ப ராபரா போற்றி யாரினும்

Thou hast caused my fleshy frame to dance in every birth !
　　Thou hast melted myself too and mad'st me drink of Thee !
Thou hast caused my soul to move in rhythmic mystic dance !
　　Hast Thou not done all these for my worldly bonds to die ? 460

Though vile, I am Thine

96. Well without the seeds a harvest Thou canst always reap !
　　Thou alone canst well sustain and also canst conceal
The whole of Heaven, the whole of earth and all the rest of things !
　　Thou didst charge my base and guileful self with great frenzy ! 464
Thou didst place me by the side of Thy own temple gates !
　　Thou didst make me kinsman of Thy great saints, Owner-Lord!
The tree once planted by themselves the men would not chop off,
　　Even should that rotten prove and such is my case too ! 468

I praise

97. My Lord and Owner, praise ! Except Thy self have I
　　A prop for me henceforth ? Do bid me serve, I praise !
Praise, Thou art the Greatest Lord of all the heavenly ones !
　　Praise, I have become the meanest one of all, I praise ! 472

கடையன் ஆயினேன் போற்றி என்பெரும்
கருணை யாளனே போற்றி என்னை நின்
அடியன் ஆக்கினாய் போற்றி ஆதியும்
அந்தம் ஆயினாய் போற்றி அப்பனே.

98. அப்பனே எனக்கு அமுத னேஆ
னந்த னேஅகம் நெகஅள் ளூறுதேன்
ஒப்பனே உனக்கு உரிய அன்பரில்
உரிய னாய்உனைப் பருக நின்றதுஓர்
துப்பனே சுடர் முடிய னேதுணை
யாள னேதொழும் பாளர் எய்ப்பினில்
வைப்பனே எனை வைப்ப தோசொலாய்
நைய வையகத்து எங்கள் மன்னனே.

99. மன்ன எம்பிரான் வருக என்எனை
மாலும் நான்முகத்து ஒருவன் யாரினும்
முன்ன எம்பிரான் வருக என்எனை
முழுதும் யாவையும் இறுதி உற்றநாள்

Praise, Thou art my Lord of endless, infinite mercy too !
Thou hast made me Thy servant, I praise !
O, my Father, Thou art the First and Thou
Art the End Of ev'rything ! I offer Thee my praise !

Pity my poor self !

98. O my Father, O Divine Ambrosia unto me !
Thou of Bliss Supreme, Thou art sweetest honey,
That, surging wells up whilst the heart does melt !
Thou mad'st me too a privileged kinsman of Thy privileged saints
And didst stand as Food itself for me to taste and drink !
Thou of lustrous Crown and Thou my Help ! Thou art
A Treasure in need for Thy own saints, our King !
How canst Thou place me upon this earth to die ? Do speak !

Bid me come to Thee

99. Thou the King, our Lord, do bid me come to Thee !
Our Lord, the First of Mal and Four-faced one,
And all the rest, do bid me come to Thee !
Our Lord Who dost outlast the complete End of all !

பின்ன எம்பிரான் வருக என்னைப்
பெய்க ழற்கண்அன்பு ஆய்என் நாவினால்
பன்ன எம்பிரான் வருக என்னைப்
பாவ நாசநின் சீர்கள் பாடவே.

100. பாட வேண்டும்நான் போற்றி நின்னையே
பாடி நைந்துநைந்து உருகி நெக்குநெக்கு
ஆட வேண்டும்நான் போற்றி அம்பலத்து
ஆடும் நின்கழற் போது நாயினேன்
கூட வேண்டும்நான் போற்றி இப்புழுக்
கூடு நீக்குனைப் போற்றி பொய்எலாம்
வீட வேண்டும்நான் போற்றி வீடுதந்து
அருளு போற்றிநின் மெய்யர் மெய்யனே!

Do Thou bid me come, O Thou Our Lord!
Bid me come with love in heart for Thy bejewelled Feet,
And with tongue to sing Thy glories and to chaunt Thy praise!
O, Thou Who dost wipe away the sins of one and all! 492

My earnest prayer

100. Praise, I long to sing of Thee alone!
Praise, I long to sing and dance with soft'ning melting frame!
Praise, my dog-like self would like to blend itself and bide
At Thy flower-like jewelled Feet which dance in mystic Ether! 496
Praise, pray rid me of this frame which is a shell of worms!
Praise, I long that all my falsehood drops away from me!
Thou Who art the Truthful One to Thy true saints, do grace!
And do grant me too the truest salvation, I praise! 500

6. நீத்தல் விண்ணப்பம்

பிரபஞ்ச வைராக்கியம்

உத்தரகோசமங்கையில் அருளியது

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை

1. கடையவ னேனைக் கருணையி னாற்கலந்து ஆண்டுகொண்ட
விடையவ னேவிட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்விறல் வேங்கையின்தோல்
உடையவ னேமன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
சடையவ னேதளர்ந் தேன்எம்பி ரான்என்னைத் தாங்கிக்
கொள்ளே.

2. கொள்ஏர் பிளவுஅகலாத் தடம் கொங்கையர்
கொவ்வைச்செவ்வாய்
விள்ளேன் எனினும் விடுதிகண் டாய்நின் விழுத்தொழும்பின்

VI. NEETHAL VINNAPPAM

OR

"FORSAKE ME NOT!"

Hold me up!

1. Thou mad'st my meanest self Thy serf, by blending in with grace!
O Lord on Bull, forsake me not! O Thou Who dost put on
The tiger's skin. O King of lasting Uttrakosamangai!
My Lord of braided locks. I'm sinking! Prop me up and hold! 101

I, a renegade

2. Though I forsake not the ruddy lips of broad-breast maids,
Forsake me not! O Thou the King of Uttrakosamangai!

உள்ளேன் புறம்அல்லேன் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
கள்ளேன் ஒழியவும் கண்டுகொண்(டு) ஆண்டதுஎக் காரணமே.

3. கார்உறு கண்ணியர் ஐம்புலன் ஆற்றம் கரைமரமாய்
வேர்உறு வேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விளங் கும்திருவா
ரூர்உறை வாய்மன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
வார்உறு பூண்முலை யாள்பங்க என்னை வளர்ப்பவனே.

4. வளர்கின்ற நின்கரு ணைக்கையில் வாங்கவும் நீங்கிஇப்பால்
மிளிர்கின்ற என்னை விடுதிகண் டாய்வெண்
மதிக்கொழுந்துஒன்று
ஒளிர்கின்ற நீள்முடி உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
தெளிகின்ற பொன்னும்மின் னும்அன்ன தோற்றச்
செழும்சுடரே.

5. செழிகின்ற தீப்புகு விட்டிலில் சின்மொழி யாரிற்பல்நாள்
விழுகின்ற என்னை விடுதிகண் டாய்வெறி வாய்அறுகால்
உழுகின்ற பூமுடி உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
வழிநின்று நின்அருள் ஆர்அமுது ஊட்ட மறுத்தனனே.

Not without but well within Thy pure saints' fold I am !
Yet, why didst Thou thrall my ugly self, a renegade too ? 102

Thou rearest me

3. I've struck my roots like river-bank trees, within the senses five
Of paint-eyed maids ! Forsake me not ! O Thou of bright Arur !
King of lasting Uttrakosamangai. Thou Whose Half
Consists of the Dame of jewelled breasts. Thou rearest me ! 103

I slipped from Thee

4. Thou didst hold me in Thy hands of growing grace and yet,
I slipped away and do shine here ! Forsake me not ! Thou art
The King of Uttrakosamangai upon whose long braid shines
A tender, white moon ! Thou the Lightning Light of Golden Form !
104

I declined Thy proffered Nectar

5. Like the moth in lustrous flame, for long I fall a prey
To the maids of tender words ! Forsake me not ! Thou art the King
Of Uttrakosamangai, of flower-braid ploughed by
sweet-mouthed bees.
When Thou met'st and fed'st me with Thy gracious Nectar,
I declined ! 105

6. மறுத்தனன் யான்உன் அருள்அறி யாமையில் என்மணியே
வெறுத்துஎனை நீவிட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்வினை யின்தொகுதி
ஒறுத்துஎனை ஆண்டுகொள் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
பொறுப்பர்அன் றேபெரி யோர்சிறு நாய்கள்தம் பொய்யினையே.

7. பொய்யவ னேனைப் பொருள்என ஆண்டுஒன்று
பொத்திக்கொண்ட
மெய்யவ னேவிட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்விடம் உண்மிடற்று
மையவ னேமன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
செய்யவ னேசிவ னேசிறி யேன்பவம் தீர்ப்பவனே.

8. தீர்க்கின்ற ஆறுஎன் பிழையைநின் சீர்அருள் என்கொல்என்று
வேர்க்கின்ற என்னை விடுதிகண் டாய்விர வார்வெருவ
ஆர்க்கின்ற தார்விடை உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
ஈர்க்கின்ற அஞ்சொடுஅச் சம்வினை யேனை இருதலையே.

Forgive my faults

6. O my Gem, in ignorance I declined Thy good grace !
Forsake me not in loath ! Destroy my bunch of evil sins,
And make me Thine ! O King of Uttrakosamangai, say
Will not the Great Ones forgive all the faults of petty dogs ? 106

Thou curest birth maladies

7. Thou didst deem my false self worthy and didst make me Thine !
Forsake me not ! Thy throat is dark with poison Thou hadst
quaffed !
King of lasting Uttrakosamangai, of red Form !
Siva Who cur'st my humble self of all my birth-maladies ! 107

I am pulled on either side

8. Perspiringly wonder I what way Thy Glorious Grace
May adopt to cure my faults ! Forsake me not ! Thou King
Of Uttrakosamangai, Whose flower-wreathed Bull's roar
frightens foes !
Dread and senses five do pull my sinful self both ways ! 108

9. இருதலைக் கொள்ளியின் உள்எறும்பு ஒத்து நினைப்பிரிந்த
விரிதலை யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வியன் மூவுலகுக்கு
ஒருதலை வாமன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
பொருதலை மூவிலை வேல்வலன் ஏந்திப் பொலிபவனே.

10. பொலிகின்ற நின்தாள் புகுதப்பெற்று ஆக்கையைப்
போக்கப்பெற்று
மெலிகின்ற என்னை விடுதிகண் டாய்அளி தேர்விளரி
ஒலிநின்ற பூம்பொழில் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
வலிநின்ற திண்சிலை யால்எரித் தாய்புரம் மாறுபட்டே.

11. மாறுபட்டு அஞ்சுஎன்னை வஞ்சிப்ப யான்உன் மணிமலர்த்தாள்
வேறுபட் டேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வினை யேன்மனத்தே
ஊறும்மட் டேமன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
நீறுபட் டேஒளி காட்டும்பொன் மேனி நெடுந்தகையே.

I pine with dishevelled locks

9. Like an ant within a fire-brand aflame at either end,
Parted from Thee do I pine with dishevelled locks ! Forsake
me not !
Thou only Lord of three great worlds ! Thou King of everlasting
Uttrakosamangai, in Thy right hand shines the war Trident ! 109

I wear away

10. Though I reached Thy Feet resplendent, wears away my frame,
And weak am I ! Forsake me not ! O Thou Who art the King
Of Uttrakosamangai whose fine groves resound with songs of bees.
Thou didst burn Thy foes' cities with big and mighty bow ! 110

I am estranged from Thee

11. Perverse were my senses five and played me false and so,
Estranged am I from Thy jewelled flower-Feet ! Forsake me not !
Honey that spring'st in sinful me ! Eternal and noble King
Of Uttrakosamangai, whose golden Form does shine with ash ! 111

12. நெடும்தகை நீஎன்னை ஆட்கொள்ள யான்ஐம்
புலன்கள்கொண்டு
விடும் தகை யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விர வார்வெருவ
அடும்தகை வேல்வல்ல உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
கடும்தகை யேன்உண்ணும் தெண்ணீர் அமுதப் பெரும்
கடலே.

13. கடலினுள் நாய்நக்கி யாங்குன் கருணைக் கடலின்உள்ளம்
விடல்அரி யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விடல் இல்அடியார்
உடல்இல மேமன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
மடலின்மட் டேமணி யேஅமு தேஎன் மதுவெள்ளமே.

14. வெள்ளத்துள் நாவற்றி யாங்குன் அருள்பெற்றுத் துன்பத்
தின்நின்றும்
விள்ளக்கி லேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விரும் பும்அடியார்
உள்ளத்துள் ளாய்மன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
கள்ளத்து ளேற்கரு ளாய்களி யாத களிஎனக்கே.

I am deceived by senses five

12. Although Thy noble self hast made me Thine, I've parted from
Thee, deceived by my own senses five ! Forsake me not !
Thou King
Of lasting Uttrakosamangai Whose spear would kill Thy
dreadful foes !
Great Ambrosial Sea of clear drink my cruel self too tastes ! 112

I lap water even in a sea

13. Like the dog that laps the water in the sea, I've not
A hearty drink from Thy own Mercy-sea ! Forsake me not !
O King 113
Of Uttrakosamangai, housed in the frames of abiding saints !
O Flower-Nectar ! O Gem ! Ambrosia and O Treacle-Flood !

Thirst amidst water

14. Like one who stands amidst the flood with parched tongue, I stand
Unfreed from griefs, although I have Thy grace ! Forsake me not !
Thou dost bide in hearts of loving saints ! Thou art the King
Of Uttrakosamangai. Grace my wily self with joy none knows ! 114

15. களிவந்த சிந்தையோடு உன்கழல் கண்டும் கலந்தருள
வெளிவந்தி லேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்மெய்ச் சுடருக் கெல்லாம்
ஒளிவந்த பூங்கழல் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
எளிவந்த எந்தை பிரான்என்னை ஆள்உடை என்அப்பனே.

16. என்னைஅப் பாஅஞ்சல் என்பவர் இன்றிநின்று எய்த்து அலைந்தேன்
மின்னைஒப் பாய்விட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்உவ மிக்கின் மெய்யே
உன்னைஒப் பாய்மன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
அன்னை ஒப்பாய் எனக்கு அத்தன் ஒப்பாய் என் அரும்பொருளே

17. பொருளே தமியேன் புகல்இட மேநின் புகழ்இகழ்வார்
வெருளே எனைவிட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்மெய்ம்மை யார்விழுங்கும்
அருளே அணிபொழில் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
இருளே வெளியே இகபரம் ஆகி இருந்தவனே.

I have not reached Thee

15. Although I saw Thy jewelled Feet with joy in heart, I've not yet come
Out for Thee to mix with me in grace! Forsake me not! O King
Of Uttrakosamangai Whose beautiful Feet shine brighter than all
The truest lights! My Affable Sire, Lord and Father Who rulest me! 115

None to tell me, 'Fear not'

16. With none to tell me, " Fear not, son," I've been wand'ring wearied out!
Thou art like lightning. Forsake me not! Thou art in sooth
Like Thee alone! King of lasting Uttrakosamangai!
Thou art to me like mother and father, O my Rarest Wealth! 116

Thou my only Refuge

17. O Truth, Thou Refuge of my lonely self and Dread of those
Who scorn Thy fame! Forsake me not! O Grace, Thy true saints' Drink!
King of Uttrakosamangai begirt with beautiful groves!
Thou art Darkness and the Light and this world and the next! 117

18. இருந்துஎன்னை ஆண்டுகொள் விற்றுக்கொள் ஒற்றிவை என்னின் அல்லால்
விருந்தின னேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்மிக்க நஞ்சுஅமுதா
அருந்தின னேமன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
மருந்தின னேபிற விப்பிணிப் பட்டு மடங்கினர்க்கே.

19. மடங்கஎன் வல்வினைக் காட்டைநின் மன்அருள் தீக்கொளுவும்
விடங்கஎன் தன்னை விடுதிகண் டாய்என் பிறவியைவேர்
ஒடுங்களைந்து ஆண்டுகொள் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
கொடும்கரிக் குன்றுஉரித்து அஞ்சுவித் தாய்வஞ்சிக் கொம்பினையே.

20. கொம்பர்இல் லாக்கொடி போல்அல மந்தனன் கோமளமே
வெம்புகின் றேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விண்ணர் நண்ணுகில்லா
உம்பர்உள் ளாய்மன்னும் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசே
அம்பர மேநில னேஅனல் கால்ஒடுஅப்பு ஆனவனே.

Sell or Pledge me !

18. Abide, govern, and sell or pledge me ! But forsake me not !
I'm Thy latest slave ! Thou atest poison like Ambrosia then !
O King of lasting Uttrakosamangai. Thou art the Balm,
Which heals the 'curves' of all those whom the birth-disease has scourged ! 118

Set fire to my sins !

19. Thou Handsome One Who settest the fire of Thy abiding grace
To the jungle of my fiercest sins ! Forsake me not ! But govern
By uprooting all my births. King of Uttrakosamangai !
Thou didst flay the hill-like tusker, fright'ning Thy flower-bough Spouse ! 119

I, a tendril without a prop !

20. Like a creeper's tendril, void of prop was I distressed !
O Thou the Tender One ! Forsake not my own rotting self !
Thou dwell'st above, beyond the reach of gods, King of lasting
Uttrakosamangai ! Thou art ether, earth, the fire, the wind and water ! 120

21. ஆனைவெம் போரிற் குறுந்தூறு எனப்புல னால் அலைப்புண்
டேனைஎந் தாய்விட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்வினை யேன்மனத்துத்
தேனையும் பாலையும் கன்னலை யும்அமு தத்தையும் ஒத்து
ஊனையும் என்பினை யும்உருக் கா நின்ற ஒண்மையனே.

22. ஒண்மைய னேதிரு நீற்றைஉத் தூளித்து ஒளிமிளிரும்
வெண்மைய னேவிட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்மெய் அடியவர்கட்கு
அண்மைய னேஎன்றும் சேயாய் பிறர்க்குஅறி தற்குஅரிதாம்
பெண்மைய னேதொன்மை ஆண்மைய னேஅலிப்
பெற்றியனே.

23. பெற்றது கொண்டு பிழையே பெருக்கிச் சுருக்கும்அன்பின்
வெற்றுஅடி யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விடி லோகெடுவேன்
மற்றுஅடி யேன்தன்னைத் தாங்குநர் இல்லைஎன் வாழ்முதலே
உற்றுஅடி யேன்மிகத் தேறிநின் றேன்எனக்கு உள்ளவனே.

I'm crushed by my senses !

21. Like the tiny shrubs in tuskers' wildest fight I am
Tossed and crushed by senses five ! Forsake me not ! My Sire,
Thou art like the honey and milk and sweet juice and Nectar
In sinful me and Thou dost melt my flesh and bones !
Bright one ! 121

Thou art nigh to friends

22. O Resplendent One ! Thou White One with the shining splendour
Of sacred ash ! Forsake me not ! Thou art nigh to Thy truest saints !
Thou art distant unto the rest and hard for them to know !
Thou art Feminine, ancient Masculine and the Neuter too ! 122

I shrink in love

23. With what I've got, I've multiplied my sins and shrunk in love !
Forsake not me, Thy worthless slave ! If left, I'll perish and then,
There's none but Thee to hold me up ! Thou the Source of my
own life !
O Thou Who dwell'st in me, thro' suff'ring I have gained
wisdom ! 123

24. உள்ளன வேநிற்க இல்லன செய்யும் மையல்துழனி
வெள்ளன லேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வியன்மாத் தடக்கைப்
பொள்ளல்நல் வேழத்துஉரியாய் புலன்நின்கட் போதல்ஒட்டாம்
எள்ளன வேமொய்க்கும் நெய்க்குடம் தன்னை எறும்புஎனவே.

25. எறும்பிடை நாங்கூழ் எனப்புல னலரிப் புண்டுஅலந்த
வெறும்தமி யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வெய்ய கூற்றுஒடுங்க
உறும்கடிப் போதவை யேஉணர் உற்றவர் உம்பர்உம்பர்
பெறும்பத மேஅடி யார்பெய ராத பெருமையனே.

26. பெருநீர் அறச்சிறு மீன்துவண் டாங்கு நினைப்பிரிந்த
வெருநீர்மை யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வியன் கங்கைபொங்கி
வருநீர் மடுவுள் மலைச்சிறு தோணி வடிவின்வெள்ளைக்
குருநீர் மதிபொதி யும்சடை வானக் கொழுமணியே.

I am a flame of white heat!

24. I am the flame of white heat and of noisy illusion!
I discord good and evil do! Forsake me not! Thou wear'st
As robe the hide of strong-trunked tusker! Like ants in jar of ghee,
My senses slowly swarm on me, lest I should join Thee! 124

I am a worm amidst ants

25. Like the tender worm amidst the gnawing ants I lie,
Eaten by my senses five! Forsake not my vain, lonely self!
Thou state of Bliss, far higher too than heavens for those
who know
Thy fragrant Feet which crushed Death-god! Thou Great
Who leav'st not saints! 125

I am fish out of water

26. Like tiny fish in dried up stream, I also wither and faint
In utter dread, since I from Thee did part! Forsake me not!
The white and crescent moon that floats like boat on rising tides
Of Gangai lives on Thy own braid! O Heavenly, Priceless Gem! 126

27\. கொழுமணி ஏர்நகை யார்கொங்கைக் குன்றிடைச்
சென்றுகுன்றி
விழும்அடி யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்மெய்ம் முழுதும்கம்பித்து
அழும்அடி யாரிடை ஆர்த்துவைத்து ஆட்கொண்டு
அருளிஎன்னைக்
கழுமணி யேஇன்னும் காட்டுகண் டாய்நின் புலன்கழலே.

28\. புலன்கள் திகைப்பிக்க யானும் திகைத்திங்கொர்
பொய்ந்நெறிக்கே
விலங்குகின் றேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விண்ணும் மண்ணும்
எல்லாம்
கலங்கமுந் நீர்நஞ்சு அமுதுசெய் தாய்கரு ணாகரனே
துலங்குகின் றேன்அடி யேன்உடை யாய்என் தொழுகுலமே.

29\. குலம்களைந் தாய்களைந் தாய்என்னைக் குற்றம்கொற்
றச்சிலையாம்
விலங்கல்எந் தாய்விட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்பொன்னின்
மின்னுகொன்றை
அலங்கல்அம் தாமரை மேனிஅப் பாஒப்பு இலாதவனே
மலங்கள்ஐந் தாற்சுழல் வன்தயி ரிற்பொரும் மத்துறவே.

I am a victim to passion

27\. I reached the hill-like breasts of maids whose teeth resemble pearls,
And shrank and fell! Forsake me not! Thou Gem which didst
cleanse up
And place me 'midst Thy weeping saints of tremulous frames and
would'st
Make me Thine in grace! Do show Thy celestial Feet once
more! 127

I trod the wrong path

28\. Wildered by my senses five, distraught I was and strayed
Along the wrongful ways! Forsake me not! While heaven and earth
Shook in despair, Thou Mercy didst eat the poison from the sea!
I, Thy slave in despair shiver! O Master and Worshipful Lord! 128

I am freed from caste

29\. Thou didst free me from the bonds like caste and all other faults!
A Mountain is Thy Vict'ry bow! Forsake me not! My Father,
And Sire with lovely Lotus-Form bedecked with Cassia bright
like gold!
Thou Matchless! Churned by five-fold bonds I am, like curd by rod!
129

30. மத்துறு தண்தயி ரிற்புலன் தீக்கது வக்கலங்கி
வித்துறு வேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வெள் தலைமிலைச்சிக்
கொத்துறு போது மிலைந்து குடர்நெடு மாலைசுற்றித்
தத்துறு நீறுடன் ஆரச்செம் சாந்துஅணி சச்சையனே.

31. சச்சைய னேமிக்க தண்புனல் விண்கால் நிலம்நெருப்பாம்
விச்சைய னேவிட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்வெளி யாய்கரியாய்
பச்சைய னேசெய்ய மேனிய னேஒண் படஅரவக்
கச்சைய னேகடந் தாய்தடம் தாள் அடற்கரியே.

32. அடற்கரி போல்ஐம் புலன்களுக்கு அஞ்சி அழிந்தஎன்னை
விடற்குஅரி யாய்விட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்விழுத் தொண்டர்க்குஅல்லால்
தொடற்குஅரி யாய்சுடர் மாமணி யேசுடு தீச்சுழலக்
கடற்கரி தாய்எழு நஞ்சுஅமுது ஆக்கும் கறைக்கண்டனே.

I am the seed of woes

30. I'm churned like curd by stick and burnt up by my senses five !
I'm the seed of woes ! Forsake me not ! On Thy Form Thou wear'st
The white skull, clust'ring Cassia wreaths, and entrails-garland long !
Thou dost smear red sandal paste with ashes white, O Essence Pure ! 130

Thy Prowess

31. O, Pure Essence ! Thou Wondrous One ! Thou art the cooling Water,
The Sky, the Wind, the Earth and Fire. Forsake me not ! Thou art
Black, white and green. Thy Form is red; Thy sash, bright-hooded snake !
Thou hast conquered too the warring rogue tusker of broad wide feet ! 131

I, a victim to senses

32. I'm struck and gone by dread of mighty tusker-like senses !
Thou hard to leave, forsake me not ! None but Thy saints great
Can touch and feel Thy Self, O Grand and Glitt'ring Gem ! Since Thou
Atest poison rare that sprang from burning sea, Thy throat is black ! 132

33. கண்டது செய்து கருணைமட் டுப்பரு கிக்களித்து
மிண்டுகின் றேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்நின் விரைமலர்த்தாள்
பண்டுதந் தாற்போற் பணித்துப் பணிசெயக் கூவித்துஎன்னைக்
கொண்டுஎன்எந் தாய்களை யாய்களை யாய குதுகுதுப்பே.

34. குதுகுதுப்பு இன்றிநின்(று) என்குறிப் பேசெய்து நின்குறிப்பில்
விதுவிதுப் பேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விரை யார்ந்தினிய
மதுமதுப் போன்றுஎன்னை வாழைப் பழத்தின் மனம்கனிவித்து
எதிர்வதுஎப் போது பயில்விக் கயிலைப் பரம்பரனே.

35. பரம்பர னேநின் பழஅடி யாரொடும் என்படிறு
விரும்புஅர னேவிட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்மென் முயற்கறையின்
அரும்புஅர நேர்வைத்து அணிந்தாய் பிறவிஐ வாய்அரவம்
பொரும்பெரு மான்வினை யேன்மனம் அஞ்சிப் பொதும்புறவே.

I am drunk with mercy-wine

33. Followed I my wishes' ways and drunk with mercy-wine
I joy and blabber ! Forsake me not ! Grant me as of old,
Thy fragrant Feet and make me Thine and bid me serve Thee well !
Root out too my hind'ring shrub of worldly lusts, O Sire ! 133

I was self-willed

34. Void of joy and biding here, my will alone I did !
But now I haste to do Thy Will ! Forsake me not ! When wilt
Thou my heart mellow like plantain fruit and reach me as
The sweet and scented honey ? Do speak. Thou Supreme Kailai's
Lord ! 134

Even me Thou lovest

35. O Lord of lords ! Thou Haran Who lov'st Thy Saints of tested love
And my false self too ! Thou wear'st alike the snake and hare-like
moon !
O, my God, the five-mouthed snake of birth does fight and
frighten me,
And drives my sinful self to seek shelter in caves ! Forsake
me not ! 135

36. பொதும்புறு தீப்போல் புகைந்துஎரி யப்புலன் தீக்கதுவ
வெதும்புறு வேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விரை யார்நறவம்
ததும்புமந் தாரத்தில் தாரம் பயின்றுமந் தம்முரல்வண்டு
அதும்பும் கொழும்தேன் அவிர்சடை வானத்து அடல்அரைசே.

37. அரைசே அறியாச் சிறியேன்பிழைக்கு அஞ்சல் என்னின்அல்லால்
விரைசேர் முடியாய் விடுதிகண் டாய்வெள் நகைக்கரும்கண்
திரைசேர் மடந்தை மணந்த திருப்பொற் பதப்புயங்கா
வரைசேர்ந்து அடர்ந்துஎன்ன வல்வினை தான்வந்து அடர்வனவே.

38. அடர்புல னால்நிற் பிரிந்துஅஞ்சி அம்சொல்நல் லார்அவர்தம்
விடர்விட லேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விரிந் தேஎரியும்
சுடர்அனை யாய்சுடு காட்டர சேதொழும் பர்க்குஅமுதே
தொடர்வுஅரி யாய்தமி யேன்தனி நீக்கும் தனித்துணையே.

I am burnt by my senses

36. Like fire that burns with smoke amidst the cluster of trees, did burn
My senses five ; and I too burn ! Forsake me not ! The bees that learn
The loud-key tunes do softly hum around Mandara flowers
Of sweet nectar, and throng Thy honey-dipped plait ! Heaven's strong King ! 136

Cheer me up

37. O King, unless Thou tell'st, "Fear not thy faults" my small and nescient self
Can't live ! Forsake me not ! Thou Buyangan of the golden Feet !
Thy Spouse, the Maid of billows has white teeth and black-paint eyes !
My mighty 'deeds' do, clust'ring, charge as do the clust'ring hills ! 137

I parted from Thee

38. Due to the wild'ring senses I did part from Thee in dread,
But not from poison of the fair-mouthed maids ! Forsake me not !
Thou art like flame that leaps and burns ! Thou King of burning-ghat !
Thy saints' Ambrosia hard to have ! Sole Help that kill'st my loneliness ! 138

39. தனித்துணை நீநிற்க யான்தருக் கித்தலை யால்நடந்த
வினைத்துணை யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வினை யேனுடைய
மனத்துணை யேஎன்தன் வாழ்முத லேஎனக்கு எய்ப்பில்வைப்பே
தினைத்துணை யேனும் பொறேன்துயர் ஆக்கையின்
திண்வலையே.

40. வலைத்தலை மான்அன்ன நோக்கியர் நோக்கின் வலையிற்பட்டு
மிலைத்தலைந் தேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வெண் மதியின்ஒற்றைக்
கலைத்தலை யாய்கரு ணாகர னேகயி லாயம்என்னும்
மலைத்தலை வாமலை யாள்மண வாளஎன் வாழ்முதலே.

41. முதலைச்செவ் வாய்ச்சியர் வேட்கைவெந் நீரிற் கடிப்பமூழ்கி
விதலைச்செய் வேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விடக் கூன்மிடைந்த
சிதலைச்செய் காயம் பொறேன்சிவ னேமுறை யோமுறையோ
திதலைச்செய் பூண்முலை மங்கைபங் காஎன் சிவகதியே.

I was swollen-headed !

39. Whilst Thou, my only Help wert there, swoll'n with pride I strode
Headlong, with evil sins as friend ! Forsake me not ! Thou Help
Of my sinful mind ! My life's own Source ! Unfailing Treasure !
Not a whit can I endure this hideous net of grievous frame ! 139

I was sensuous

40. Netted by the looks of those whose eyes are like the netted fawns,
I've been roaming and grieving ! Forsake me not ! Thou wear'st
The white moon's slend'rest crescent ! Home of Mercy ! Chief of Kailai Mount !
Thou art the Spouse of Mountain's Maid. O Source of my life too ! 140

I was bitten by crocodiles

41. I plunged within the hottest flood of lust and grieved, by being bit
By the crocodiles of red-lipped maids ! Forsake me not ! I can't
Endure this foul-fleshed frame of griefs ! Is it just ? Is it meet ?
Siva, my Goal of Bliss, O Spouse of Dame of adorned breasts ! 141

42. கதிஅடி யேற்குன் கழல்தந்து அருளவும் ஊன்கழியா
விதிஅடி யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வெள் தலைமுழையில்
பதியுடை வாள்அரப் பார்த்துஇறை பைத்துச் சுருங்கஅஞ்சி
மதிநெடும் நீரிற் குளித்துஒளிக் கும்சடை மன்னவனே.

43. மன்னவ னேஒன் றும் மாறுஅறி யாச்சிறி யேன்மகிழ்ச்சி
மின்னவ னேவிட் டிடுதிகண் டாய்மிக்க வேதமெய்ந்நூல்
சொன்னவ னேசொற் கழிந்தவ னேகழி யாத்தொழும்பர்
முன்னவ னேபின்னும் ஆனவ னேஇம் முழுதையுமே.

44. முழுதயில் வேற்கண் ணியர்என்னும் மூரித் தழல்முழுகும்
விழுதனை யேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்நின் வெறிமலர்த்தாள்
தொழுதுசெல் வான்நல் தொழும்பரில் கூட்டிடு
சோத்துஎம்பிரான்
பழுதுசெய் வேனை விடேல்உடை யாய்உன்னைப் பாடுவனே.

I shuffle not this flesh off!

42. Though Thou gav'st in grace Thy Feet as Refuge unto me,
Thy slave,
Yet I'm fated not this flesh to shuffle off! Forsake me not!
The moon which saw the bright snake living within the white
skull raise
And close its hood, did hide itself in water on Thy braid,
O King! 142

I know not how to mix with Thee

43. O King, Thou art the Blissful Light to me, a little one,
Who knows not the way to mix with Thee! Forsake me not!
Thou Who spak'st the mystic Word and Thou beyond all words!
Thou the First of biding band of saints and Last of them! 143

I was melted by lust

44. Like butter in the fiercest flame of maidens, whose eyes are
Like the sharpened darts, I melt! Forsake me not, my Lord!
Place me 'midst the noble band of saints who bow 'fore Thy flow'r
Feet!
My Master, leave not me who commits faults, I'll sing of Thee! 144

45. பாடிற்றி லேன்பணி யேன்மணி நீஒளித் தாய்க்குப்பச்சூன்
வீடிற்றி லேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வியந் தாங்குஅலறித்
தேடிற்றி லேன்சிவன் எவ்விடத் தான்எவர் கண்டனர்என்று
ஓடிற்றி லேன்கிடந்து உள்உரு கேன்நின்று உழைத்தனனே,

46. உழைதரு நோக்கியர் கொங்கைப் பலாப்பழத்து ஈயின்ஒப்பாய்
விழைதரு வேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்விடின் வேலைநஞ்சுண்
மழைதரு கண்டன் குணம்இலி மான்இடன் தேய்மதியன்
பழைதரு மாபரன் என்றுஎன்று அறைவன் பழிப்பினையே.

47. பழிப்புஇல்நின் பாதப் பழம்தொழும்பு எய்தி விழப்பழித்து
விழித்துஇருந் தேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்வெள் மணிப்பணிலம்
கொழித்துமந் தாரமந் தாகினி நுந்தும்பந் தப்பெருமை
தழிச்சிறை நீரில் பிறைக்கலம் சேர்தரு தார்அவனே.

I stand distressed

45. I have neither sung nor bowed ! O Gem concealed ! For Thee
I've not cast off my frame ! Forsake me not ! I have not run ;
Nor gone in search, crying amazed and asking " Where is Sivan ? "
" Who has seen Him ? " I wouldn't fall and melt but stand distressed ! 145

I am a fly on jack-fruit

46. Lusting for the breasts of fawn-eyed maids am I like flies
Upon the jack-fruits ! Forsake me not ! If left, I will reproach
Thee as " Cloud-throat One ", " One Who at'st the poison of sea, "
" The Unqualified ", " Human ", " One of waning moon " and " old Lord ! " 146

I was left blinking

47. I reached the flawless ancient band of saints that serve Thy Feet !
Then I fell and kept blinking, reviling Thee ! Forsake me not !
Upon the bounded waters of the Gangai of pearls and conch,
The boat of crescent moon doth swim and that is Thy own wreath ! 147

48. தாரகை போலும் தலைத்தலை மாலைத் தழல்அரப்பூண்
வீரஎன் தன்னை விடுதிகண் டாய்விடில் என்னைமிக்கார்
ஆர்அடி யான்என்னில் உத்தர கோசமங் கைக்கரசின்
சீர்அடி யார்அடி யான்என்று நின்னைச் சிரிப்பிப்பனே.

49. சிரிப்பிப்பன் சீறும் பிழைப்பைத் தொழும்பையும் ஈசற்குஎன்று
விரிப்பிப்பன் என்னை விடுதிகண் டாய்விடின் வெம்கரியின்
உரிப்பிச்சன் தோல்உடைப் பிச்சன்நஞ் சூண்பிச்சன் ஊர்ச்சுடுகாட்டு
எரிப்பிச்சன் என்னையும் ஆள்உடைப் பிச்சன்என்று ஏசுவனே.

50. ஏசினும் யான்உன்னை ஏத்தினும் என்பிழைக் கேகுழைந்து
வேசுஅறு வேனை விடுதிகண் டாய்செம் பவளவெற்பின்
தேசுஉடை யாய்என்னை ஆள்உடை யாய்சிற் றுயிர்க்குஇரங்கிக்
காய்சின ஆலம்உண் டாய்அமுது உண்ணக் கடையவனே!

I will trumpet Thee as my Lord

48. O Hero with the wreaths of star-like skulls upon Thy crown
And fire-like snake jewels! Forsake me not! If left, when asked
"Whose serf art thou?", I'll tell them, "I'm the slave of all great slaves
Of the King of Uttrakosamangai" and make them laugh at Thee! 148

I will revile at Thee

49. I'll make them laugh at my 'curst life and have my serfdom for
Isan proclaimed! Forsake me not! If left, I'll revile at Thee —
"The tusker-hide mad," "the tiger-skin mad", "the poison-food mad,"
"The burning-ghat mad" and "the mad Who owns me as His slave"! 149

Thy immense sacrifice

50. Whether I revile at Thee or praise, I melt at my own faults,
And repent! Forsake me not! Thou bright Red Coral Mount!
Thou didst make me Thine and pitying poor souls Thou didst eat
Fiery poison, Thou privileged to consume Nectar sweet! 150

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7. திரு எம்பாவை

சத்தியை வியந்தது

திருவண்ணுமலையில் அருளியது

வெண்தளையால் வந்த இயற்றரவிணைக் கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. ஆதியும் அந்தமும் இல்லா அரும்பெரும்
சோதியை யாம்பாடக் கேட்டேயும் வாள்தடம்கண்
மாதே வளருதியோ வன்செவியோ நின்செவிதான்
மாதேவன் வார்கழல்கள் வாழ்த்திய வாழ்த்துஒலிபோய்
வீதிவாய்க் கேட்டலுமே விம்மிவிம்மி மெய்ம்மறந்து
போதுஆர் அமளியின்மேல் நின்றும் புரண்டுஇங்ஙன்
ஏதேனும் ஆகாள் கிடந்தாள்என் னேஎன்னே
ஈதே எம்தோழி பரிசேல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

VII. TIRU EMBAVAI

OR

MORNING BATH OF MAIDENS

She responds not to our songs

1. " We sing that Splendour rare and great which knows not first nor end !
Though thou heard'st it, yet O maid of large and shining eyes,
How dost thou sleep on ? Are thy ears so hard and dull ?
Even though was heard resounding through the streets the sound
Of the chaunted praises of the Great God's jewelled Feet,
Fiftful sobbing, self-forgetting, rolling down from her
Flowery bed—to her has happened naught of these ! She sleeps !
Why thus ? Why thus ? Is this, my friend, thy nature ? Embavai ! "

2. பாசம் பரம்சோதிக்கு என்பாய் இராப்பகல்நாம்
   பேசும்போது எப்போதுஇப் போதுஆர் அமளிக்கே
நேசமும் வைத்தனையோ நேர்இழையாய்—நேர்இழையீர்
   சீசி இவையும் சிலவோ விளையாடி
ஏசும் இடம்ஈதோ விண்ணோர்கள் ஏத்துதற்குக்
   கூசும் மலர்ப்பாதம் தந்தருள வந்துஅருளும்
தேசன் சிவலோகன் தில்லைச்சிற் றம்பலத்துள்
   ஈசனார்க்கு அன்புஆர்யாம் ஆர்ஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

3. முத்துஅன்ன வெள்நகையாய் முன்வந்து எதிர்எழுந்துஎன்
   அத்தன் ஆனந்தன் அமுதன்என்று அள்ஊறித்
தித்திக்கப் பேசுவாய் வந்துன் கடைதிறவாய்—
   பத்துடையீர் ஈசன் பழஅடியீர் பாங்குடையீர்

She is enamoured of her couch

2. "Thou didst use to say "our love is for that Light Supreme,"
   When we talked of Him all night and day, O jewelled maid!
When didst thou become enamoured of this flowery couch?" —
   "Fie on ye, O jewelled maids! Are all these too trifles?
Is this the place for banter?"—"He comes in grace to grant in grace
   The flow'r Feet, for the heavenly ones too dazzling, for worship!
Sivalok's Bright One! Isan of Tillai's Chittrambalam!
   Who are His lovers and who are we? O, Embavai!" 152

Her love is no hoax

3. "Thou of pearl-like teeth. Thou didst use to rise early
   Those days and come in front and sweetly speak with surging love,
That "He is the Sire and Blissful One and Ambrosia"!
   Come, unlatch thy door!" — "O Isan's old and loving saints

புத்து அடியோம் புன்மைதீர்த்து ஆட்கொண்டாற்
பொல்லாதோ—
எத்தோ நின் அன்புஉடைமை எல்லோம் அறியோமோ?
சித்தம் அழகியார் பாடாரோ நம்சிவனை
இத்தனையும் வேண்டும் எமக்கு ஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

4. ஒள்நித் திலநகையாய் இன்னம் புலர்ந்துஇன்றோ —
வண்ணக் கிளிமொழியார் எல்லாரும் வந்தாரோ—
எண்ணிக்கொடு உள்ளவா சொல்லுகோம் அவ்வளவும்
கண்ணைத் துயின்றுஅவமே காலத்தைப் போக்காதே
விண்ணுக்கு ஒருமருந்தை வேத விழுப்பொருளைக்
கண்ணுக்கு இனியானைப் பாடிக் கசிந்துஉள்ளம்
உள்நெக்கு நின்றுஉருக யாம்மாட்டோம் நீயேவந்து
எண்ணிக் குறையில் துயில்ஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

Of privilege too, what harm if ye drove off the meanness of
Neophytes like us ? " — " Is then thy love a hoax ? Don't we
All thy love well know ? Will not the pure-minded and good
Sing our Sivan ? Deserve we all these words, O Embavai ! " 153

We can't count : count thyself

4. " Thou of glitt'ring pearl-like teeth. Has it not yet dawned ? " —
" Have all the maids of words of pretty parrots now arrived ? "—
" We shall count and tell thee exact number. But, meanwhile,
Thou shalt not with closed eyes sleep and shalt not waste
the time !
Heaven's Ambrosia matchless and the Vedas' Essence High !
The Sweetest Sight for eyes ! We would sing of Him and cry
And stand with thrilled and melting hearts ! Therefore, we
cannot count.
Count thyself. If we are few, sleep on, O Embavai ! " 154

5\. மால்அறியா நான்முகனும் காணா மலையினை நாம்
போல்அறிவோம் என்றுஉள்ள பொக்கங்க ளேபேசும்
பால்ஊறும் தேன்வாய்ப் படிறீ கடைதிறவாய்
ஞாலமே விண்ணே பிறவே அறிவுஅரியான்
கோலமும் நம்மைஆட் கொண்டருளிக் கோதுஆட்டும்
சீலமும் பாடிச் சிவனே சிவனேஎன்று
ஓலம் இடினும் உணராய் உணராய்காண்
ஏலக் குழலி பரிசுஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

6\. மானேநீ நென்னலை நாளைவந்து உங்களை
நானே எழுப்புவன் என்றலும் நாணாமே
போன திசைபகராய் இன்னம் புலர்ந்துஇன்றோ
வானே நிலனே பிறவே அறிவுஅரியான்

She had feigned her love

5\. "'We know that Mount not known to Mal nor seen by Four faced one' —
Thou didst speak the falsehood thus, O maid of guileful mind,
Whose mouth does surge with milk and honey ! Come and ope thy door !
We sing the beautiful Form of His, unknown to the world and heaven,
And all the rest and His greatness in making us His own,
And fondling us in grace ! We also cry aloud, " O Siva,
And O Siva !" Yet thou wakest not and seest not !
Is this thy nature, thou of perfumed locks ? O Embavai !" 155

She has forgotten her promise

6\. " O Fawn-like one. " Tomorrow " thou didst tell but yesterday,
" I will myself wake ye up." Where's that promise gone ?
What shame ? Has not the day yet dawned ? He's the One unknown
Unto the heaven and unto the earth and all the rest of lives !

தானேவந்து எம்மைத் தலையளித்துஆட் கொண்டருளும்
வான்வார் கழல்பாடி வந்தோர்க்குஉன் வாய்திறவாய்
ஊனே உருகாய் உனக்கே உறும்எமக்கும்
ஏனோர்க்கும் தம்கோனைப் பாடுஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

7. அன்னே இவையும் சிலவோ பலஅமரர்
உன்னற்கு அரியான் ஒருவன் இரும்சீரான்
சின்னங்கள் கேட்பச் சிவன்என்றே வாய்திறப்பாய்
தென்னாஎன் னாமுன்னம் தீசேர் மெழுகொப்பாய்
என்னானை என்அரையன் இன்அமுதுஎன்று எல்லோமும்
சொன்னோம்கேள் வெவ்வேறுஆய் இன்னம் துயிலுதியோ
வல்நெஞ்சப் பேதையர்போல் வாளா கிடத்தியால்
என்னே துயிலின் பரிசுஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

He comes and shows His best mercy and makes us His with grace!
Unlatch thy door for us who come, His lofty Feet singing!
Thy frame of flesh melts not! Becomes it thee? Do sing the King
Who rules us all and all the rest as His! O Embavai!" 156

She has forgotten her old ways of love!

7. "O Mother, are these too trifles! To think of Him 'tis hard for many
Heavenly ones! He is the One! He is of mighty glory!
When thou heard'st His signal organs sound of yore, thou didst
Use to ope thy mouth and cry "O Siva" and thou wert like
Wax on fire, when hardly was the name of Tennan spoke!
"My Lord, my King, Sweet Ambrosia" thus each of us did sing!
Listen, art thou still asleep and lolling like the fools
Of hardened hearts? How funny is this sleep?
O Embavai!" 157

8. கோழி சிலம்பச் சிலம்பும் குருகுஎங்கும்
ஏழில் இயம்ப இயம்பும்வெண் சங்குஎங்கும்
கேழில் பரஞ்சோதி கேழில் பரம்கருணை
கேழில் விழுப்பொருள்கள் பாடினோம் கேட்டுஇலையோ
வாழிஈது என்ன உறக்கமோ வாய்திறவாய்
ஆழியான் அன்புஉடைமை ஆம்ஆறும் இவ்ஆறோ
ஊழி முதல்வன்ஆய் நின்ற ஒருவனை
ஏழைபங் காளனையே பாடுஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

9. முன்னைப் பழம்பொருட்கும் முன்னைப் பழம்பொருளே
பின்னைப் புதுமைக்கும் போர்த்தும்அப் பெற்றியனே
உன்னைப் பிரான்ஆகப் பெற்றஉன் சீர்அடியோம்
உன்அடியார் தாள்பணிவோம் ஆங்குஅவர்க்கே
பாங்குஆவோம்

It has dawned ; Rise and ope the door

8. " While cocks do crow and while the bunting twitter on everyside,
While music sounds, and while the conches blow on everyside,
That Peerless Light Supreme, that Peerless Mercy Great,
That Peerless Essence High we sang ! And hast thou not
heard it ?
Bless thee ! What kind of sleep is this ? Wilt not thou ope thy
door ?
Is this thy way of loving One Whose writ runs everywhere ?
Sing Him, Who did stand as every aeon's Foremost One,
And who is the Partner of a Maid ! O Embavai ! " 158

Joint Petition to Sivan

9. " Thou Ancient Being older than the ancient-most being !
Thou of latest novelty quite later than the latest !
We, Thy lucky slaves who have been blessed with Thee as Lord,
Would bow before Thy servants' feet and be their own
by right !

அன்னவரே எம்கணவர் ஆவார் அவர்உகந்து
சொன்ன பரிசே தொழும்பாய்ப் பணிசெய்வோம்
இன்ன வகையே எமக்குஎம்கோன் நல்குதியேல்
என்ன குறையும் இலோம்ஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

10. பாதாளம் ஏழினும்கீழ் சொற்கழிவு பாதமலர்
போதுஆர் புனைமுடியும் எல்லாப் பொருள்முடிவே
பேதை ஒருபால் திருமேனி ஒன்றுஅல்லன்
வேதமுதல் விண்ணோரும் மண்ணும் துதித்தாலும்
ஓத உலவா ஒருதோழன் தொண்டர்உளன்
கோதுஇல் குலத்துஅரன்தன் கோயில் பிணாப்பிள்ளைகாள்
ஏது அவன்ஊர் ஏதுஅவன்பேர் ஆர்உற்றார் ஆர்அயலார்
ஏதுஅவனைப் பாடும் பரிசுஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

They alone shall be our husbands true ; and whatever they
Bid in joy, we shall render their service as their slaves !
If only Thou shalt bestow this one boon on us, our Lord,
Of grievance then we will have none at all ! O Embavai !" 159

Queries to Temple Maids

10. " His flow'r Feet past all words beneath the seven deep worlds
do rest !
His crown adorned with flower-wreath is the crowning
End of all !
A Dame is His one half ! And not one Form alone has He !
Even if the Vedas, heaven and earth should praise, His
praise
Endless grows ! He's Friend Unique ! He lives in devotees' hearts !
O ye the maids of Siva's shrines and of the purest stock !
What is His place ? His name ? Who are His kinsmen and His foes ?
What then is the way of singing Him ? O Embavai !" 160

11. மொய்யார் தடம்பொய்கை புக்கு முகேர்என்னக்
கையாற் குடைந்து குடைந்துன் கழல்பாடி
ஐயா வழிஅடியோம் வாழ்ந்தோம்காண் ஆர்அழல்போல்
செய்யாவெள் நீறுஆடி செல்வா சிறுமருங்குல்
மையார் தடம்கண் மடந்தை மணவாளா
ஐயாநீ ஆட்கொண்டு அருளும் விளையாட்டின்
உய்வார்கள் உய்யும் வகைஎல்லாம் உய்ந்துஒழிந்தோம்
எய்யாமல் காப்பாய் எமைஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

12. ஆர்த்த பிறவித் துயர்கெடநாம் ஆர்த்துஆடும்
தீர்த்தன்நல் தில்லைச்சிற் றம்பலத்தே தீஆடும்
கூத்தன்இவ் வானும் குவலயமும் எல்லோமும்
காத்தும் படைத்தும் கரந்தும் விளையாடி

They dive in temple tank

11. " Ent'ring broad and bee-filled tank, we dive and splash and splash
Its water with our sporting hands and sing Thy jewelled Feet !
We Thy slaves of true lineage are blest ! Behold Thou Sire !
Thou of bright, red Fire-like Form ! Thou Smearer of white ash !
Thou Noble One and Bridegroom of the wide and paint-eyed Dame !
Sire, we have quite lived out all the course of lives lived by
Those good saints whom Thou hast made in graceful sport, Thine own !
Guard us lest we should weary in future ! Embavai !" 161

They bathe

12. " He's the Holy Water where we sing and bathe so that
Our griefs of binding births might flee ! Dancer with fire in hand,
Within good Tillai's Sacred Court ! He sports by guarding, making
And by hiding heaven and earth and all ! Let's sing His praise !

வார்த்தையும் பேசி வளைசிலம்ப வார்கலைகள்
ஆர்ப்புஅரவம் செய்ய அணிகுழல்மேல் வண்டுஆர்ப்பப்
பூத்திகழும் பொய்கை குடைந்துஉடையான் பொற்பாதம்
ஏத்தி இருஞ்சுனைநீர் ஆடேலோர் எம்பாவாய்.

13. பைங்குவளைக் கார்மலரால் செங்கமலப் பைம்போதால்
அங்கம் குருகுஇனத்தால் பின்னும் அரவத்தால்
தங்கள் மலங்கழுவு வார்வந்து சார்தலினல்
எங்கள் பிராட்டியும் எம்கோனும் போன்றுஇசைந்த
பொங்கு மடுவில் புகப்பாய்ந்து பாய்ந்துநம்
சங்கம் சிலம்பச் சிலம்பு கலந்துஆர்ப்பக்
கொங்கைகள் பொங்கக் குடையும் புனல்பொங்கப்
பங்கயப் பூம்புனல்பாய்ந்து ஆடேலோர் எம்பாவாய்.

With bangles tinkling and with sarees making bristling noise,
And with beetles humming on the fair tresses, plunge in
The tank of flowers and praise the golden Feet of our own Lord!
Do bathe in water of that deepest fountain. Embavai!" 162

The vision of Siva-Sakti in the Tank

13. "With Kuvalai flowers fresh and blue, with rosy lotus buds,
With the kindred little birds and inter-locked snakes too,
And with those who enter it, their sins to wash away,
This swelling tank does shine and look like our own
Queen and King!
Let's get within this tank and plunge and plunge with shell-bangles
Tinkling, and with clashing anklets making jingling noise!
While the breasts do heave with joy and heaves the water too,
Let's plunge and bathe in lotus-water fine! O Embavai!" 163

14. காதுஆர் குழைஆடப் பைம்பூண் கலன்ஆடக்
கோதை குழல்ஆட வண்டின் குழாம்ஆடச்
சீதப் புனல்ஆடிச் சிற்றம் பலம்பாடி
வேதப் பொருள்பாடி அப்பொருளா மாபாடிச்
சோதி திறம்பாடிச் சூழ்கொன்றைத் தார்பாடி
ஆதி திறம்பாடி அந்தமா மாபாடிப்
பேதித்து நம்மை வளர்த்துஎடுத்த பெய்வளைதன்
பாதத் திறம்பாடி ஆடுஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

15. ஓர்ஒருகால் எம்பெருமான் என்றுஎன்றே நம்பெருமான்
சீர்ஒருகால் வாய்ஓவாள் சித்தம் களிகூர
நீர்ஒருகால் ஓவா நெடும்தாரை கண்பனிப்பப்
பார்ஒருகால் வந்தனையாள் விண்ணோரைத் தான்பணியாள்

They sing the glory of Sivan

14. " While the ear-drops swing and while the golden jewels wave,
While wreath-ful locks do float and while the swarms of
bees play on,
Plunge and bathe in cool water and sing the Sacred Court !
Sing the Vedas' Essence True and sing that Essence
how He is !
Sing the glory of that Light and sing the Cassia wreaths !
Sing the First One's glories ; sing how He becomes the End !
Sing the glorious Feet of Her of bangles, Who brought up
All of us with love and special care ! O Embavai ! " 164

The Infatuated Godmania of a maid

15. " Now and then she cries, " My Lord ", " My Lord ", and thus
her mouth
Ceases not in rapture great to sing our Lord's glories !
Her pair of eyes cease not to shed an endless stream of tears !
She prostrates now and then but won't bow down to
heavenly ones !

பேர்அரையற்கு இங்ஙனே பித்துஒருவர் ஆம்ஆறும்
　　ஆர்ஒருவர் இவ்வண்ணம் ஆட்கொள்ளும் வித்தகர்தாள்
வார்உருவப் பூண்முலையீர் வாயார நாம்பாடி
　　ஏர்உருவப் பூம்புனல்பாய்ந்து ஆடுஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

16. முன்இக்கடலைச் சுருக்கி எழுந்து உடையாள்
　　என்னத் திகழ்ந்துஎம்மை ஆள்உடையாள்
　　　　　　　　இட்டுஇடையின்
மின்னிப் பொலிந்துஎம் பிராட்டி திருஅடிமேல்
　　பொன்அம் சிலம்பிற் சிலம்பித் திருப்புருவம்
என்னச் சிலைகுலவி நம்தம்மை ஆள்உடையாள்
　　தன்னிற் பிரிவுஇலா எம்கோமான் அன்பர்க்கு
முன்னி அவள்நமக்கு முன்சுரக்கும் இன்அருளே
　　என்னப் பொழியாய் மழைஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

The way this one became quite fatuous for that mighty King,
　　And the fact of that True one making herself His own
Let us sing with mouthful words, ye maids of jewelled breasts,
　　And plunge and bathe within the flower-filled flood !
　　　　　　　　O Embavai ! " 165

The Cloud and Para Sakti

16. " Erewhile drank'st thou from this sea and rising up, didst shine
　　Like our Queen ! And thou didst glitter like Her lightning waist !
Thou didst thunder like the golden anklets on Her Feet !
　　Thou didst cast the rainbow like our Lady's own eye-brow !
Our Mistress, She Who knows no parting from that King of ours
　　Thought and poured Her sweetest grace with love spontaneous
Upon His loving saints within the presence of us, Her maids !
　　Even so, do pour O Cloud, as rain, O Embavai ! " 166

17. செம்கண் அவன்பால் திசைமுகன்பால் தேவர்கள்பால்
எங்கும் இலாததுஓர் இன்பம்நம் பால்அதாக்
கொங்குண் கருங்குழலி நம்தம்மைக் கோதுஆட்டி
இங்குநம் இல்லங்கள் தோறும் எழுந்தருளிச்
செம்கமலப் பொற்பாதம் தந்தருளும் சேவகனை
அம்கண் அரசை அடியோம்கட்கு ஆர்அமுதை
நங்கள் பெருமானைப் பாடி நலம்திகழப்
பங்கயப் பூம்புனல்பாய்ந்து ஆடுஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

18. அண்ணா மலையான் அடிக்கமலம் சென்றுஇறைஞ்சும்
விண்ணோர் முடியின் மணித்தொகைவீறு அற்றாற்போல்
கண்ஆர் இரவி கதிர்வந்து கார்கரப்பத்
தண்ஆர் ஒளிமழுங்கித் தாரகைகள் தாம்அகலப்

Sivan's visits to our humble abodes

17. " The bliss that's not enjoyed by Mal of blood-red eyes and by
The one of four-fold face and heavenly ones and all the rest
Is now become our own because that Knight has fondled us
By His graceful visits to ev'ryone of our homes here,
And has granted us His ruddy golden lotus Feet !
O maid of dark and fragrant locks, that Prince of beautiful eyes,
That Rare Nectar to us His serfs and that our Lord let's sing
For our good and plunge in lotus-flood ! O Embavai ! " 167

Glory of the Lord of Annamalai

18. " Just as dims the lustre of the gems set on the crowns
Of the heavenly ones who bowed at Annamalai Lord's Feet,
The cooling lustre of the stars did pale and fled away,
When the splendrous rays of Sun did shine and darkness drove !

பெண்ஆகி ஆணாய் அலியாய்ப் பிறங்குஒளிசேர்
விண்ஆகி மண்ஆகி இத்தனையும் வேறுஆகிக்
கண்ஆர் அமுதமும்ஆய் நின்றான் கழல்பாடிப்
பெண்ணேஇப் பூம்புனல்பாய்ந்து ஆடுஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

19. உன்கையில் பிள்ளை உனக்கே அடைக் கலம்என்று
அங்குஅப் பழஞ்சொற் புதுக்கும்எம் அச்சத்தால்
எங்கள் பெருமான் உனக்குஒன்று உரைப்போம்கேள்
எம்கொங்கை நின்அன்பர் அல்லார்தோள் சேரற்க
எம்கை உனக்குஅல்லாது எப்பணியும் செய்யற்க
கங்குல் பகல்எம்கண் மற்றுஒன்றும் காணற்க
இங்குஇப் பரிசே எமக்குஎம்கோன் நல்குதியேல்
எங்கு எழில்என் ஞாயிறு எமக்குஏல்ஓர் எம்பாவாய்.

As female and as the male and as the sex-less One,
As Heaven of shining light, as earth and as diff'rent from these,
And as Nectar in the eyes He stood! Sing His Feet, O maid,
And plunge and bathe within this pretty flood!
O Embavai!" 168

The maidens' petition for spiritual partners

19. "'Thou alone canst Refuge be to the babe in Thy own hands'
Though we are afraid to repeat that old proverb now,
Please listen, our Lord! To Thee a word we would submit.
May our breasts embrace no one except Thy loving saints!
May our hands perform at all no service, save to Thee!
May our eyes by night and day perceive nought else save Thee!
Our Lord, if only Thou wouldst grant this boon to us just now,
We care not where the sun does rise at all! O Embavai!" 169

20. போற்றி அருளுகநின் ஆதியாம் பாதமலர்
போற்றி அருளுகநின் அந்தம்ஆம் செந்தளிர்கள்
போற்றிஎல் லாஉயிர்க்கும் தோற்றம்ஆம் பொற்பாதம்
போற்றிஎல் லாஉயிர்க்கும் போகம்ஆம் பூங்கழல்கள்
போற்றிஎல் லாஉயிர்க்கும் ஈறுஆம் இணைஅடிகள்
போற்றிமால் நான்முகனும் காணாத புண்டரிகம்
போற்றியாம் உய்யஆட் கொண்டருளும் பொன்மலர்கள்
போற்றியாம் மார்கழிநீர் ஆடுஏலோர் எம்பாவாய்.

The five-fold function of Sivan

20. " Praise Thee, grant in grace Thy flower-like Foot which was the First !
Praise Thee, grant in grace Thy tender, rosy Foot, the End !
Praise Thee, Thy own golden Feet the source of all lives are !
Praise Thee, are Thy pair of Feet Enjoyment for all lives !
Praise Thee, Thy own pair of Feet the End of all lives are !
Praise Thee, Thou of lotus Feet, unseen by Mal and Brahmman !
Praise Thee, Thy own gold Feet saved and made us Thine in grace !
Praise Thee, may we bathe in Margazhi Flood !
O Embavai ! " 170

8. திரு அம்மானை

ஆனந்தக் களிப்பு

திருவண்ணாமலையில் அருளியது

ஒப்புமைபற்றிவந்த ஆறடித்தரவு கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்.

1. செம்கண் நெடுமாலும் சென்றுஇடந்தும் காண்புஅரிய
பொங்கு மலர்ப்பாதம் பூதலத்தே போந்தருளி
எங்கள் பிறப்புஅறுத்திட்டு எம்தரமும் ஆட்கொண்டு
தெங்கு திரள்சோலைத் தென்னன் பெருந்துறையான்
அம்கணன் அந்தணன்ஆய் அறைகூவி வீடுஅருளும்
அம்கருணை வார்கழலே பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

2. பாரார் விசும்புஉள்ளார் பாதாளத்தார் புறத்தார்
ஆராலும் காண்டற்கு அரியான் எமக்குஎளிய
பேராளன் தென்னன் பெருந்துறையான் பிச்சுஏற்றி

VIII. TIRU AMMANAI

OR

BALL PLAY

The advent of Guru

1. His lustrous flower-like Feet which even Mal of ruddy eye
And of mighty growth, by delving deep could not descry,
On earth descended gracefully and snapped away our births,
And made men like me also theirs ! That Lord of Perunthurai
And of cocoa-grove Southland, as a fair-eyed Sage
Graced Release with clarion call ! Let's sing His Mercy-Feet.
O Ammanai ! 171

He charged me with craze

2. He is hardly seen by those on earth, in heaven, below
And beyond. Though Great, He is of easy reach to us !
He's the Lord of Southern Land and Perunthurai, Who charged

வாரா வழிஅருளி வந்துஎன் உளம்புகுந்த
ஆரா அமுதுஆய் அலைகடல்வாய் மீன்விசிறும்
பேர்ஆசை வாரியனைப் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

3. இந்திரனும் மால்அயனும் ஏனோரும் வானோரும்
அந்தரமே நிற்கச் சிவன்அவனி வந்தருளி
எம்தரமும் ஆட்கொண்டு தோட்கொண்ட நீற்றன்ஆய்ச்
சிந்தனையை வந்துஉருக்கும் சீர்ஆர் பெருந்துறையான்
பந்தம் பறியப் பரிமேல்கொண் டான்தந்த
அந்தம்இலா ஆனந்தம் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

4. வான்வந்த தேவர்களும் மால்அயனோடு இந்திரனும்
கான்நின்று வற்றியும் புற்று எழுந்தும் காண்புஅரிய
தான்வந்து நாயேனைத் தாய்போல் தலைஅளித்திட்டு

Me with craze and gave in grace eternal salvation!
He came and entered me as rare Ambrosia! Let us sing
That Sea of Mighty Love which cast its net in sea.
O Ammanai! 172

He came on earth to grace us

3. Sivan left Indra, Mal and Ayan and all the rest of gods
In heaven and came down on this earth in grace and made men like
Me His own! His shoulders shine with ash. He comes and melts
The hearts! He is the glorious Master of Perunthurai's shrine.
He did ride a charger and He did destroy the bonds!
Let's sing the great and endless rapture He has giv'n.
O Ammanai! 173

Mother-like Sivan graced dog-like me

4. Heavenly angels, Mal and Ayan and Indra did penance
In the woods with worn-out frames with ant-hills overgrown,
And yet couldn't see His Mother-like Self which reached my
cur-like self!

ஊன்வந்து உரோமங்கள் உள்ளே உயிர்ப்புஎய்து
தேன்வந்து அமுதின் தெளிவின் ஒளிவந்த
வான்வந்த வார்கழலே பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

5. கல்லா மனத்துக் கடைப்பட்ட நாயேனை
வல்லாளன் தென்னன் பெருந்துறையான் பிச்சுஏற்றிக்
கல்லைப் பிசைந்து கனியாக்கித் தன்கருணை
வெள்ளத்து அழுத்தி வினைகடிந்த வேதியனைத்
தில்லை நகர்புக்குச் சிற்றம் பலம்மன்னும்
ஒல்லை விடையானைப் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

6. கேட்டாயோ தோழி கிறிசெய்த ஆறுஒருவன்
தீட்டுஆர் மதில்புடைசூழ் தென்னன் பெருந்துறையான்
காட்டா தனஎல்லாம் காட்டிச் சிவம்காட்டித்
தாள்தா மரைகாட்டித் தன்கருணைத் தேன்காட்டி
நாட்டார் நகைசெய்ய நாம்மேலை வீடுஎய்த
ஆள்தான்கொண்டு ஆண்டவா பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

He graced me best by mixing in myself and thrilling all
My pores with joy ! His mighty, lustrous, jewelled Foot is all
Sweet honey and distilled Ambrosia ! Let us sing it.
O Ammanai ! 174

He soaked my soul in Mercy

5. That Potent One of Southernland and One of Perunthurai
Made my dog-like, uncultured and meanest self crazy !
He did knead my stony heart and ripened it as fruit,
And soaked it in His flood of mercy ! And as Sage, He killed
My sins and ent'ring Tillai city, dwells in Sacred Court !
Let us sing that One Who rides a racing Bull, O Ammanai ! 175

His pranks with us

6. Hast thou heard, O maid, of how that Lord of Southern land
And Perunthurai of painted walls has played His
pranks with us ?
He showed us all those things not shown before and showed Sivam,
And showed His lotus-Feet and showed His honey-like mercy too !
While the worldlings laughed at us, He gave us great Release,
And made us all His loving slaves ! Let's sing that way.
O Ammanai ! 176

7. ஓயாதே உள்குவார் உள்இருக்கும் உள்ளானைச்
சேயானைச் சேவகனைத் தென்னன் பெருந்துறையில்
மேயானை வேதியனை மாதுஇருக்கும் பாதியனை
நாய்ஆன நம்தம்மை ஆட்கொண்ட நாயகனைத்
தாய்ஆன தத்துவனைத் தானே உலகுஏழும்
ஆயானை ஆள்வானைப் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

8. பண்சுமந்த பாடல் பரிசு படைத்தருளும்
பெண்சுமந்த பாகத்தன் பெம்மான் பெருந்துறையான்
விண்சுமந்த கீர்த்தி வியன்மண் டலத்துஈசன்
கண்சுமந்த நெற்றிக் கடவுள் கலிமதுரை
மண்சுமந்து கூலிகொண்டு அக்கோவால் மொத்துண்டு
புண்சுமந்த பொன்மேனி பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

9. துண்டப் பிறையான் மறையான் பெருந்துறையான்
கொண்ட புரிநூலான் கோலமா ஊர்தியான்
கண்டம் கரியான்செம் மேனியான் வெள்நீற்றான்

He dwells in devotees' hearts

7. In the hearts of those who ceaselessly think Him, He dwells.
He is distant. He's a Knight. He is of Southern land,
And of Perunthurai. He is a Saint. His Half's a Dame.
He's the Lord Who made our dog-like selves His own servants.
He, that Mother-like Being True is all the seven-fold world.
He it is Who rules us all. Let's sing of Him, O Ammanai! 177

He carried earth and got caned

8. The prize for song that carries music, He awards in grace.
He's the One Who carries a Spouse in Half of His own Form.
He's the Lord of Perunthurai and Heaven carries His fame.
He's the God of brow that carries eye. He's King of world,
Who carried earth in noisy Madurai, earned His wage and got
Caned by that King on His golden Form which carries wounds!
Let's sing. O Ammanai! 178

His ancient ways of gracing

9. He owns the crescent moon, the Vedas and Perunthurai too.
He wears the three-fold thread and also rides the fair, big Bull.
His throat is black. His Form is red. He wears the ashes white.

அண்டமுதல் ஆயினான் அந்தம்இலா ஆனந்தம்
பண்டைப் பரிசே பழஅடியார்க்கு ஈந்தருளும்
அண்டம் வியப்புறுமா பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

10. விண்ஆளும் தேவர்க்கும் மேல்ஆய வேதியனை
மண்ஆளும் மன்னவர்க்கும் மாண்புஆகி நின்றானை
தண்ஆர் தமிழ்அளிக்கும் தண்பாண்டி நாட்டானைப்
பெண்ஆளும் பாகனைப் பேணு பெருந்துறையில்
கண்ஆர் கழல்காட்டி நாயேனை ஆட்கொண்ட
அண்ணா மலையானைப் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

11. செப்புஆர் முலைபங்கன் தென்னன் பெருந்துறையான்
தப்பாமே தாள்அடைந்தார் நெஞ்சுஉருக்கும் தன்மையினான்
அப்பாண்டி நாட்டைச் சிவலோகம் ஆக்குவித்த
அப்புஆர் சடைஅப்பன் ஆனந்த வார்கழலே
ஒப்புஆக ஒப்புவித்த உள்ளத்தார் உள்இருக்கும்
அப்பாலைக்கு அப்பாலைப் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

He's the source of worlds. He grants the endless rapture great
Unto His ancient saints just like in former days. Let's sing
The way in which the world's amazed at it. O Ammanai! 179

His cooling Pandilnad

10. He's the Sage Who's greater than the gods who rule in heaven!
As the grandest of the kings who rule the earth He stands.
He's of cooling Pandiland which fosters pleasant Tamizh!
He's the Partner of the Maid. He showed His visible Feet
At famous Perunthurai and made my dog-like self His serf!
Let's sing that King Who rules in Annamalai. O Ammanai! 180

He made Pandiland Sivalok

11. The Partner of the Maid of pretty breasts, He owns the South
And Perunthurai. He melts the hearts of those who always reach
His Feet unfailingly. He made Sivalok of Pandiland!
He's the Sire whose plait is water-filled. He lives within
Those who reach His Rapture-Feet as their own sole Refuge!
Let's sing of Him beyond the yonder one of all. O Ammanai! 181

12. மைப்பொலியும் கண்ணிகேள் மால்அயனோடு இந்திரனும்
எப்பிறவி யும்தேட என்னையும்தன் இன்அருளால்
இப்பிறவி ஆட்கொண்டு இனிப்பிறவா மேகாத்து
மெய்ப்பொருட்கண் தோற்றமாய் மெய்யே நிலைபேறுஆய்
எப்பொருட்கும் தானேஆய் யாவைக்கும் வீடுஆகும்
அப்பொருள்ஆம் நம்சிவனைப் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

13. கைஆர் வளைசிலம்பக் காதுஆர் குழைஆட
மைஆர் குழல்புரளத் தேன்பாய வண்டுஒலிப்பச்
செய்யானை வெள்நீறு அணிந்தானைச் சேர்ந்துஅறியாக்
கையானை எங்கும் செறிந்தானை அன்பர்க்கு
மெய்யானை அல்லாதார்க்கு அல்லாத வேதியனை
ஐயாறு அமர்ந்தானைப் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

14. ஆனைஆய்க் கீடம்ஆய் மானிடர்ஆய்த் தேவர்ஆய்
ஏனைப் பிறவுஆய்ப் பிறந்துஇறந்து எய்த்தேனை
ஊனையும் நின்றுஉருக்கி என்வினையை ஓட்டுகந்து

He is the self of all

12. Listen, O maid of painted eyes. While Mal, Ayan and Indra
Searched for Him in ev'ry birth, in this one birth alone
He made me too His own in grace and barred my future births.
He's manifest in things real and Truth's His eternal home.
He's the Self of everything and all the things' Release.
Let's sing that Essence True Who is our Sivan. O Ammanai ! 182

His palms never meet to salute!

13. With tinkling bangles on the wrists and dangling earrings on,
With floating, dark-hued honied tresses rife with humming bees,
Him the Lord of ruddy Form and white ashes, Whose palms
Do not clasp to pray and Him Who fills up every place,
Him Who's true to His loving ones and Him Who's nought
to the rest,
And that sage Who dwells in Ayyaru, let's sing. O Ammanai ! 183

His Indoctrination of me

14. As the elephant and as worm, as the human and divine,
And in all births was I born and dead and wearied thus !
He reached my fleshy frame melting and drove my sins with joy !

தேனையும் பாலையும் கன்னலையும் ஒத்துஇனிய
கோன்அவன்போல் வந்துஎன்னைத் தன்தொழும்பில்
கொண்டருளும்
வானவன் பூம்கழலே பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

15. சந்திரனைத் தேய்த்தருளித் தக்கன்தன் வேள்வியினில்
இந்திரனைத் தோள்நெரித்திட்டு எச்சன் தலைஅரிந்து
அந்தரமே செல்லும் அலர்கதிரோன் பல்தகர்த்துச்
சிந்தித் திசைதிசையே தேவர்களை ஓட்டுகந்த
செம்தார்ப் பொழில்புடைசூழ் தென்னன் பெருந்துறையான்
மந்தார மாலையே பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

16. ஊன்ஆய் உயிர்ஆய் உணர்வுஆய்என் உட்கலந்து
தேன்ஆய் அமுதமும்ஆய்த் தீம்கரும்பின் கட்டியும்ஆய்
வானோர் அறியா வழிஎமக்குத் தந்தருளும்
தேன்ஆர் மலர்க்கொன்றைச் சேவகனார் சீர்ஒளிசேர்
ஆனா அறிவுஆய் அளவுஇறந்த பல்உயிர்க்கும்
கோன்ஆகி நின்றவா கூறுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

He came like honey, the milk and cane-juice and the sweetest King
And did place me within the fold of His own saints in grace!
Let's sing the beauteous Feet of such an Heavenly One.
O Ammanai! 184

His punishment of petty gods

15. He did crush the Moon in grace in Dhakshan's Sacrifice.
He broke the shoulders of Indra and sundered Echchan's head.
He broke and scattered off the teeth of sailing Sun above.
He drove away pall mall the gods of heaven on everyside,
And was pleased—that Pandian and Lord of Perunthurai
Girt with groves! Let's sing His Mandara garlands.
O Ammanai! 185

He graced me with a rare way

16. He did mingle as my flesh, my soul and heart in me,
And was Honey, Ambrosia and the Candy of sweet cane.
He showed us ways in grace unknown to heavenly ones themselves.
He's the Warrior wearing Cassia flow'rs of sweet nectar.
Let's sing of how He stood as Wisdom deathless and sacred,
And as One Who is the Lord of all the countless souls.
O Ammanai! 186

17. சூடுவேன் பூம்கொன்றை சூடிச் சிவன்திரள்தோள்
கூடுவேன் கூடி முயங்கி மயங்கிநின்று
ஊடுவேன் செவ்வாய்க்கு உருகுவேன் உள்உருகித்
தேடுவேன் தேடிச் சிவன்கழலே சிந்திப்பேன்
வாடுவேன் பேர்த்தும் மலர்வேன் அனல்ஏந்தி
ஆடுவான் சேவடியே பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

18. கிளிவந்த மென்மொழியாள் கேழ்கிளரும் பாதியனை
வெளிவந்த மால்அயனும் காண்புஅரிய வித்தகனைத்
தெளிவந்த தேறலைச் சீர்ஆர் பெருந்துறையில்
எளிவந்து இருந்துஇரங்கி என்அரிய இன்அருளால்
ஒளிவந்துஎன் உள்ளத்தின் உள்ளே ஒளிதிகழ
அளிவந்த அந்தணனைப் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

19. முன்னானை மூவர்க்கும் முற்றும்ஆய் முற்றுக்கும்
பின்னானைப் பிஞ்ஞகனைப் பேணு பெருந்துறையில்
மன்னானை வானவனை மாதுஇயலும் பாதியனைத்

I crave for his embrace !

17. I would wear His beauteous Cassia ; wearing it, that Sivan's
Muscular shoulders I'd embrace and thus embracing them,
I would stand locked up in Him and lost in ecstasy.
I would feign to shrink and pant for His red lips and seek
Him with melting heart and seeking, think Siva's Feet 'lone.
I'd faint, then smile. Let's sing the Feet of Dancer holding fire.
O Ammanai ! 187

He is double-distilled Honey

18. Partner Bright of Dame whose words are parrot-like and soft.
The Wisest One Whom Mal and Ayan did search for but couldn't know.
Double-distilled Honey is He in glorious Perunthurai.
He came with ease and stayed with mercy. With sweet grace rare for thought,
He came as Light and stayed as shining Light within my heart.
Let's sing that Gracious Sage of tenderness. O Ammanai ! 188

He is the essence of all

19. He's the First of all the Three and He is all things too,
And their End. The Pingnakan. King of Perunthurai.
He's of Heaven. He's the Partner of the Dame. He is

தென்ஆனைக் காவானைத் தென்பாண்டி நாட்டானை
என்னானை என்அப்பன் என்பார்கட்கு இன்அமுதை
அன்னானை அம்மானைப் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

20. பெற்றி பிறர்க்குஅரிய பெம்மான் பெருந்துறையான்
கொற்றக் குதிரையின்மேல் வந்தருளித் தன்அடியார்
குற்றங்கள் நீக்கிக் குணம்கொண்டு கோதாட்டிச்
சுற்றிய சுற்றத் தொடர்வுஅறுப்பான் தொல்புகழே
பற்றிஇப் பாசத்தைப் பற்றுஅறநாம் பற்றுவான்
பற்றியபேர் ஆனந்தம் பாடுதும்காண் அம்மானாய்.

Of the Southern Anaikka and Pandiland in south.
To those who cry " my love ", " my Sire ", He's like sweet nectar.
Let us all well sing of that Father. O Ammanai ! 189

Let's cling to him to be rid of all other clinging

20. Lord of Perunthurai Whose nature strangers cannot know.
A Victory Horse He rode in grace and rid His saints of sins.
He their virtues acknowledged and fondled them. Let us
Cling to the ancient praise of Him Who cuts off clinging bonds.
To Him we cling so that we may be rid of all these bonds.
Let's sing that Rapture Great to which we cling ! O Ammanai ! 190

9. திருப் பொற்சுண்ணம்

ஆனந்த மனோலயம்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடிலடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. முத்துநல் தாமம்பூ மாலைதூக்கி
முளைக்குடம் தூபம்நல் தீபம்வைம்மின்
சத்தியும் சோமியும் பார்மகளும்
நாமக ளோடுபல் ஆண்டுஇசைமின்
சித்தியும் கௌரியும் பார்ப்பதியும்
கங்கையும் வந்து கவரிகொண்மின்
அத்தன்ஐ யாறன்அம் மானைப்பாடி
ஆடப்பொற் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

IX. TIRU PORCHUNNAM

OR

THE SACRED GOLD DUST

Appeal to Saktis

1. Suspend wreaths of pearls and flower garlands.
Place the sprout- pots, incence and the lamps.
O Ye Sakthi, Somi, Maid of Earth,
Sing the songs of hail with Saraswathi !
O Ye Sithi, Gouri, Parpathi,
And Gangai, come and wave the fan of fir !
Praise the Sire, the King of Ayyaru !
To bathe Him let's pound perfumed dust of gold !

2. பூஇயல் வார்சடை எம்பிராற்குப்
    பொன்திருச் சுண்ணம் இடிக்கவேண்டும்
மாவின் வடுவகிர் அன்னகண்ணீர்
    வம்மின்கள் வந்துடன் பாடுமின்கள்
கூவுமின் தொண்டர் புறம்நிலாமே
    குனிமின் தொழுமின்எம் கோன்எம்கூத்தன்
தேவியும் தானும்வந்து எம்மைஆளச்
    செம்பொன்செய் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

3. சுந்தர நீறுஅணிந் தும்மெழுகித்
    தூயபொன் சிந்தி நிதிபரப்பி
இந்திரன் கற்பகம் நாட்டிஎங்கும்
    எழிற்சுடர் வைத்துக் கொடிஎடுமின்
அந்தரர் கோன்அயன் தன்பெருமான்
    ஆழியான் நாதன்நல் வேலன்தாதை
எந்தரம் ஆள்உமை யாள்கொழுநற்கு
    ஏய்ந்தபொற் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

Let all saints join us

2. For our Lord of flower-worn matted lock,
    Pound we must the perfumed dust of gold.
Ye maids of eyes like sundered young mangos,
    Come and coming, sing in chorus all.
Call in all and let no saints stand out.
    Bow and worship. He's our Dancer-King.
While He with His Spouse should make us His,
    Let us pound the perfumed dust of gold ! 192

Plant the Karpaga bough

3. Put on the pretty ashes and wash and cleanse the place.
    Sprinkle pure gold dust and spread out gems.
Plant the bough of Indra's Karpaga everywhere.
    Place the beautiful lamps and banners hold aloft.
For the King of Heaven and Ayyaru,
    And of Mal and Father of good Velan,
For the Spouse of Umai, Who made the like of us His own,
    Let us pound the fitting dust of gold ! 193

4. காசு அணிமின்கள் உலக்கைஎல்லாம்
காம்பு அணிமின்கள் கறைஉரலை
நேசம் உடைய அடியவர்கள்
நின்று நிலாவுக என்றுவாழ்த்தித்
தேசம்எல் லாம்புகழ்ந்து ஆடும்கச்சித்
திருஏகம் பன்செம்பொற் கோயில்பாடிப்
பாச வினையைப் பறித்துநின்று
பாடிப்பொற் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

5. அறுகுஎடுப் பார்அய னும்அரியும்
அன்றிமற்று இந்திர னோடுஅமரர்
நறுமுறு தேவர் கணங்கள்எல்லாம்
நம்மின்பின்பு அல்லது எடுக்கஒட்டோம் !
செறிவுஉடை மும்மதில் எய்தவில்லி
திருஏகம் பன்செம்பொற் கோயில்பாடி
முறுவல்செவ் வாயினீர் முக்கண்அப்பற்கு
ஆடப் பொற்சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

Adorn the pestles and mortar

4. Adorn the pestles with wreaths of gold and gems.
Adorn the mortar strong with fine silk cloth.
Let us hail the saints of purest love,
And let's pray that they may live for long.
Let us sing Ekambam's golden shrine
At the Kachi praised by all the lands.
Let us stand and root out bonds of "deeds",
And let's pound the perfumed dust of gold ! 194

Let the petty gods follow us

5. Both the Ayan and Hari do raise pot-lamps.
But we suffer not Indra and other gods
And the motley crew of heavenly ones
To lift and carry save behind us all.
Let us sing of Ekambam's old shrine
Of the Bowman who shot three big forts.
Ye maids of smiling ruddy lips, to bathe
Our Three-eyed Sire, let's pound the dust of gold ! 195

6. உலக்கை பலஒச்சு வார்பெரியர்
 உலகம் எலாம்உரல் போதாதுஎன்றே
கலக்க அடியவர் வந்துநின்றார்
 காண உலகங்கள் போதாதுஎன்றே
நலக்க அடியோமை ஆண்டுகொண்டு
 நாள்மலர்ப் பாதங்கள் சூடத்தந்த
மலைக்கு மருகனைப் பாடிப்பாடி
 மகிழ்ந்து பொற்சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே!

7. சூடகம் தோள்வளை ஆர்ப்பஆர்ப்பத்
 தொண்டர் குழாம்எழுந்து ஆர்ப்பஆர்ப்ப
நாடவர் நம்தம்மை ஆர்ப்பஆர்ப்ப
 நாமும் அவர்தம்மை ஆர்ப்பஆர்ப்பப்
பாடகம் மெல்அடி ஆர்க்கும்மங்கை
 பங்கினன் எங்கள் பராபரனுக்கு
ஆடக மாமலை அன்னகோவுக்கு
 ஆடப் பொற்சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே!

All the world is not enough as mortar

6. Saying, "all the world is not enough
 Of mortar", many a pestle the great ones lift.
Saying, "all the worlds are not enough
 To see," all saints did come and mingling, stood.
For our good, He made us all His thrall
 And He gave us His flower-Feet to wear.
Let us sing that Mountain's Son in law,
 And sing in joy and pound the perfumed dust ! 196

The worldlings and we laugh at each other

7. May the bangles and the armlets tinkle.
 May the band of saints raise up their voice.
May the mocking worldlings jeer at us.
 May we also mocking, jeer at them !
He's the Partner of the Maid Whose soft
 Feet have jingling jewels. He's the great
Lord Supreme and King like Mount of Gold.
 To bathe Him let's pound perfumed dust of gold ! 197

8. வாள்தடம் கண்மட மங்கைநல்லீர்
வரிவளை ஆர்ப்பவண் கொங்கைபொங்கத்
தோள்திரு முண்டம் துதைந்துஇலங்கச்
சோத்தம் பிரான்என்று சொல்லிச்சொல்லி
நாள்கொண்ட நாள்மலர்ப் பாதம்காட்டி
நாயிற் கடைப்பட்ட நம்மைஇம்மை
ஆட்கொண்ட வண்ணங்கள் பாடிப்பாடி
ஆடப் பொற்சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

9. வையகம் எல்லாம் உரல்அதுஆக
மாமேரு என்னும் உலக்கைநாட்டி
மெய்எனும் மஞ்சள் நிறையஅட்டி
மேதகு தென்னன் பெருந்துறையான்
செய்ய திருவடி பாடிப்பாடிச்
செம்பொன் உலக்கை வலக்கைபற்றி
ஐயன் அணிதில்லை வாணனுக்கே
ஆடப் பொற்சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

Appeal to all maidens

8. Ye, bright and broad-eyed simple maidens good.
With tinkling bangles and with heaving breasts,
With the brow and shoulders bright with ash,
Let's speak and speak " O hail Thee, our own King" !
Let's sing and sing the ways in which He showed
His Feet which dimmed the beauty of fresh flowers,
And made us worse than dogs, His slaves within this birth.
To bathe Him, let's pound perfumed dust of gold ! 198

World-mortar and Meru-pestle

9. With all the wide world as the mortar great,
Plant the mighty Meru as the pestle,
And pour in plenty the saffron of the truth.
Let's sing and sing the ruddy, sacred Feet
Of the Pandian high of Perunthurai.
With the right hand holding golden pestle,
To bathe the Sage and beautiful Tillai's Lord,
Let us pound the perfumed dust of gold ! 199

10. முத்துஅணி கொங்கைகள் ஆடஆட
மொய்குழல் வண்டுஇனம் ஆடஆடச்
சித்தம் சிவனொடும் ஆடஆடச்
செம்கயல் கண்பனி ஆடஆடப்
பித்துஎம் பிரானொடும் ஆடஆடப்
பிறவி பிறரொடும் ஆடஆட
அத்தன் கருணையொடு ஆடஆட
ஆடப்பொற் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

11. மாடு நகைவாள் நிலாஎறிப்ப
வாய்திறந்து அம்பவ ளம்துடிப்பப்
பாடுமின் நம்தம்மை ஆண்டஆறும்
பணிகொண்ட வண்ணமும் பாடிப்பாடித்
தேடுமின் எம்பெரு மானைத்தேடிச்
சித்தம் களிப்பத் திகைத்துத்தேறி
ஆடுமின் அம்பலத்து ஆடினுக்கு
ஆடப்பொற் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

Dance and pound

10. While the pearl-worn breasts do heave and swell,
While bees around the lock do play and play,
While the hearts with Siva do dance and dance,
While from fish-like eyes do flow tear-drops,
While " frenzy " with our Lord does play and dance,
While births with others than saints do sway and swing,
While Father with His grace does dance and dance,
To bathe Him let's pound perfumed dust of gold ! 200

Let's dance with rapture

11. With open mouths whose pearl teeth lustre spread,
And whose pretty coral lips do quiver,
Sing the ways in which He made us His ;
And sing and sing how we were made to serve
And seek that Lord of ours ; and seeking Him,
With rapturous heart get puzzled and consoled,
And dance ! To bathe the Dancer in the Court,
Let us pound the perfumed dust of gold ! 201

12. மைஅமர் கண்டனை வானநாடர்
மருந்தினை மாணிக்கக் கூத்தன்தன்னை
ஐயனை ஐயர்பி ரானைநம்மை
அகப்படுத்து ஆட்கொண்டு அருமைகாட்டும்
பொய்யர்தம் பொய்யனை மெய்யர்மெய்யைப்
போதுஅரிக் கண்இணைப் பொன்தொடித்தோள்
பைஅரவு அல்குல் மடந்தைநல்லீர்
பாடிப்பொற் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

13. மின்இடைச் செம்துவர் வாய்க்கரும்கண்
வெள்நகைப் பண்அமர் மென்மொழியீர்
என்னுடை ஆர்அமுது எங்கள்அப்பன்
எம்பெருமான் இமவான் மகட்குத்
தன்னுடைக் கேள்வன் மகன்தகப்பன்
தமையன்எம் ஐயன் தாள்கள்பாடிப்
பொன்னுடைப் பூண்முலை மங்கைநல்லீர்
பொன்திருச் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

He's false to the false and true to the true !

12. He of dark-hued throat is Ambrosia
To angels. He's the bright Ruby-Dancer.
He's the Sire and Lord of Sires. He caught
And made us His and showed His rareness too.
He's false to the false and true to the truthful ones !
Ye, good maids of flower-like pair of eyes,
And of shoulders bearing gold jewels,
Let's sing Him and pound perfumed dust of gold ! 202

Relation between Sivan and Sakti

13. Ye maids of lightning waists and rosy lips,
Of paint-eyes, white teeth and soft, music-words,
My Rare Ambrosia, our own Father and Lord—
He is unto the Daughter of Himavat old,
Husband, Son, and Father and Brother too !
Ye good maids of breasts adorned with gold,
Let's sing the Feet of Him Who is my Sire,
And pound the sacred perfumed dust of gold ! 203

14. சங்கம் அரற்றச் சிலம்புஒலிப்பத்
தாழ்குழல் சூழ்தரும் மாலைஆடச்
செம்கனி வாய்இத ழும்துடிப்பச்
சேயிழை யீர்சிவ லோகம்பாடிக்
கங்கை இரைப்ப அராஇரைக்கும்
கற்றைச் சடைமுடி யான்கழற்கே
பொங்கிய காதலின் கொங்கைபொங்கப்
பொன்திருச் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

15. ஞானக் கரும்பின் தெளிவைப்பாகை
நாடற்குஅரிய நலத்தை நந்தாத்
தேனைப் பழச்சுவை ஆயினானைச்
சித்தம் புகுந்துதித் திக்கவல்ல
கோனைப் பிறப்புஅறுத்து ஆண்டுகொண்ட
கூத்தனை நாத்தழும்பு ஏறவாழ்த்திப்
பானல் தடம்கண் மடந்தைநல்லீர்
பாடிப்பொற் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

With quivering lips, let's pound !

14. With jingling shells and tinkling anklets too,
With flowing garlands round the floating tress,
With quiv'ring lips of mouths like crimson fruits,
Ye jewelled maids, do sing of Sivalokam.
He's of clust'ring braided plait wherein
The snake does hiss while Gangai's waves do roar.
Let's with surging love and heaving breasts
Pound for Him the sacred dust of gold ! 204

He is Undecaying Honey !

15. The Juice and Essence of the Gnosis-Cane !
The Excellence that is too hard for reach !
Honey that decays not; the savour sweet of fruits !
The King Who enters hearts and tastes quite sweet.
The Dancer Who has snapped away the births,
And has made us His. O Ye good maids
Of Kuvalai-eyes. Till tongues get scarred let's praise
And sing Him, pounding perfumed dust of gold ! 205

16. ஆவகை நாமும்வந்து அன்பர்தம்மோடு
ஆட்செயும் வண்ணங்கள் பாடிவிண்மேல்
தேவர் கனவிலும் கண்டுஅறியாச்
செம்மலர்ப் பாதங்கள் காட்டும்செல்வச்
சேவகம் ஏந்திய வெல்கொடியான்
சிவபெரு மான்புரம் செற்றகொற்றச்
சேவகன் நாமங்கள் பாடிப்பாடிச்
செம்பொன்செய் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

17. தேன்அக மாமலர்க் கொன்றைபாடிச்
சிவபுரம் பாடித் திருச்சடைமேல்
வான்அக மாமதிப் பிள்ளைபாடி
மால்விடை பாடி வலக்கைஏந்தும்
ஊன்அக மாமழுச் சூலம்பாடி
உம்பரும் இம்பரும் உய்யஅன்று
போனக மாகநஞ் சுண்டல்பாடிப்
பொன்திருச் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

Let's sing His greatness

16. Let's sing of how we too, to be saved, mixed with
The loving saints and how we serve His Feet !
He would show His rosy flower-like Feet
Unseen by gods in heaven even in dreams !
Wealth of courage and Victory Flag He bears !
Sivaperuman, the victorious Hero,
Who killed the Forts. Let's sing and sing His names,
And pound the yellow golden perfumed dust ! 206

Let's sing His wearings

17. Let's sing the grand and honey-ful Cassia flower.
Let's sing the Sivapuram. And let us sing
The babe of heavenly Moon on sacred braid.
Let's sing the mighty Bull. And let us sing
His arms of Axe and Trident in right hand.
Let's sing how He that day to save the world
And heaven, consumed the poison as His food !
Let's pound the sacred perfumed dust of gold ! 207

18. அயன்தலை கொண்டுசெண்டு ஆடல்பாடி
அருக்கன் எயிறு பறித்தல்பாடிக்
கயம்தனைக் கொன்றுஉரி போர்த்தல்பாடிக்
காலனைக் காலால் உதைத்தல்பாடி
இயைந்தன முப்புரம் எய்தல்பாடி
ஏழை அடியோமை ஆண்டுகொண்ட
நயம்தனைப் பாடிநின்று ஆடிஆடி
நாதற்குச் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

19. வட்ட மலர்க்கொன்றை மாலைபாடி
மத்தமும் பாடி மதியும்பாடிச்
சிட்டர்கள் வாழும்தென் தில்லைபாடிச்
சிற்றம் பலத்துஎங்கள் செல்வம்பாடிக்
கட்டிய மாசுணக் கச்சைபாடிக்
கங்கணம் பாடிக் கவித்தகைம்மேல்
இட்டுநின்று ஆடும் அரவம்பாடி
ஈசற்குச் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

Let's sing His prowess

18. Let's sing of how He nipped and played like ball
Ayan's head and how He broke Sun's teeth.
Let's sing of how He killed and flayed the tusker.
Let's sing of how He kicked with leg, Death-god.
Let's sing of how He shot at triple forts.
Let's sing of how He made our poor selves His.
Let's sing that virtue and let's stand and dance !
For that Lord let's pound the dust of gold ! 208

He is our Wealth in Chittrambalam

19. Let's sing the round-shaped wreaths of Cassia flower.
Let's sing the phrenzy flower and sing the Moon.
Let's sing the Southern Tillai of pure souls.
Let's sing our Wealth in sacred Chittrambalam.
Let's sing the snake-girdle He wears around.
Let's sing His wristlets and let's sing the snake,
Which stands upon His hollow of palm and sports.
For that Isan pound we sacred dust ! 209

20. வேதமும் வேள்வியும் ஆயினார்க்கு
    மெய்ம்மையும் பொய்ம்மையும் ஆயினார்க்குச்
சோதியும் ஆய்இருள் ஆயினார்க்குத்
    துன்பமும் ஆய்இன்பம் ஆயினார்க்குப்
பாதியும் ஆய்முற்றும் ஆயினார்க்குப்
    பந்தமும் ஆய்வீடும் ஆயினார்க்கு
ஆதியும் அந்தமும் ஆயினாருக்கு
    ஆடப்பொன் சுண்ணம் இடித்தும்நாமே !

He is all the Dwandas

20. He's the Vedas and the Sacrifice !
    He's the falsehood as much as the truth !
He's the light as well as darkness dense !
    He's the grief as much as He's the joy !
He's the half and He's the whole as well !
    He's the bond and He is release too !
He's the first as well as He's the last !
    To bathe Him let's pound sacred dust of gold !

10. திருக் கோத்தும்பி

சிவனோடு ஐக்கியம்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

நாலடித்தரவு கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா.

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பூஏறு கோனும் புரந்தரனும் பொற்புஅமைந்த
நாஏறு செல்வியும் நாரணனும் நான்மறையும்
மாஏறு சோதியும் வானவரும் தாம்அறியாச்
சேஏறு சேவடிக்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

2. நான்ஆர் என்உள்ளம்ஆர் ஞானங்கள்ஆர் என்னைஆர் அறிவார்
வானோர் பிரான்என்னை ஆண்டிலனேல் ; மதிமயங்கி
ஊன்ஆர் உடைதலையில் உண்பலிதேர் அம்பலவன்
தேன்ஆர் கமலமே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

X. TIRU KOTHUMBI

OR

THE BUMBLE-BEE !

He is unknown

1. The flower-borne god and Purandaran, the beautiful and the blessed
Tongue-borne Maid and Naranan and all the Vedas four,
The horse-borne Light and heavenly ones know not His Bull-borne Feet
Of rosy hue, which Feet alone do reach and blow !
O bumble-bee ! 211

He made me His

2. What would be myself ? my mind ? and my own gnosis too ?
Who'd know me, had not the Lord of gods made me His own ?
He of Temple Court begs food in a mad one's fleshy skull !
Reach His honey-filled lotus Foot alone and blow !
O bumble-bee ! 212

3. தினைத்தனை உள்ளதுஓர் பூவினில்தேன் உண்ணுதே
நினைத்தொறும் காண்தொறும் பேசும்தொறும் எப்போதும்
அனைத்துஎலும்பு உள்நெக ஆனந்தத் தேன்சொரியும்
குனிப்புஉடை யானுக்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

4. கண்ணப்பன் ஒப்பதுஓர் அன்புஇன்மை கண்டபின்
என்அப்பன் என்ஒப்புஇல் என்னையும்ஆட் கொண்டருளி
வண்ணப் பணித்துஎன்னை வாஎன்ற வான்கருணைச்
சுண்ணப்பொன் நீற்றற்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

5. அத்தேவர் தேவர் அவர்தேவர் என்றுஇங்ஙன்
பொய்த்தேவு பேசிப் புலம்புகின்ற பூதலத்தே
பத்துஏதும் இல்லாதுஎன் பற்றுஅறநான் பற்றிநின்ற
மெய்த்தேவர் தேவற்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

He's Bliss-Honey !

3. Lip not nectar from flowers with drops like millet seeds !
Whenever thought and whenever seen and whenever spoken of,
And always all the bones He melts and pours the rapture-honey !
May'st thou reach that Dancer alone and blow ! O bumble-bee !
213

His condescension

4. Though my Sire has seen a love like Kannappan's rich love
And my poor self 's lack of love, yet He made me too
His in grace and bade me come to Him, with great mercy !
Reach that bright and white Ash-wearer alone and blow !
O bumble-bee ! 214

Worship no false gods

5. " All those gods are gods indeed " and " they alone are gods "—
Thus on earth they speak of spurious gods and rave and rant !
But I, though void of love, to snap off bonds have clung to that
God of truthful gods ! Reach Him alone and blow !
O bumble-bee ! 215

6. வைத்த நிதிபெண்டிர் மக்கள்குலம் கல்விஎன்னும்
பித்த உலகில் பிறப்போடு இறப்புஎன்னும்
சித்த விகாரக் கலக்கம் தெளிவித்த
வித்தகத் தேவற்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

7. சட்டோ நினைக்க மனத்துஅமுதாம் சங்கரனைக்
கெட்டேன் மறப்பேனோ கேடுபடாத் திருவடியை
ஒட்டாத பாவித் தொழும்பரைநாம் உருவுஅறியோம்
சிட்டாய சிட்டற்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

8. ஒன்றுஆய் முளைத்துஎழுந்து எத்தனையோ கவடுவிட்டு
நன்றுஆக வைத்துஎன்னை நாய்சிவிகை ஏற்றுவித்த
என்தாதை தாதைக்கும் எம்அனைக்கும் தம்பெருமான்
குன்றாத செல்வற்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

He cured me of attachments

6. Within this world of delusions like hoarded wealth and women,
Children, lineage and learning has He cleared my mind
Of aberrations and confusions regarding birth and death !
Reach that Lord of Mystic Wisdom alone and blow !
O bumble-bee ! 216

I will never forget Him

7. Sankaran Who springs in hearts like Ambrosia when thought
Even for an instant, how can I a wretch forget ?
We loathe the sight of sinful gangs which loathe His deathless Foot.
Reach that doubly Noble One alone and blow ! O bumble-bee !
217

He honoured me too

8. He stemmed as One and soared and ramified too countlessly !
He's my Sire Who fondled me and placed on palanquin
My dog-like self ! He is the Lord of my own Sire and mother !
Reach that One of Changeless Wealth alone and blow !
O bumble-bee ! 218

9. கரணங்கள் எல்லாம் கடந்துநின்ற கறைமிடற்றன்
சரணங்களே சென்று சார்தலுமே தான்எனக்கு
மரணம் பிறப்புஎன்று இவைஇரண்டின் மயக்குஅறுத்த
கருணைக் கடலுக்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

10. நோய்உற்று மூத்துநான் நுந்துகன்றாய் இங்குஇருந்து
நாய்உற்ற செல்வம் நயந்துஅறியா வண்ணம்எல்லாம்
தாய்உற்று வந்துஎன்னை ஆண்டுகொண்ட தன்கருணைத்
தேய்உற்ற செல்வற்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

11. வல்நெஞ்சக் கள்வன் மனவலியன் என்னாதே
கல்நெஞ்சு உருக்கிக் கருணையினால் ஆண்டுகொண்ட
அன்னம் திளைக்கும் அணிதில்லை அம்பலவன்
பொன்அம் கழலுக்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

He drove my illusions

9. I did reach and bide at His Feet alone as my refuge.
He of black-hued throat Who transcends all the mental powers
Rid me of illusions all regarding birth and death !
Reach that Mercy-Sea alone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 219

He is Mother-like

10. By illness scourged and aging, I a weanling calf was here !
And lest I should with lust enjoy the canine pleasures all,
He came like mother and made me His own serf with mercy great !
Reach that lustrous Lord alone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 220

He scorned me not !

11. Scorning not as 'cheat of hard heart and of brutal mind',
Melted He my stony heart and made me His with grace !
He of Court in beauteous Tillai full of sporting swans.
Reach His fair gold Feet alone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 221

12. நாயேனைத் தன்அடிகள் பாடுவித்த நாயகனைப்
பேயேனது உள்ளப் பிழைபொறுக்கும் பெருமையனைச்
சீஏதும் இல்லாதுஎன் செய்பணிகள் கொண்டருளும்
தாய்ஆன ஈசற்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

13. நான்தனக்கு அன்புஇன்மை நானும்தா னும்அறிவோம்
தான்என்னை ஆட்கொண்டது எல்லாரும் தாம்அறிவார்
ஆன கருணையும் அங்குஉ ற்றே தான்அவனே
கோன்என்னைக் கூடக் குளிர்ந்துஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

14. கருஆய் உலகினுக்கு அப்புறம்ஆய் இப்புறத்தே
மருஆர் மலர்க்குழல் மாதினொடும் வந்தருளி
அருஆய் மறைபயில் அந்தணன்ஆய் ஆண்டுகொண்ட
திருஆன தேவற்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

He pardoned my faults

12. He's the Lord Who made my dog-like self sing of His Feet !
He's the Great Who pardoned all the faults of fiend-like me !
Spurning not at me, my service He accepts in grace !
Reach that Mother-like Isa alone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 222

The secret of my love

13. The fact that I've no love for Him is known to me and Him !
But then the fact that He has made me His is known to all !
He alone is such a mercy. To make Himself reach me,
There do reach that King and blow pleasantly ! bumble-bee ! 223

He came as Guru

14. That Germ of earth Who's far beyond it too did come in grace
With a Dame of lock adorned with fragrant flower, on earth
As Formless One and Vedic Sage and made me His own too !
Reach that sacred God alone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 224

15. நானும் என்சிந்தையும் நாயகனுக்கு எவ்இடத்தோம்
தானும் தன்தையலும் தாழ்சடையோன் ஆண்டிலனேல்?
வானும் திசைகளும் மாகடலும் ஆயபிரான்
தேன்உந்து சேவடிக்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

16. உள்ளப் படாத திருஉருவை உள்ளுதலும்
கள்ளப் படாத களிவந்த வான்கருணை
வெள்ளப் பிரான்எம் பிரான்என்னை வேறேஆட்
கொள்அப் பிரானுக்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

17. பொய்ஆய செல்வத்தே புக்குஅழுந்தி நாள்தோறும்
மெய்யாக் கருதிக் கிடந்தேனை ஆட்கொண்ட
ஐயாஎன் ஆர்உயிரே அம்பலவா என்றுஅவன்தன்
செய்ஆர் மலர்அடிக்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

His mercy saved me

15. How far off from Him should I and my own mind have been
Had that Lord of long braid with His Spouse not made me His ?
That Lord's the heaven, Directions all as well as mighty sea !
Reach His honey-misling Feet 'lone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 225

His thought inebriates me

16. The moment His own sacred Form beyond all thought, I thought,
As Lord of Mighty Mercy Flood of undeceiving joy,
He came ! To cause my Lord to mark me out and make me His,
May'st thou reach that Lord alone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 226

He saved me from false wealth

17. Daily immersed in the fleeting wealth, did I deem it
As wealth eternal and did lie ! But Thou didst make me Thine !
" O Sire, my soul's own Soul and Thou of Ambalam "- Sing thus !
And reach His rosy Feet alone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 227

18. தோலும் துகிலும் குழையும் சுருள்தோடும்
பால்வெள்ளை நீறும் பசுஞ்சாந்தும் பைங்கிளியும்
சூலமும் தொக்க வளையும் உடைத்தொன்மைக்
கோலமே நோக்கிக் குளிர்ந்துஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

19. கள்வன் கடியன் கலதிஇவன் என்னாதே
வள்ளல் வரவர வந்தொழிந்தான் என்மனத்தே
உள்ளத்து உறுதுயர் ஒன்றுஒழியா வண்ணம்எல்லாம்
தெள்ளும் கழலுக்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

20. பூமேல் அயனோடு மாலும் புகல்அரிதுஎன்று
ஏமாறி நிற்க அடியேன் இறுமாக்க
நாய்மேல் தவிசுஇட்டு நன்றாப் பொருட்படுத்த
தீமேனி யானுக்கே சென்றுஊதாய் கோத்தும்பீ !

His Ancient Form

18. The skin and silk ; the pendents of the ear and round ear-rings !
The milk-white ash, and yellow sandal-paste and green parrot !
The trident and the bunch of wristlets : 'tis His Ancient Form !
See this beauty alone and blow pleasantly ! bumble-bee ! 228

He entered even my evil soul

19. He scorned me not as 'thief' and 'cruel one' and as 'vile wretch' !
That Bounteous Lord did come and step by step dissolved in me,
And winnowed off my mental griefs completely, leaving none !
Reach His jewelled Feet alone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 229

I am proud of being His

20. While Ayan on flower and Mal despaired of ever approaching Him
And stood chagrined, He made me proud by placing dog-like me
Upon a lofty seat and treated me as worthy one !
Reach that Lord of Fire-Form 'lone and blow ! O bumble-bee ! 230

11. திருத் தெள்ளேணம்

சிவனோடு அடைவு

தில்லையில் அருளியது

நாலடித்தரவு கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. திருமாலும் பன்றியாய்ச் சென்றுஉணராத் திருவடியை
உருநாம் அறியஓர் அந்தணன்ஆய் ஆண்டுகொண்டான்
ஒருநாமம் ஓர்உருவம் ஒன்றும்இல்லாற்கு ஆயிரம்
திருநாமம் பாடிநாம் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

2. திருஆர் பெருந்துறை மேயபிரான் என்பிறவிக்
கருவேர் அறுத்தபின் யாவரையும் கண்டதுஇல்லை
அருஆய் உருவமும் ஆயபிரான் அவன்மருவும்
திருவாரூர் பாடிநாம் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

XI. TIRU TELLENAM

OR

A KIND OF MAIDENS' PLAY

Sivan our Guru

1. As sage He came and made us His by showing us the Form
Of that sacred Foot which even Mal as Boar couldn't see !
Not a single name has He nor yet a single Form !
His Thousand Sacred Names let's sing and let's beat Tellenam ! 231

Let's sing Tiruvarur

2. The Lord of sacred Perunthurai did root out all the germs
Of my birth. Since then, I've seen or known none else but Him !
He's the Lord Who Formless is and Who assumes all Forms !
Let's sing His holy shrine of Arur and beat Tellenam ! 232

3. அரிக்கும் பிரமற்கும் அல்லாத தேவர்கட்கும்
தெரிக்கும் படித்துஅன்றி நின்றசிவம் வந்துநம்மை
உருக்கும் பணிகொள்ளும் என்பதுகேட்டு உலகம்எல்லாம்
சிரிக்கும் திறம்பாடித் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

4. அவம்ஆய தேவர் அவகதியில் அழுந்தாமே
பவமாயம் காத்துஎன்னை ஆண்டுகொண்ட பரஞ்சோதி
நவம்ஆய செம்சுடர் நல்குதலும் நாம்ஒழிந்து
சிவம்ஆன வாபாடித் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

5. அருமந்த தேவர் அயன்திருமாற்கு அரியசிவம்
உருவந்து பூதலத்தோர் உகப்புஎய்தக் கொண்டருளிக்
கருவெந்து வீழக் கடைக்கணித்துஎன் உளம்புகந்த
திருவந்த வாபாடித் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

The world laughs at us

3. He's that Sivam Who stood beyond the ken of Hari and Ayan,
And all the rest of gods ! Such Lord did come and melt our hearts
And took our service too ! When all the world heard it, it laughed !
Let us sing of ways like these and let's beat Tellenam ! 233

We've become Sivam

4. From sinking deep within the worthless fates of all vain gods,
And from births delusive did He save and made us His !
When that Supreme Jyoti spread its fresh red sheen, our selves
We lost and became Sivam ! Let's sing this and beat Tellenam !
234

He entered my soul

5. That Sivam Whom precious gods and Ayan and Mal know not
Came in Form and made us His in grace to the world's delight !
He burnt the germs of birth by His side-glance and entered me !
Let us sing how that bliss came and let's beat Tellenam ! 235

6. அரைஆடும் நாகம் அசைத்தபிரான் அவனியின்மேல்
வரைஆடும் மங்கைதன் பங்கொடும்வந்து ஆண்டதிறம்
உரைஆடஉள் ஒளிஆடஒள் மாமலர்க் கண்களில்நீர்த்
திரைஆடு மாபாடித் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

7. ஆவா அரிஅயன் இந்திரன்வானோர்க்கு அரியசிவன்
வாவாஎன்று என்னையும் பூதலத்தேவலித்து
ஆண்டுகொண்டான்
பூஆர் அடிச்சுவடு என்தலைமேல் பொறித்தலுமே
தேஆன வாபாடித் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

8. கறங்குஓலை போல்வதுஓர் காயப்பிறப்போடு இறப்புஎன்னும்
அறம்பாவம் என்றுஇரண்டு அச்சம்தவிர்த்து
என்னை ஆண்டுகொண்டான்
மறந்தேயும் தன்கழல்நான் மறவாவண்ணம் நல்கியஅத்
திறம்பாடல் பாடிநாம் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

He came on earth

6. He's the Lord Who wears the sportful snake around His waist !
He came on earth with His own 'Maid of Mount' and made
us His !
While speaking this, the inward light's aglow and flower-like eyes
Brim with tears ! Let's sing this way and let's beat Tellenam ! 236

I've become God

7. Aha ! that Sivan unknown to Mal, Ayan, Indra and gods,
On earth did say " come, come " and dragged and made me too
His own !
The moment marks of His flower-Feet were impressed on my head
I became divine ! Let's sing this and beat Tellenam ! 237

He made me not to forget Him

8. He made me His by driving off my dread of rights and wrongs,
And of births and deaths of frames rotating like weather-cock !
He graced that I forget not His Foot e'en by forgetfulness !
Let's sing the songs of such graces and let's beat Tellenam ! 238

9. கல்நார் உரித்துஎன்ன என்னையும்தன் கருணையினால்
பொன்ஆர் கழல்பணித்து ஆண்டபிரான் புகழ்பாடி
மின்நேர் நுடங்குஇடைச் செம்துவர்வாய் வெள்நகையீர்
தென்னாதென் னாவென்று தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

10. கனவேயும் தேவர்கள் காண்பு அரிய கனைகழலோன்
புனவேய் அனவளைத் தோளியொடும் புகுந்தருளி
நனவே எனைப்பிடித்துஆட் கொண்டவா நயந்துநெஞ்சம்
சினவேல்கண் நீர்மல்கத் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

11. கயல்மாண்ட கண்ணிதன் பங்கன்எனைக் கலந்தாண்டலுமே
அயல்மாண்டு அருவினைச் சுற்றமும்மாண்டு அவனியின்மேல்
மயல்மாண்டு மற்றுள்ள வாசகம்மாண்டு என்னுடைய
செயல்மாண்ட வாபாடித் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

He pealed a stone

9. He's the Lord Who made me serve His golden Feet and made
Me too His in grace as though a hard stone He would peal !
Ye, maids of lightning waists and red lips and white teeth,
let's sing
Of Him as " Tenna and O, Tenna " and beat Tellenam ! 239

He graced me, while awake !

10. His jewelled Feet the gods too in their dreams even can't see !
With Her of jewelled bamboo-shoulders He entered in grace,
And caught me while awake and made me His ! With loving hearts,
And sharp and tearful eyes for such ways, let's beat Tellenam ! 240

All my bondage died

11. With a sharp-eyed Spouse He mixed in me and made me His !
My environment died at once ! My bunch of hard sins died !
On earth illusions died and died the rest of words ! Died too
My acts of will ! Let's sing these ways and let's beat Tellenam !
241

20

12. முத்திக்கு உழன்று முனிவர்குழாம் நனிவாட
அத்திக்கு அருளி அடியேனை ஆண்டுகொண்டு
பத்திக் கடலுள் பதித்த பரஞ்சோதி
தித்திக்கு மாபாடித் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ!

13. பார்பாடும் பாதாளர்பா டும்விண்ணோர் தம்பாடும்
ஆர்பாடும் சாரா வகைஅருளி ஆண்டுகொண்ட
நேர்பாடல் பாடி நினைப்புஅரிய தனிப்பெரியோன்
சீர்பாடல் பாடிநாம் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ!

14. மாலே பிரமனே மற்றுஒழிந்த தேவர்களே
நூலே நுழைவுஅரியான் நுண்ணியன்ஆய் வந்துஅடியேன்
பாலே புகுந்து பரிந்துஉருக்கும் பாவகத்தால்
சேலேர்கண் நீர்மல்கத் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ!

He dipped me in love-sea!

12. While bands of sages roam about and languish for Release,
He graced an elephant and did make myself His own servant!
He dipped and soaked me in the sea of love! Let us sing how
That Light Superne did taste delicious and beat Tellenam! 242

Let's sing His glory

13. He graced me in such unique way and made me His that I
Reach not earth or hell or heaven nor reach any other place!
Hard to think is He of unique greatness! Let's sing songs
Of His justice and glory and let's beat Tellenam! 243

Inaccessible is He to all knowledge

14. Mal or Brahmman or the rest of gods or sacred lore
His secrets cannot penetrate! In such a subtle Form
He did come and ent'ring me in pity, melted me!
With tearful eyes in thought of this, let us beat Tellenam! 244

15. உருகிப் பெருகி உளம்குளிர முகந்துகொண்டு
பருகற்கு இனிய பரம்கருணைத் தடம்கடலை
மருவித் திகழ்தென்னன் வார்கழலே நினைந்துஅடியோம்
திருவைப் பரவிநாம் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

16. புத்தன் புரந்தராதியர் அயன்மால் போற்றிசெயும்
பித்தன் பெருந்துறை மேயபிரான் பிறப்புஅறுத்த
அத்தன் அணிதில்லை அம்பலவன் அருட்கழல்கள்
சித்தம் புகுந்தவா தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

17. உவலைச் சமயங்கள் ஒவ்வாத சாத்திரமாம்
சவலைக் கடல்உளன்ஆய்க் கிடந்து தடுமாறும்
கவலைக் கெடுத்துக் கழல்இணைகள் தந்தருளும்
செயலைப் பரவிநாம் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

He is a Sea of Mercy

15. 'Tis sweet to draw from that Wide Sea of great Mercy and then
To drink with melting heart, with swelling frame and joyous heart!
Reaching that, let's think only of Tennan's bright, long Feet!
Let us, His slaves, sing our luck and let's beat Tellenam ! 245

He is a crazy Lord

16. That Novel One and Mad One too Whom Indra, Mal and Ayan
Do worship ! He is the Lord of Perunthurai and Sire
Who killed our births ! He is of Tillai's Sacred Court. Let's sing
How His grace-Feet entered hearts and let's beat Tellenam ! 246

He gave His anklet-Feet

17. Bewildered was I lying amidst the great distressful sea
Of worn-out creeds and inconsistent lore of clashing sects !
But He drove my woes and gave His pair of Feet in grace !
Let us praise this act of His and let's beat Tellenam ! 247

18. வான்கெட்டு மாருதம்மாய்ந்து அழல்நீர் மண்கெடினும்
தான்கெட்டல் இன்றிச் சலிப்புஅறியாத் தன்மையனுக்கு
ஊன்கெட்டு உயிர்கெட்டு உணர்வுகெட்டுஎன்
உள்ளமும்போய்
நான்கெட்ட வாபாடித் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

19. விண்ணோர் முழுமுதல் பாதாளத் தார்வித்து
மண்ணோர் மருந்துஅயன் மால்உடைய வைப்புஅடியோம்
கண்ஆர வந்துநின்றான் கருணைக் கழல்பாடித்
தென்னாதென் னாவென்று தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

20. குலம்பாடிக் கொக்குஇற கும்பாடிக் கோல்வளையாள்
நலம்பாடி நஞ்சுஉண்ட வாபாடி நாள்தோறும்
அலம்புஆர் புனல்தில்லை அம்பலத்தே ஆடுகின்ற
சிலம்புஆடல் பாடிநாம் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ !

My 'I' too died !

18. Though ether, wind and fire and water and the earth should die,
His nature is He knows no weariness ; nor does He die !
But died my flesh, my life, my sense and mind in thought of Him !
And died 'I' too ! Let's sing these ways and let's beat Tellenam !
248

He was visible to our eyes

19. The Prime Source of the heavenly ones ! The Seed of those below !
Earth's Ambrosia and the Precious Treasure of Mal and Ayan !
He came and stood and filled our sight ! Let's sing His Mercy-Feet !
And crying "Tenna" and "O Tenna", let's beat Tellenam ! 249

Let us sing His dance

20. Let's sing His stock ! Let's sing His crane's quill too ! And let us sing
The virtues of the Maid of conch-bangles ! Let's sing of how
He ate the poison—that Dancer in Court of water-logged Tillai !
Let's sing the play of His anklets and let's beat Tellenam ! 250

12. திருச் சாழல்

சிவனுடைய காருண்யம்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

நாலடித்தரவு கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பூசுவதும் வெள்நீறு பூண்பதுவும் பொங்குஅரவம்
பேசுவதும் திருவாயால் மறைபோலும் காண்,ஏடி ?—
பூசுவதும் பேசுவதும் பூண்பதுவும் கொண்டுஎன்னை ?
ஈசன்அவன் எவ்உயிர்க்கும் இயல்புஆனான் சாழலோ !

2. என்அப்பன் எம்பிரான் எல்லார்க்கும் தான்ஈசன்
துன்னம்பெய் கோவணமாக் கொள்ளும்அது என்,ஏடி ?—
மன்னுகலை துன்னுபொருள் மறைநான்கே வான்சரடாத்
தன்னையே கோவணமாச் சாத்தினன்காண் சாழலோ !

XII. TIRU CHAZHAL

OR

A DIALOGUE PLAY OF DAMSELS.

He is essence of all lives

1. What He smears is white ashes and what He wears is hissing snake !
Perhaps what He speaks with sacred mouth is Veda ! See my dear ?
What if He takes to smearing on and speaking and to wearing too ?
He is Isa Who is every life's own essence. Sazhalo ! 251

Meaning of His Sash etc.

2. My Father and my Lord also. He is the Overlord of all !
Yet, why should He wear a patched-up cloth for Kovanam,
my dear ?
He wears for sash the Vedas four and wears the essence of
Eternal lore itself as His own Kovanam. See Sazhalo ! 252

3. கோயில் சுடுகாடு கொல்புலித்தோல் நல்ஆடை
தாயும்இலி தந்தைஇலி தான்தனியன் காண்,ஏடி ?—
தாயும்இலி தந்தைஇலி தான்தனியன் ஆயிடினும்
காயில் உலகுஅனைத்தும் கல்பொடிகாண் சாழலோ !

4. அயனை அனங்கனை அந்தகனைச் சந்திரனை
வயனங்கள் மாயா வடுச்செய்தான் காண்,ஏடி ?—
நயனங்கள் மூன்றுஉடைய நாயகனே தண்டித்தால்
சயம்அன்றோ வானவர்க்குத் தாழ்குழலாய் சாழலோ !

5. தக்கனையும் எச்சனையும் தலைஅறுத்துத் தேவர்கணம்
தொக்கெனவந்து அவர்தம்மைத் தொலைத்ததுதான் என்,ஏடி ?—
தொக்கெனவந்து அவர்தம்மைத் தொலைத்தருளி அருள்கொடுத்துஅங்கு
எச்சனுக்கு மிகைத்தலைமற்று அருளினன்காண் சாழலோ !

His power

3. His own shrine is burning-ghat and His good wear is tiger's skin.
He is sans a mother or father. He is lonely. See my dear ?
Though He's sans a mother or father, and is Himself all alone,
All worlds will be pulverised if He be wrath. See Sazhalo ! 253

His punishment a grace !

4. On Ayan, the formless one, the god of Death, and moon did He inflict
In diverse ways such wounds whose scars would never die. Behold my dear ?
Should the Master Great of three-fold eye Himself so punish them all,
Is that not for gods an honour, thou of long lock ? Sazhalo ! 254

Dakshan's Sacrifice

5. He had chopped off heads of Dakshan and of Echchan and He had
Driven away the gang of gods that flocked thither. Why this, my dear ?
Though He drove the gang that flocked, on them He grace bestowed and He
Gave in grace to Echchan too the head of mean goat, Sazhalo ! 255

6. அலரவனும் மாலவனும் அறியாமே அழல்உருஆய்
நிலம்முதல்கீழ் அண்டம்உற நின்றதுதான் என், ஏடி ?—
நிலம்முதல்கீழ் அண்டம்உற நின்றிலனேல் இருவரும்தம்
சலமுகத்தால் ஆங்காரம் தவிரார்காண் சாழலோ !

7. மலைமகளை ஒருபாகம் வைத்தலுமே மற்றுஒருத்தி
சலமுகத்தால் அவன்சடையில் பாயும்அது என்,ஏடி ?—
சலமுகத்தால் அவன்சடையில் பாய்ந்திலளேல் தரணிஎல்லாம்
பிலமுகத்தே புகப்பாய்ந்து பெரும்கேடுஆம் சாழலோ !

8. கோலாலம் ஆகிக் குரைகடல்வாய் அன்றுஎழுந்த
ஆலாலம் உண்டான் அவன்சதுர்தான் என்,ஏடி ?—
ஆலாலம் உண்டிலனேல் அன்றுஅயன்மால் உள்ளிட்ட
மேல்ஆய தேவர்எல்லாம் வீடுவர்காண் சாழலோ !

Arunachalam

6. From the deepest world below He stood as Flame and soared above
So that the One on flower and Mal could not know Him. Why this, my dear ?
Had not He stood expanding from deepest world to the sky that day,
Both of them wouldn't have been rid of arrogance. See Sazhalo ! 256

Why He wears the Gangai

7. Hardly had the Mountain's Daughter been well placed in Half His Form,
When another Maid of Flood upon His braid flows. Why, my dear ?
Had not that Maid of Flood flowed upon His braided lock, all worlds
Would have been washed into the lowest ruinous regions. Sazhalo ! 257

Why He ate the poison

8. From within the noisy ocean sprang with deafening roar that day
The poison rare which He swallowed. What is His skill or feat, my dear ?
Had He not that day the poison swallowed, all the heavenly gods
Including the Ayan and Mal would have perished. See Sazbalo ! 258

9. தென்பால் உகந்துஆடும் தில்லைச்சிற் றம்பலவன்
பெண்பால் உகந்தான் பெரும்பித்தன் காண்,ஏடி ?—
பெண்பால் உகந்திலனேல் பேதாய் இருநிலத்தோர்
விண்பால் யோகுஎய்தி வீடுவர்காண் சாழலோ !

10. தான்அந்தம் இல்லான் தனைஅடைந்த நாயேனை
ஆனந்த வெள்ளத்து அழுத்துவித்தான் காண்,ஏடி ?—
ஆனந்த வெள்ளத்து அழுத்துவித்த திருவடிகள்
வான்உந்து தேவர்கட்குஓர் வான்பொருள்காண் சாழலோ !

11. நங்காய்இது என்னதவம் ? நரம்போடு எலும்புஅணிந்து
கங்காளம் தோள்மேலே காதலித்தான் காண்,ஏடி ?—
கங்காளம் ஆமாகேள் காலஅந்தரத்து இருவர்
தம்காலம் செய்யத் தரித்தனன்காண் சாழலோ !

Why He loves Sakti

9. The Lord Who performs rapture-dance in Southern Tillai's Sacred Court
Is a Maniac Mighty in a Dame delighting. See my dear ?
Had He not delighted in a Dame, O moonling, all men of
The wide world would penance perform in heaven and die.
See Sazhalo ! 259

He soaked me in Rapture-Flood

10. He Who Himself has no end did cause to be dipped and soaked within
The Rapture-flood the dog-like me too who had reached Him.
See my dear ?
The sacred pair of Feet that caused the soaking in the Rapture-flood
Are a lofty Treasure and Wealth to heavenly gods. See Sazhalo !
260

Why He wears skeleton wreaths

11. Young dame, what holy penance is this ? Adorned with bones and sinews, He
Is delighted with the skeleton-wreaths on shoulders. See my dear ?
Hear the way the skeletons came. When at the end of each aeon
The pair had died, He wore their skeletons as His wreaths.
See Sazhalo ! 261

12. கான்ஆர் புலித்தோல் உடைதலைஊண் காடுபதி
ஆனால் அவனுக்குஇங்கு ஆட்படுவார் ஆர்,ஏடி ?—
ஆனாலும் கேளாய் அயனும் திருமாலும்
வான்நாடர் கோவும் வழிஅடியார் சாழலோ !

13. மலைஅரையன் பொற்பாவை வாள்நுதலாள் பெண்திருவை
உலகுஅறியத் தீவேட்டான் என்னும்அது என்,ஏடி ?—
உலகுஅறியத் தீவேளாது ஒழிந்தனனேல் உலகுஅனைத்தும்
கலைநவின்ற பொருள்கள்எல்லாம் கலங்கிடும்காண் சாழலோ !

14. தேன்புக்க தண்பணைசூழ் தில்லைச்சிற் றம்பலவன்
தான்புக்கு நட்டம் பயிலும்அது என்,ஏடி ?—
தான்புக்கு நட்டம் பயின்றிலனேல் தரணிஎல்லாம்
ஊன்புக்க வேல்காளிக்கு ஊட்டுஆம்காண் சாழலோ !

All devas His thralls

12. The forest tiger's skin is His fine wear, the skull His eating-plate.
The burning-ghat is His city. If so, who would serve Him, my dear ?
Even if that's so, hear thou. Both the Ayan and sacred Mal
And the King of heavens too are His lineal servants. Sazhalo ! 262

Why He wedded Umai

13. He did wed the Mount-King's Daughter, the great and bright-browed Beauty Queen
Before the sacred fire with all the world as witness. Why, my dear ?
Had He not wedded before the fire and shown to the world, all world
Would have all essence of arts and lore confused. See Sazhalo ! 263

Why He dances at Tillai

14. The Lord of Sacred Court in Tillai begirt with paddy-fields of honey
Entered there and does perform the mystic Dance. Why this, my dear ?
Had He not thus entered and this Dance performed, all worlds would have
Been good food for Kali with her flesh-stained Trident. Sazhalo ! 264

15. கடகரியும் பரிமாவும் தேரும்உகந்து ஏறாதே
இடபம்உகந்து ஏறியஆறு எனக்குஅறிய இயம்பு,ஏடி ?—
தடமதில்கள் அவைமூன்றும் தழல்எரித்த அந்நாளில்
இடபம் அதுஆய்த் தாங்கினான் திருமால்காண் சாழலோ !

16. நன்றாக நால்வர்க்கு நான்மறையின் உட்பொருளை
அன்றுஆலின் கீழ்இருந்துஅங்கு அறம்உரைத்தான் காண்,ஏடி ?—
அன்றுஆலின் கீழ்இருந்துஅங்கு அறம்உரைத்தான் ஆயிடினும்
கொன்றான்காண் புரம்மூன்றும் கூட்டோடே சாழலோ !

17. அம்பலத்தே கூத்துஆடி அமுதுசெய்யப் பலிதிரியும்
நம்பனையும் தேவன்என்று நண்ணும்அது என்,ஏடி ?—
நம்பனையும் ஆமாகேள் நான்மறைகள் தாம்அறியா
எம்பெருமான் ஈசாஎன்று ஏத்தினகாண் சாழலோ !

Why He rides a Bull

15. He's not pleased to mount a tusker or a horse or chariot.
But pleased is He to ride a Bull. May I its reason know, my dear?
On that day when He had burnt the broad and triple forts with fire,
The sacred Mal did carry Him as mighty Bull. See Sazhalo! 265

He is a Guru and an Avenger!

16. The mystic meaning of the Vedas four and virtues He explained
Well beneath the banyan tree to the Four that day. Behold my dear?
Though that day He explained virtues from beneath the banyan tree,
Yet He all the three destroyed, root and branch. See Sazhalo! 266

He is a Master-Mendicant

17. Dances He in Sacred Court but roams abegging for His food.
How could such a mendicant be approached as a God, my dear?
This is how this Namban too is deemed as God. The Vedas four
Know Him not but praise Him "Isa, O our Lord." See Sazhalo!
267

18. சலம்உடைய சலந்தரன்தன் உடல்தடிந்த நல்ஆழி
நலம்உடைய நாரணற்குஅன்று அருளியஆறு என்,ஏடி ?—
நலம்உடைய நாரணன்தன் நயனம்இடந்து அரன்அடிக்கீழ்
அலர்ஆக இடஆழி அருளினன்காண் சாழலோ !

19. அம்பரம்ஆம் புள்ளித்தோல் ஆலாலம் ஆர்அமுதம்
எம்பெருமான் உண்டசதுர் எனக்குஅறிய இயம்பு,ஏடி ?—
எம்பெருமான் ஏதுஉடுத்துஅங்கு ஏதுஅமுது செய்திடினும்
தன்பெருமை தான்அறியாத் தன்மையன்காண் சாழலோ !

20. அரும்தவருக்கு ஆலின்கீழ் அறமுதலா நான்கனையும்
இருந்துஅவருக்கு அருளும்அது எனக்குஅறிய இயம்பு,ஏடி ?
அரும்தவருக்கு அறம்முதல்நான்கு அன்றுஅருளிச்
செய்திலனேல்
திருந்தஅவருக்கு உலகுஇயற்கை தெரியாகாண் சாழலோ !

Why He gave Disc to Mal

18. Why did He grace Naranan the Good with rare, good Disc that day,
With which the latter chopped the frame of angry Jalandaran,
my dear ?
Naranan the Good had dug out his own eye and offered it
As flower at Haran's Feet ! So He gave the Disc in grace.
See Sazhalo ! 268

He is unconscious of His Greatness

19. The spotted skin's His loin-cloth, the noisy poison His rare food.
Why did eat our Lord like this ? Explain His skill to me, my dear ?
Whatever might our Lord put on and whatever might He eat
for food,
Knows He not His own greatness. That's His nature. See Sazhalo !
269

Why He taught Dharma

20. The four-fold theme like virtues did He teach the sages rare in
grace,
Seated under the banyan tree. May I the reason know, my dear ?
Had He not the four themes like the virtue unto the sages rare
Graced that day, they couldn't have known the world's nature.
See Sazhalo ! 270

13. திருப் பூவல்லி

மாயாவிசயம் நீக்குதல்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

நாலடித்தரவு கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா.

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. இணைஆர் திருவடி என்தலைமேல் வைத்தலுமே
துணைஆன சுற்றங்கள் அத்தனையும் துறந்தொழிந்தேன்
அணைஆர் புனல்தில்லை அம்பலத்தே ஆடுகின்ற
புணையாளன் சீர்பாடிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

2. எந்தைஎம்தாய் சுற்றம்மற்றும் எல்லாம் என்னுடைய
பந்தம் அறுத்துஎன்னை ஆண்டுகொண்ட பாண்டிப்பிரான்
அந்த இடைமருதில் ஆனந்தத் தேன்இருந்த
பொந்தைப் பரவிநாம் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

XIII. TIRU POOVALLI

OR

PLAY OF PLUCKING LILIES

His touch and my renunciation

1. The moment upon my head He placed His sacred pair of Feet
I renounced and rid of all my helpful kinsmen was !
He dances in the Sacred Court of Tillai girt with streams.
The glory of that Raft-like God sing we and pluck the lily ! 271

He is a Honey-comb

2. My father and my mother as well as all the rest of bonds
He snapped away and made me His—that Lord of Pandiland !
Bides He as a Honey-comb there in Idaimaruthu
Full of honied rapture. Sing we this and pluck the lily ! 272

3. நாயின் கடைப்பட்ட நம்மையும்ஓர் பொருட்படுத்துத்
தாயின் பெரிதும் தயாஉடைய தம்பெருமான்
மாயப் பிறப்புஅறுத்து ஆண்டான்என் வல்வினையின்
வாயில் பொடிஅட்டிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ!

4. பண்பட்ட தில்லைப் பதிக்குஅரசைப் பரவாதே
எண்பட்ட தக்கன் அருக்கன்எச்சன் இந்துஅனல்
விண்பட்ட பூதப் படைவீர பத்திரரால்
புண்பட்ட வாபாடிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ!

5. தேன்ஆடு கொன்றை சடைக்குஅணிந்த சிவபெருமான்
ஊன்நாடி நாடிவந்து உள்புகுந்தான் உலகர்முன்னே
நான்ஆடி ஆடிநின்று ஓலம்இட நடம்பயிலும்
வான்நாடர் கோவுக்கே பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ!

Let's throw mud into our sin's mouth

3. Even us He deemed as worthy; to us viler than dogs,
Of tenderness much greater than a mother's was our Lord!
He snapped away delusive births and made us all His own.
In my strong sins' mouth let's throw the mud and pluck the lily!
273

The rout of the rebels

4. Ill-famed Dakshan, and the Sun, the Moon and fire did not
The Lord of well-famed Tillai Town worship. They all therefore
Got from Veerabadra and his vast and heavenly hosts
Wounds and scars! Let's sing how these were caused and
pluck the lily! 274

He entered my flesh

5. Sivan, my Lord upon His braid the honied Cassia wears.
He came and sought my frame and entered it before the world,
And dances while I also dance in rapture and wail on!
For that Supreme Lord of heavens let us pluck the lily! 275

6. எரிமூன்று தேவர்க்கு இரங்கிஅருள் செய்தருளிச்
சிரம்மூன்று அறத்தன் திருப்புருவம் நெரித்தருளி
உருமூன்றும் ஆகி உணர்வுஅரிதாம் ஒருவனுமே
புரமூன்று எரித்தவா பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ!

7. வணங்கத் தலைவைத்து வார்கழல்வாய் வாழ்த்தவைத்து
இணங்கத்தன் சீர்அடியார் கூட்டமும்வைத்து எம்பெருமான்
அணங்கொடு அணிதில்லை அம்பலத்தே ஆடுகின்ற
குணம்கூரப் பாடிநாம் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ!

8, நெறிசெய்து அருளித்தன் சீர்அடியார் பொன்அடிக்கே
குறிசெய்து கொண்டுஎன்னை ஆண்டபிரான் குணம்பரவி
முறிசெய்து நம்மை முழுதுஉடற்றும் பழவினையைக்
கிறிசெய்த வாபாடிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ!

The four kinds of Triods!

6. He did grant the gods with pity and grace the threefold fire!
His sacred eye-brows He did strain to slash the heads of three!
That Only One too hard to know assumes the forms of three!
Sing we how that One did burn three forts and pluck the lily! 276

My senses for His service only

7. He graced us heads to bow and mouths with which to praise His Feet.
He placed His glorious band of saints with whom to live and move.
My Lord in Court of pretty Tillai dances with His Dame.
Let us sing His excellences thus and pluck the lily! 277

He liquidated my 'deeds'

8. To lead me straight to the goal of golden feet of glorious saints
The gracious path He showed and made me His own. Let us praise
The greatness of the Lord who wiped off old "deeds" which enslaved
And did sorely distress us. Sing we this and pluck the lily! 278

9. பல்நாள் பரவிப் பணிசெய்யப் பாதமலர்
என்ஆகம் துன்னவைத்த பெரியோன் எழில்சுடர்ஆய்க்
கல்நார் உரித்துஎன்னை ஆண்டுகொண்டான் கழல்இணைகள்
பொன்ஆன வாபாடிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

10. பேர்ஆசை ஆம்இந்தப் பிண்டம்அறப் பெருந்துறையான்
சீர்ஆர் திருவடி என்தலைமேல் வைத்தபிரான்
கார்ஆர் கடல்நஞ்சை உண்டுஉகந்த காபாலி
போர்ஆர் புரம்பாடிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

11. பாலும் அமுதமும் தேன்உடன்ஆம் பராபரம்ஆய்க்
கோலம் குளிர்ந்துஉள்ளம் கொண்டபிரான் குரைகழல்கள்
ஞாலம் பரவுவார் நல்நெறியாம் அந்நெறியே
போலும் புகழ்பாடிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

He has pealed a stone

9. For me to offer worship and His service too perform,
Upon my frame His flower-like Feet that Great One did imprint !
That Light of Beauty made me His, as if He pealed a stone !
Sing we how His pair of Feet are gold and pluck the lily ! 279

He planted His Foot on me

10. That this my flesh of mighty lust might go, Perunthurai's Lord
Planted down upon my crown His sacred, glorious Feet !
Kapali was pleased to eat the ocean's dark poison.
Sing we of the erring triple forts and pluck the lily ! 280

He is milk and nectar

11. That Lord Supreme is Milk, Ambrosia and Sweet honey all mixed !
That Lord with His good Form did thrill and took my heart captive !
Right's the Way the men on earth do praise His tinkling Feet.
Sing we His praise in that same way and let's pluck the lily ! 281

12. வானவன் மால்அயன் மற்றும்உள்ள தேவர்கட்கும்
கோன்அவன் ஆய்நின்று கூடல்இலாக் குணக்குறியோன்
ஆன நெடும்கடல் ஆலாலம் அமுதுசெய்யப்
போனகம் ஆனவா பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

13. அன்றுஆல நீழற்கீழ் அருமறைகள் தான்அருளி
நன்றுஆக வானவர் மாமுனிவர் நாள்தோறும்
நின்றுஆர ஏத்தும் நிறைகழலோன் புனைகொன்றைப்
பொன்தாது பாடிநாம் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

14. படம்ஆக என்உள்ளே தன்இணைப்போது அவைஅளித்து இங்கு
இடம்ஆகக் கொண்டுஇருந்து ஏகம்பம் மேயபிரான்
தடம்ஆர் மதில்தில்லை அம்பலமே தான்இடமா
நடம்ஆடு மாபாடிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

Poison was His Food

12. To the heavenly king, the Mal, Ayan and all the rest of gods
He stands as King Whose attributes and signs no one can know !
How the mighty poison springing out of ocean wide
Served as food for Him to eat let's sing and pluck the lily ! 282

He taught under the Banyan tree

13. That day He graced the Vedas rare beneath the banyan tree.
Then heavenly ones and great sages did stand and praise daily
To hearts' content and well before His perfect jewelled Feet !
Let's sing the gold dust of His Cassia flowers and pluck lily ! 283

His Picture is in my heart !

14. He stamped the picture of His pair of Flower-Feet in my heart.
Here He has His dwelling place and lives in Ekambam.
That Lord does dance in Court of Tillai girt with mighty walls.
Sing we how that did become His shrine and pluck the lily ! 284

15. அங்கி அருக்கன் இராவணன் அந் தகன் கூற்றன்
செம்கண் அரிஅயன் இந்திரனும் சந்திரனும்
பங்கம்இல் தக்கனும் எச்சனும்தம் பரிசுஅழியப்
பொங்கியசீர் பாடிநாம் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

16. திண்போர் விடையான் சிவபுரத்தார் போர்ஏறு
மண்பால் மதுரையில் பிட்டுஅமுது செய்தருளித்
தண்டாலே பாண்டியன் தன்னைப் பணிகொண்ட
புண்பாடல் பாடிநாம் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

17. முன்ஆய மால்அயனும் வானவரும் தானவரும்
பொன்ஆர் திருவடி தாம்அறியார் போற்றுவதே
என்ஆகம் உள்புகுந்து ஆண்டுகொண்டான் இலங்குஅணியாம்
பன்நாகம் பாடிநாம் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

Dhakshan's Sacrifice

15. Fire, the Sun, and Ravanan and Andakan, Death-god,
The red-eyed Hari and Ayan and Indra and the Moon also,
Dhakhan erewhile good and Echchan too their honour lost.
Let us sing the glory of His wrath and pluck the lily ! 285

Let's sing His wounds

16. The Rider on the mighty warring Bull and Sivapuram's
Warring Lion. He ate in grace sweet cakes in earthly Madurai !
The Pandyan King had made Him serve by means of whipping rod !
Let's sing the song of how He got the wound and pluck the lily ! 286

He entered my frame

17. The ancient Mal and Ayan, the gods of heaven, and demons did not
Know the way to worship His own sacred, golden Feet.
That One entered within my frame and made me His own too !
Let's sing His countless jewels of the snake and pluck the lily ! 287

18. சீர்ஆர் திருவடித் திண்சிலம்பு சிலம்புஒலிக்கே
ஆராத ஆசைஅதுஆய் அடியேன் அகம்மகிழத்
தேர்ஆர்ந்த வீதிப் பெருந்துறையான் திருநடம்செய்
பேர்ஆனந்தம் பாடிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

19. அத்தி உரித்துஅது போர்த்தருளும் பெருந்துறையான்
பித்த வடிவுகொண்டு இவ்உலகில் பிள்ளையும்ஆம்
முத்தி முழுமுதல் உத்தரகோச மங்கைவள்ளல்
புத்தி புகுந்தவா பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

20. மாஆர ஏறி மதுரைநகர் புகுந்தருளித்
தேஆர்ந்த கோலம் திகழப் பெருந்துறையான்
கோஆகி வந்துஎம்மைக் குற்றுஏவல் கொண்டருளும்
பூஆர் கழல்பரவிப் பூவல்லி கொய்யாமோ !

I yearn for His anklet-Feet

18. While I, His serf, am seized with ceaseless longing for the sound
Of the mighty anklets of His glorious, sacred Feet
And rejoice, the Lord of Perunthurai of car-filled streets
Dances ! Let us sing His rapture great and pluck the lily ! 288

He became a Baby too !

19. Lord of Perunthurai Who flayed a tusker and wore its hide !
He takes a mad one's form and becomes an infant too on earth !
Primal Source of Released ones and Uttramangai's Bounteous
Lord !
Sing we how our hearts He entered and let's pluck the lily ! 289

He made me serve Him

20. Mounted He a horse in grace and entered Madurai city.
He's the Lord of Perunthurai of lustrous, divine Form.
He came as King and bade us do odd jobs for Him and graced !
Let's sing and praise His jewelled flower-like Feet and pluck
the lily ! 290

14. திரு உந்தியார்

ஞானவெற்றி

தில்லையில் அருளியது

கலித்தாழிசை

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. வளைந்தது வில்லு விளைந்தது பூசல்
உளைந்தன முப்புரம்—உந்தீபற !
ஒருங்குடன் வெந்தஆறு—உந்தீபற !

2. ஈர்அம்பு கண்டிலம் ஏகம்பர் தம்கையில்
ஓர்அம்பே முப்புரம்—உந்தீபற !
ஒன்றும் பெருமிகை—உந்தீபற !

3. தச்சு விடுத்தலும் தாம்அடி இட்டலும்
அச்சு முறிந்ததுஎன்று—உந்தீபற !
அழிந்தன முப்புரம்—உந்தீபற !

XIV. TIRU WUNTHIAR

OR

PLAY OF WUNTHI

The Forts were burnt

1. The Bow was bent; the tumult reigned.
Battered were the triple forts—Fly wunthi !
Burnt were they at once together—Fly wunthi ! 291

Even one arrow one too many !

2. Espied not we arrows two in Ekambar's own hands !
A single arrow for three cities—Fly wunthi !
Even that was one too many—Fly wunthi ! 292

The axle broke

3. The Car was brought; His foot was stamped.
Its axle broke—Sing and fly wunthi !
Gone were three forts—Fly wunthi ! 293

4. உய்யவல் லார்ஒரு மூவரைக் காவல்கொண்டு
எய்யவல் லானுக்கே—உந்தீபற !
இளமுலை பங்கன்என்று—உந்தீபற !

5. சாடிய வேள்வி சரிந்திடத் தேவர்கள்
ஓடிய வாபாடி—உந்தீபற !
உருத்திர நாதனுக்கு—உந்தீபற !

6. ஆவா திருமால் அவிப்பாகம் கொண்டுஅன்று
சாவாது இருந்தான் என்று—உந்தீபற !
சதுர்முகன் தாதை என்று—உந்தீபற !

7. வெய்யவன் அங்கி விழுங்கத் திரட்டிய
கையைத் தறித்தான் என்று—உந்தீபற !
கலங்கிற்று வேள்வி என்று—உந்தீபற !

He saved the Triod

4. To Him Who could His arrow aim and could
Save the three who deserved life—Fly wunthi !
The Spouse of tender-breasted Dame—Sing and fly wunthi ! 294

The rout of devas

5. The Sacrifice became upset when charged.
The gods fled off—Sing and fly wunthi !
Unto the Lord Who's Rudra—Fly wunthi ! 295

Mal was saved

6. Alas for sacred Mal who off'rings ate !
Died he not that day but lived—Sing and fly wunthi !
Sire of four-faced one is He—Sing and fly wunthi ! 296

Fire-god lost his hand

7. To gulp in was it gathered by the dreadful god of fire.
Sundered were his hands—Sing and fly wunthi !
Spoilt were the rites—Sing and fly wunthi ! 297

8. பார்ப்பதி யைப்பகை சாற்றிய தக்கனைப்
பார்ப்பது என்னேடி ?—உந்தீபற!
பணைமுலை பாகனுக்கு—உந்தீபற!

9. புரந்தர னார்ஒரு பூங்குயில்ஆகி
மரந்தனில் ஏறினார்—உந்தீபற!
வானவர் கோன்என்றே—உந்தீபற!

10. வெஞ்சின வேள்வி வியாத்திர னார்தலை
துஞ்சின வாபாடி—உந்தீபற!
தொடர்ந்த பிறப்புஅற—உந்தீபற!

11. ஆட்டின் தலையை விதிக்குத் தலையாகக்
கூட்டிய வாபாடி—உந்தீபற!
கொங்கை குலுங்கநின்று—உந்தீபற!

Ignore Dakshan

8. Parvathi was charged by Dhakhan then with enmity.
Why should he be seen, my dear ?—Fly wunthi !
For that Spouse of fair-breast Maid—Fly wunthi ! 298

Indra became a Kuyil

9. Purandaran assumed the form of Kuyil beautiful,
And perched himself upon a tree—Fly wunthi !
King of heavenly ones also—Sing and fly wunthi ! 299

Vyathiran lost his head

10. Vyathiranar of spiteful Sacrifice
Lost his head—Sing that way and fly wunthi !
To snap off births which chase—Fly wunthi ! 300

Placed a goat's head

11. In the place of Dhakshan's head was fixed
A goat's head—Sing of this and fly wunthi !
Stand with heaving breasts and fly wunthi ! 301

12. உண்ணப் புகுந்த பகன்ஒளித்து ஓடாமே
கண்ணைப் பறித்தஆறு—உந்தீபற!
கருக்கெட நாம்எல்லாம்—உந்தீபற!

13. நாமகள் நாசி சிரம்பிர மன்படச்
சோமன் முகம்நெரித்து—உந்தீபற!
தொல்லை வினைகெட—உந்தீபற!

14. நான்மறை யோனும் மகத்துஇய மான்படப்
போம்வழி தேடும்ஆறு—உந்தீபற!
புரந்தரன் வேள்வியில்—உந்தீபற!

15. சூரியனார் தொண்டை வாயினில் பற்களை
வாரி நெரித்தஆறு—உந்தீபற!
மயங்கிற்று வேள்விஎன்று—உந்தீபற!

Bagan lost his eye

12. Bagan that went to consume ran to hide himself.
But his eyes were plucked off—Fly wunthi!
To wipe off all our births too—Fly wunthi! 302

Saraswathi's loss

13. Namagal's nose and Brahmman's head were both nipped off.
Crushed too was the Moon's own face—Fly wunthi!
That our ancient 'deeds' might die—Fly wunthi! 303

Brahmman's Way of escape

14. When the Chief of Sacrifice had died,
Escape sought the one of Vedas four—Fly wunthi!
Within that sacrifice of Indra—Fly wunthi! 304

The Sun's loss of teeth

15. The rows of teeth in Sun's red mouth
Were hit and broke to pieces—Fly wunthi!
Broke up too the Sacrifice—Sing and fly wunthi! 305

16, தக்கனார் அன்றே தலைஇழந் தார்தக்கன்
மக்களைச் சூழநின்று—உந்தீபற!
மடிந்தது வேள்விஎன்று—உந்தீபற!

17. பாலக னார்க்குஅன்று பால்கடல் ஈந்திட்ட
கோலச் சடையற்கே—உந்தீபற!
குமரன்தன் தாதைக்கே—உந்தீபற!

18. நல்ல மலரின்மேல் நான்முக னார்தலை
ஒல்லை அரிந்ததுஎன்று – உந்தீபற!
உகிரால் அரிந்ததுஎன்று – உந்தீபற!

19. தேரை நிறுத்தி மலைஎடுத் தான்சிரம்
ஈர்ஐந்தும் இற்றஆறு—உந்தீபற!
இருபதும் இற்றதுஎன்று—உந்தீபற!

Dhakshan's loss of head

16. On that day did Dhakhan lose his head, although
All his children round him stood—Fly wunthi!
And did collapse the Sacrifice—Sing and fly wunthi! 306

His gift of milk-sea to the Babe

17. A sea of milk He gave that Babe that day.
For that One of beauteous braid-locks—Fly wunthi!
For that Father of Kumaran Himself—Fly wunthi! 307

Brahmman's loss of head

18. A head of four-faced one on good lotus
Was then quickly nipped off—Fly wunthi!
By His sharp nail—Sing and fly wunthi! 308

Ravana's loss

19. His car he stopped; the Mount he raised!
Crushed were all his twice-five crowns—Fly wunthi!
Crushed too were his twenty hands—Sing and fly wunthi! 309

20. ஏகாசம் இட்ட இருடிகள் போகாமல்
ஆகாசம் காவல்என்று—உந்தீபற !
அதற்கு அப்பாலும் காவல்என்று—உந்தீபற !

The Sages' flight in Ether

20. Lest the plaid-less sages should be lost upon their way,
He the sky does safe-guard—Sing and fly wunthi !
Beyond that too He safe-guards—Sing and fly wunthi !

15. திருத் தோள்நோக்கம்

பிரபஞ்சசுத்தி

தில்லையில் அருளியது

நாலடித்தரவு கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பூத்துஆரும் பொய்கைப் புனல்இதுவே எனக்கருதிப்
பேய்த்தேர் முகக்கஉறும் பேதைகுணம் ஆகாமே
தீர்த்தாய் திகழ்தில்லை அம்பலத்தே திருநடம்செய்
கூத்தாஉன் சேவடி கூடும்வண்ணம் தோள்நோக்கம் !

2. என்றும் பிறந்துஇறந்து ஆழாமே ஆண்டுகொண்டான்
கன்றால் விளவுஎறிந் தான்பிரமன் காண்புஅரிய
குன்றாத சீர்த்தில்லை அம்பலவன் குணம்பரவித்
துன்றார் குழலினீர் தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ !

XV. TIRU TONOKKAM

OR

PLAY OF SHOULDER–PEEP

I am disillusioned !

1. "This is the flower-tank water"—thus I thought, deluded then,
And did seek to draw from that mirage, in all nescience !
But removed'st such illusions, O Thou Who dance perform'st
In the Court of bright Tillai ! To reach Thy red Feet Tonokkam ! 311

Let's sing the glory of Tillai's Lord

2. Lest we should in endless births and deaths sink down, He has
Made us His. That "Calf-thrower at fruit" and Brahmman too
Know Him not at Sacred Court of endless, famed Tillai !
Maids of clust'ring lock His goodness praise and play we Tonokkam ! 312

3. பொருட்பற்றிச் செய்கின்ற பூசனைகள் போல்விளங்கச்
செருப்புஉற்ற சீர்அடி வாய்க்கலசம் ஊன்அமுதம்
விருப்புஉற்று வேடனார் சேடுஅறிய மெய்குளிர்ந்துஅங்கு
அருட்பெற்று நின்றவா தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ !

4. கற்போலும் நெஞ்சம் கசிந்துஉருகக் கருணையினால்
நிற்பானைப் போலஎன் நெஞ்சின்உள்ளே புகுந்தருளி
நற்பால் படுத்துஎன்னை நாடுஅறியத் தான்இங்ஙன்
சொற்பாலது ஆனவா தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ !

5. நிலம்நீர் நெருப்புஉயிர் நீள்விசும்பு நிலாப்பகலோன்
புலன்ஆய மைந்தனோடு எண்வகையாய்ப் புணர்ந்துநின்றான்
உலகுஏழ் எனத்திசை பத்துஎனத்தான் ஒருவனுமே
பலஆகி நின்றவா தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ !

Saint Kannappar's glory !

3. While the sacred sandal-feet and pot of mouth and flesh-off'ring
Of that loving Woodman of a thrilling frame did shine like pure
Scripture-sanctioned worship, there he stands with greatness well revealed,
And by God well-graced ! Let's sing and play we Tonokkam ! 313

His gracing is the talk of the town

4. To thrill and melt my stony heart, did He enter my soul
With grace like one who stood with mercy and did place me here
On the righteous path with all the world as witness too !
'Tis the talk of town ! Sing this and play we Tonokkam ! 314

His Eight-fold Body

5. As earth and water, fire and wind and ether great and moon,
As sun and sense-owned souls, in all the eight-fold form He stood !
That Only One does stand revealed as all the seven-fold world,
And as ten Directions ! Singing all this, play we Tonokkam ! 315

6. புத்தன் முதல்ஆய புல்அறிவின் பல்சமயம்
தத்தம் மதங்களில் தட்டுளுப்புப் பட்டுநிற்கச்
சித்தம் சிவம்ஆக்கிச் செய்தனவே தவம்ஆக்கும்
அத்தன் கருணையினால் தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ!

7. தீதுஇல்லை மாணி சிவகருமம் சிதைத்தானைச்
சாதியும் வேதியன் தாதைதனைத் தாள்இரண்டும்
சேதிப்ப ஈசன் திருவருளால் தேவர்தொழப்
பாதகமே சோறு பற்றினவா தோள்நோக்கம்!

8. மானம் அழிந்தோம் மதிமறந்தோம் மங்கைநல்லீர்
வானம் தொழும்தென்னன் வார்கழலே நினைந்துஅடியோம்
ஆனந்தக் கூத்தன் அருள்பெறில்நாம் அவ்வணமே
ஆனந்தம் ஆகிநின்று ஆடாமோ தோள்நோக்கம்!

With Sivam in heart our acts are divine!

6. While many a faith of false import like Buddhism
Stand bewildered and confused in each one's creed itself,
He made the soul itself Sivam and all its acts divine!
With the mercy of that Father play we Tonokkam! 316

Chandeswara's supreme act

7. One who had destroyed the offer'ings made to Sivan had both
Of his legs cut off by that young guiltless bachelor,
Though the former was a brahmin and his sire! His sin became
Virtues praised by gods thro' Isa's grace! Play we Tonokkam! 317

We have lost sense and honour

8. We have lost all sense of pride and forgot reasoning too,
Since we are, O good maids, lost in thought of anklet Feet
Of Tennan praised by heaven! We too can dance in rapture thus,
If we could but have that Rapture-Dancer's grace! Tonokkam! 318

9. எண்உடை மூவர் இராக்கதர்கள் எரிபிழைத்துக்
கண்நுதல் எந்தை கடைத்தலைமுன் நின்றதன்பின்
எண்இலி இந்திரர் எத்தனையோ பிரமர்களும்
மண்மிசை மால்பலர் மாண்டனர்காண் தோள்நோக்கம் !

10. பங்கயம் ஆயிரம் பூவினில்ஓர் பூக்குறையத்
தன்கண் இடந்துஅரன் சேவடிமேல் சாத்தலுமே
சங்கரன் எம்பிரான் சக்கரம்மாற்கு அருளியஆறு
எங்கும் பரவிநாம் தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ !

11. காமன் உடல்உயிர் காலன்பல் காய்கதிரோன்
நாமகள் நாசிசிரம் பிரமன் கரம்எரியைச்
சோமன் கலைதலை தக்கனையும் எச்சனையும்
தூய்மைகள் செய்தவா தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ !

Devas galore

9. Since the time when those three demons who had 'scaped the fire
Stood as sentry at the gates of our own three-eyed Sire,
Countless Indras, and the Brahmmans ever so many as well,
And Mals galore have perished on earth ! Play we Tonokkam ! 319

Mal's sacrifice and reward

10. When a thousand lotus flowers were but short of one,
An eye of his was dug out by the Mal and offered then
At the ruddy Feet of Haran ! Sankaran, our Lord
Graced that Mal with Disc. Singing this play we Tonokkam !
320

Punishment of rebel devas

11. Kaman his frame, and Kalan his life and the burning Sun his teeth,
The Maid on Tongue her nose and Brahmman one of His
four heads,
The Fire its hand, the Moon its crescent, Dhakhan and Echchan
Their heads, did lose. They got His grace ! Play we Tonokkam !
321

12. பிரமன் அரிஎன்ற இருவரும்தம் பேதைமையால்
'பரமம் யாம்பரமம்' என்றவர்கள் பதைப்புஒடுங்க
அரனார் அழல்உருவாய் அங்கே அளவுஇறந்து
பரம்ஆகி நின்றவா தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ!

13. ஏழைத் தொழும்பனேன் எத்தனையோ காலம்எல்லாம்
பாழுக்கு இறைத்தேன் பரம்பரனைப் பணியாதே
ஊழிமுதல் சிந்தாத நல்மணிவந்து என்பிறவித்
தாழைப் பறித்தவா தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ!

14. உரைமாண்ட உள்ஒளி உத்தமன்வந்து உளம்புகலும்
கரைமாண்ட காமப் பெரும்கடலைத் கடத்தலுமே
இரைமாண்ட இந்திரியப் பறவை இரிந்துஓடத்
துரைமாண்ட வாபாடித் தோள்நோக்கம் ஆடாமோ!

The Flame at Arunachalam

12. Due to their mighty nescience then, both the Brahmman and Hari
Each asserted "I'm supreme" and "I'm supreme". And Haran,
To crush their soaring pride did stand there as Transcendent Flame,
Measureless and Supreme! Singing this, play we Tonokkam! 322

I was ploughing the arid field!

13. I the poorest slave have been for ever so long a time
Wat'ring wild and barren lands without worshipping Him
Who's the Lord of lords, the First of aeon and Deathless Gem!
He came, my birth uprooting! Singing this, play we Tonokkam! 323

I am blest with Release!

14. The Inner Light past words and Worthiest One! When He
My soul entered, I crossed the shoreless sea of lust mighty!
The feedless vulture-senses five did fly in utter dread
Sans a prop! Sing we this and play we Tonokkam! 324

16. திருப் பொன்னூசல்

அருட்சுத்தி

உத்தரகோசமங்கையில் அருளியது

ஒப்புமைபற்றிவந்த ஆறடித்தரவு கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா.

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. சீர்ஆர் பவளம்கால் முத்தம் கயிறுஆக
ஏர்ஆரும் பொன்பலகை ஏறி இனிதுஅமர்ந்து
நாரா யணன்அறியா நாள்மலர்த்தாள் நாய்அடியேற்கு
ஊர்ஆகத் தந்தருளும் உத்தர கோசமங்கை
ஆரா அமுதின் அருள்தாள் இணைபாடிப்
போர்ஆர்வேல் கண்மடவீர் பொன்னூசல் ஆடாமோ!

XVI. TIRU PONNOOSAL

OR

THE SACRED GOLDEN SWING

His rare grace

1. Mount we all and sit with joy upon the beautiful Plank of gold
Which has the precious coral legs and strings of pearls for cords !
He bestowed His fresh flow'r Feet which Naranan knows not
Upon my dog-like self in grace as my Resort ! Nectar
Rare of Uttrakosamangai ! Let's sing His gracious Feet,
Ye maids of warring, dart-like eyes and move the golden swing ! 325

2. மூன்றுஅங்கு இலங்கு நயனத்தன் மூவாத
வான்தங்கு தேவர்களும் காணா மலர்அடிகள்
தேன்தங்கித் தித்தித்து அமுதுஊறித் தான்தெளிந்துஅங்கு
ஊன்தங்கி நின்றுஉருக்கும் உத்தர கோசமங்கைக்
கோன்தங்கு இடைமருது பாடிக் குலமஞ்ஞை
போன்றுஅங்கு அனநடையீர் பொன்ஊசல் ஆடாமோ !

3. முன்ஈறும் ஆதியும் இல்லான் முனிவர்குழாம்
பல்நூறு கோடி இமையோர்கள் தாம்நிற்பத்
தன்நீறு எனக்குஅருளித் தன்கருணை வெள்ளத்து
மன்ஊற மன்னும்மணி உத்தர கோசமங்கை
மின்ஏறும் மாட வியன்மா ளிகைபாடிப்
பொன்ஏறு பூண்முலையீர் பொன்ஊசல் ஆடாமோ !

He tastes delicious !

2. He has triple glitt'ring eyes. The deathless gods themselves
Who live in heaven have not espied His flower-like Feet at all !
He bides like honey within my flesh and tastes delicious sweet !
And surging like Ambrosia's distilled essence, He melts me !
King of Uttrakosamangai. His shrine is Idaimaruthu.
Pea-hen maids of swan-gait, sing and move the golden swing ! 326

His preference for me !

3. He has neither end nor beginning. While hordes of mighty saints
In hundreds and the heavenly ones in crores stood by, to me
His sacred ashes He did give in grace ! A Gem Supreme
Who stands while I in joy bide in His mighty mercy-flood !
Let's sing the gem-set, bright-domed mansions of Uttramangai,
Ye maids of golden-jewelled breasts and move the golden swing ! 327

4. நஞ்சுஅமர் கண்டத்தன் அண்டத்தவர் நாதன்
மஞ்சுதோய் மாடமணி உத்தர கோசமங்கை
அம்சொலாள் தன்னோடும் கூடி அடியவர்கள்
நெஞ்சுளே நின்றுஅமுதம் ஊறிக் கருணைசெய்து
துஞ்சல் பிறப்புஅறுப்பான் தூய புகழ்பாடிப்
புஞ்சம்ஆர் வெள்வளையீர் பொன்ஊசல் ஆடாமோ !

5. ஆணோ அலியோ அரிவையோ என்றுஇருவர்
காணாக் கடவுள் கருணையினால் தேவர்குழாம்
நாணாமே உய்யஆட் கொண்டருளி நஞ்சுதனை
ஊணாக உண்டருளும் உத்தர கோசமங்கைக்
கோண்ஆர் பிறைச்சென்னிக் கூத்தன் குணம்பரவிப்
பூண்ஆர் வனமுலையீர் பொன்ஊசல் ஆடாமோ !

He bides in His serfs' hearts !

4. The poison-throated One and Master of the heavenly ones !
Reached He Uttramangai of cloud-spread mansions of gems,
Along with Maid of sweet words and His servants' hearts entered,
Where He bides and wells up like nectar and mercy shows !
Sunders He the chain of deaths and births ! His pure, good praise
Let's sing, ye maids of bangles white and move the golden swing !
328

He is un-knowable !

5. The Twins knew not if He is Male or Neuter, or Female !
That the hordes of gods might live and thrive without alarm,
He made them His in grace and ate the poison as His food !
Uttrakosamangai's Dancer crowned with crescent moon !
Let's sing all His excellences and let's worship Him,
Ye maids of breasts adorned with gold and move the golden swing !
329

6. மாதுஆடு பாகத்தன் உத்தர கோசமங்கைத்
தாதுஆடு கொன்றைச் சடையான் அடியாருள்
கோதாட்டி நாயேனை ஆட்கொண்டுஎன் தொல்பிறவித்
தீதுஓடா வண்ணம் திகழப் பிறப்புஅறுப்பான்
காதுஆடு குண்டலங்கள் பாடிக் கசிந்துஅன்பால்
போதுஆடு பூண்முலையீர் பொன்னூசல் ஆடாமோ !

7. உன்னற்கு அரியதிரு உத்தர கோசமங்கை
மன்னிப் பொலிந்துஇருந்த மாமறையோன் தன்புகழே
பன்னிப் பணிந்துஇறைஞ்சப் பாவங்கள் பற்றுஅறுப்பான்
அன்னத்தின் மேல்ஏறி ஆடும் அணிமயில்போல்
என்அத்தன் என்னையும்ஆட் கொண்டான் எழில்பாடிப்
பொன்ஒத்த பூண்முலையீர் பொன்னூசல் ஆடாமோ !

He fondled dog-like me !

6. With a Spouse He shares His Form. That King of Uttramangai
Doth wear the golden-dusted Cassia flowers upon His braid !
Amidst His band of saints He fondled dog-like me and thralled !
He cuts away my births and makes me shine, sans old births' ills !
Let's sing with melting love His pair of dangling, bright ear-rings,
Ye maids of breasts adorned with flow'r and move the
golden swing ! 330

He cuts off the bonds

7. In Uttrakosamangai which is too precious for thought
That mighty One of Vedas four did stay and brightly shined !
He snaps away the bonds of sins of those who often sing
His praise and bow ! Sing we the charms of my own Sire and Lord !
Like pretty peahens dancing on the swans, do mount the Planks,
Ye maids of gold-like breasts adorned and move the golden swing !
331

8. கோல வரைக்குடுமி வந்து குவலயத்துச்
சால அமுதுஉண்டு தாழ்கடலின் மீதுஎழுந்து
ஞால மிகப்பரிமேல் கொண்டு நமைஆண்டான்
சீலம் திகழும்திரு உத்தர கோசமங்கை
மாலுக்கு அரியானை வாய்ஆர நாம்பாடிப்
பூவித்து அகம்குழைந்து பொன்ஊசல் ஆடாமோ!

9. தெங்குஉலவு சோலைத் திருஉத்தர கோசமங்கைத்
தங்குஉலவு சோதித் தனிஉருவம் வந்தருளி
எங்கள் பிறப்புஅறுத்திட்டு எம்தரமும் ஆட்கொள்வான்
பங்குஉலவு கோதையும் தானும் பணிகொண்ட
கொங்குஉலவு கொன்றைச் சடையான் குணம்பரவிப்
பொங்குஉலவு பூண்முலையீர் பொன்ஊசல் ஆடாமோ!

He rode a horse and graced us !

8. Descended He from heights of grand mountain and on this earth
Enough of men's own love consumed ! From depths of seas rising,
He filled the world and rode a horse and made us all His own !
He of sacred Uttramangai where all virtues shine,
Is so hard for Mal to reach ! Let's sing in full-mouthed strain
His fame with melting heart and joy and move the golden swing !
332

He made us His serfs !

9. In sacred Uttramangai girt with groves of Cocoa-palm
He came to bide in grace in quite a lustrous, peerless Form !
He snapped away my births and made all men like me His serfs !
His braid is fragrant with the Cassia flowers. He received
All our homage with His Partner-Maid ! His worth let's sing
Ye maids of heaving, jewelled breasts and move the golden swing !
333

17. அன்னைப்பத்து

ஆத்தும பூரணம்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

கலி விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. வேத மொழியர்வெள் நீற்றர்செம் மேனியர்
        நாதப் பறையினர் அன்னே என்னும்!
    நாதப் பறையினர் நான்முகன் மாலுக்கும்
        நாதர்இந் நாதனார் அன்னே என்னும்!

2. கண்அஞ் சனத்தர் கருணைக் கடலினர்
        உள்நின்று உருக்குவர் அன்னே என்னும்!
    உள்நின்று உருக்கி உலப்புஇலா ஆனந்தக்
        கண்ணீர் தருவரால் அன்னே என்னும்!

XVII. ANNAI PATTHU

OR

THE MOTHER–DECAD

1. "Veda is His Word. White are His ashes and rosy is His Form!
        Nada is His drum. O Mother!" she says.
    "The Lord Whose drum is Nada is the Lord
        Of the Four-faced one and Mal. O Mother!" she says. 334

2. "His eyes are black-painted. A Mercy-Sea is He.
        He bides in soul and melts. O Mother!" she says.
    "He bides in souls and melts and gives
        Endless rapturous tears in eyes. O Mother!" she says. 335

3. நித்த மணாளர் நிரம்ப அழகியர்
சித்தத்து இருப்பரால் அன்னே என்னும்!
சித்தத்து இருப்பவர் தென்னன் பெருந்துறை
அத்தர் ஆனந்தரால் அன்னே என்னும்!

4. ஆடுஅரப் பூண்உடைத் தோல்பொடிப் பூசிற்றுஓர்
வேடம் இருந்தஆறு அன்னே என்னும்!
வேடம் இருந்தவா கண்டுகண்டு என்உள்ளம்
வாடும் இதுஎன்னே அன்னே என்னும்!

5. நீண்ட கரத்தர் நெறிதரு குஞ்சியர்
பாண்டிநல் நாடரால் அன்னே என்னும்!
பாண்டிநல் நாடர் பரந்துஎழு சிந்தையை
ஆண்டுஅன்பு செய்வரால் அன்னே என்னும்!

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3. " He's Eternal Bride-groom. He is of perfect beauty.
He dwells in hearts. O Mother!" she says.
"He Who dwells in hearts is Tennan and the Sire
Of Perunthurai and the Rapturous One. O Mother!"
she says. 336

4. " With snake as jewel, skin as wear and ashes for His smear,
How wondrous is His Form? O Mother!" she says.
"The more and more I see His wondrous Form,
The more my heart does wither! Pray why? O Mother!"
she says. 337

5. " His arms are long. His braid's close-knit.
He is of goodly Pandiland. O Mother!" she says.
"That Lord of goodly Pandiland subdues
The wand'ring mind and shows His love. O Mother!"
she says. 338

6. உன்னற்கு அரியசீர் உத்தர மங்கையர்
மன்னுவது என்நெஞ்சில் அன்னே என்னும்!
மன்னுவது என்நெஞ்சில் மால் அயன் காண்கிலார்
என்ன அதிசயம் அன்னே என்னும்!

7. வெள்ளைக் கலிங்கத்தர் வெண்திரு முண்டத்தர்
பள்ளிக்குப் பாயத்தர் அன்னே என்னும்!
பள்ளிக்குப் பாயத்தர் பாய்பரி மேல்கொண்டுஎன்
உள்ளம் கவர்வரால் அன்னே என்னும்!

8. தாளி அறுகினர் சந்தனச் சாந்தினர்
ஆள்எம்மை ஆள்வரால் அன்னே என்னும்!
ஆள்எம்மை ஆளும் அடிகளார் தம்கையில்
தாளம் இருந்தஆறு அன்னே என்னும்!

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6. "He is of the glorious Uttramangai hard to think.
Within my heart He bides. O Mother !" she says.
"That He bides within my heart both Mal and Ayan can't see.
What a wonder is it ? O Mother !" she says. 339

7. "White is His mantle and white the skull in hand.
A Prayer-cloak He wears. O Mother !" she says.
"That wearer of a Prayer-cloak mounts a speedy steed,
And takes my heart captive. O Mother !" she says. 340

8. "He wears the Tali Aruhu and the sandal-paste.
He makes us His own serfs. O Mother !" she says.
"The palms of that Adigal who made us all His serfs, contain
A pair of tinkling cymbals. Wondrous ! O Mother !"
she says. 341

9. தையல்ஓர் பங்கினர் தாபத வேடத்தர்
ஐயம் புகுவரால் அன்னே என்னும்!
ஐயம் புகுந்தவர் போதலும் என் உள்ளம்
நையும் இதுஎன்னே அன்னே என்னும்!

10. கொன்றை மதியமும் கூவிள மத்தமும்
துன்றிய சென்னியர் அன்னே என்னும்!
துன்றிய சென்னியின் மத்தம்உன் மத்தமே
இன்றுஎனக்கு ஆனஆறு அன்னே என்னும்

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9. " That Dame's Partner Who is in ascetic guise and Form
Comes abegging here. O Mother ! " she says.
" The moment He Who comes abegging parts away from me,
My heart does wither away ! Why this ? O Mother ! "
she says. 342

10. " With Cassia flowers and the Moon, with Vilva leaves and 'phrenzy'
Is adorned His crown. O Mother ! " she says.
" The 'phrenzy' flow'r upon His crown doth cause me great frenzy
Upon this day ! Why this ? O Mother ! " she says. 343

18. குயில்பத்து

ஆத்தும இரக்கம்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. கீதம் இனிய குயிலே கேட்டியேல் எங்கள் பெருமான்
பாதம் இரண்டும் வினவின் பாதாளம் ஏழினுக்கு அப்பால்
சோதி மணிமுடி சொல்லின் சொல்இறந்து நின்ற தொன்மை
ஆதி குணம்ஒன்றும் இல்லான் அந்தம்இலான் வரக் கூவாய்!

2. ஏர்தரும் ஏழ்உலகு ஏத்த எவ்உரு வும்தன் உருவாய்
ஆர்கலி சூழ்தென் இலங்கை அழகு அமர் வண்டோ தரிக்குப்
பேர்அருள் இன்பம் அளித்த பெருந்துறை மேய பிரானைச்
சீரிய வாயால் குயிலே தென்பாண்டி நாடனைக் கூவாய்!

XVIII. KUYIL PATTHU

OR

THE KUYIL DECAD

Sivan's Crown and Feet

1. Listen, thou. O Kuyil of pleasing voice! I'll explain, if asked:
"Far beyond the seven deep worlds do dwell our Lord's twain Feet!
To speak of His bright gem-set crown, 'tis old beyond all speech!
Nor origin, nor quality, nor end He has!" Call Him to come! 344

His grace to Mandodari

2. All the beautiful seven-fold world extols Him! Every form is His!
The Lord of Perunthurai bestowed His mighty gracious bliss
Upon that Vandodari of southern Lanka girt with sea!
With thy blessed voice, O Kuyil, call that King of South Pandi! 345

3. நீல உருவின் குயிலே நீள்மணி மாடம் நிலாவும்
கோல அழகில் திகழும் கொடிமங்கை உள்ளுறை கோயில்
சீலம் பெரிதும் இனிய திருஉத்தர கோச மங்கை
ஞாலம் விளங்க இருந்த நாயக னைவரக் கூவாய்!

4. தேன்பழச் சோலை பயிலும் சிறுகுயி லேஇது கேள்நீ
வான்பழித்து இம்மண் புகுந்து மனிதரை ஆட்கொண்ட வள்ளல்
ஊன்பழித்து உள்ளம் புகுந்துஎன் உணர்வுஅது ஆய ஒருத்தன்
மான்பழித்து ஆண்டமெல் நோக்கி மணாளனை நீவரக் கூவாய்!

5. சுந்தரத்து இன்பக் குயிலே சூழ்சுடர் ஞாயிறு போல
அந்தரத் தேநின்று இழிந்துஇங்கு அடியவர் ஆசை அறுப்பான்
முந்தும் நடுவும் முடிவும் ஆகிய மூவர் அறியாச்
சிந்துரச் சேவடி யானைச் சேவக னைவரக் கூவாய்!

His capital Shrine

3. O Kuyil of azure hue! In Uttrakosamangai town
Which shines with beauty great of gem-set mansions high and which
Bounds in virtues fine, the Lord doth bide with tender Dame
Within its shrine to cause the world to shine! Call Him to come! 346

He prefers the earth and men

4. Hear this, O tiny Kuyil in groves of ripened fruits of juice!
That Lord of Bounty scorning heaven the earth entered and made men His!
He scorned the flesh and entered heart and as my gnosis bides!
He's the Bride-groom of the Maid whose eyes do scorn the fawn!
Call Him to come! 347

He is unknown to the Three!

5. Lovely Kuyil of joy! Just like the Sun of radiant rays,
Descended He on earth from heaven and killed His saints' desires!
The triple gods of th' first, the midst and end know not the great
Roseate Feet of that grand Warrior! Call Him to come here! 348

6. இன்பம் தருவன் குயிலே ஏழ்உல கும்முழுது ஆளி
அன்பன் அமுதுஅளித்து ஊறும் ஆனந்தன் வான்வந்த
தேவன்
நன்பொன் மணிச்சுவடு ஒத்த நல்பரி மேல்வரு வானைக்
கொம்பின் மிழற்றும் குயிலே கோகழி நாதனைக் கூவாய்!

7. உன்னை உகப்பன் குயிலே உன்துணைத் தோழியும் ஆவன்
பொன்னை அழித்தநல் மேனிப் புகழில் திகழும் அழகன்
மன்னன் பரிமிசை வந்த வள்ளல் பெருந்துறை மேய
தென்னவன் சேரலன் சோழன் சீர்ப்புயங் கன்வரக் கூவாய்!

8. வாஇங்கே நீகுயில் பிள்ளாய் மாலொடு நான்முகன் தேடி
ஓவிஅவர் உன்னி நிற்ப ஒண்தழல் விண்பிளந்து ஓங்கி
மேவிஅன்று அண்டம் கடந்து விரிசுட ராய்நின்ற மெய்யன்
தாவி வரும்பரிப் பாகன் தாழ்சடை யோன்வரக் கூவாய்!

He rides a horse

6. I will give thee joy, O Kuyil that twitter'st on the boughs !
The Loving One ! The Rapture whence ambrosia springs ! He rules
All seven worlds. That God from Heaven and that Rider
Who comes
Upon a horse that's bright with tints of gold and gems !
Call Him to come ! 349

He's all the Three Tamil kings

7. I will pet thee Kuyil ! I'll also be thy helpful mate !
His purest Form eclipses gold ! He shines in beauteous glory !
The King and Bounteous Lord of Perunthurai Who rode a horse !
The Pandyan, the Cheran, Sozhan and Buyangan ! Call Him
to come ! 350

He is Light unknown to the Two

8. Come thou here, O tender Kuyil ! While Mal and Four-faced one
Sought and stopped and thought, that True One as a bright
Flame shot,
And split and transcended the heaven as a Radiant Light !
That Rider on the prancing steed and of flowing braid ! Call Him
to come ! 351

9. கார்உடைப் பொன்திகழ் மேனிக் கடிபொழில் வாழும் குயிலே
சீர்உடைச் செம்கம லத்தில் திகழ்உரு ஆகிய செல்வன்
பாரிடைப் பாதங்கள் காட்டிப் பாசம்அறுத்து எனை ஆண்ட
ஆர்உடை அம்பொனின் மேனி அமுதினை நீவரக் கூவாய்!

10. கொந்து அணவும் பொழில்சோலைக் கூம்குயி லேஇதுகேள்நீ
அந்தணன் ஆகிவந்து இங்கே அழகிய சேவடி காட்டி
எம்தவர் ஆம்இவன் என்றுஇங்கு என்னையும் ஆட்கொண்டு
அருளும்
செம்தழல் போல்திரு மேனித் தேவர்பி ரான்வரக் கூவாய்!

His lotus-red Form

9. O Kuyil dwelling in fragrant groves! O thou of bright, black hue!
The Noble Lord of Form which shines like glorious lotus-red!
He showed His Feet on earth and snapped off bonds and
made me His!
That Rare Nectar of Form of beautiful gold! Call Him to come!
352

He claimed me as His kin!

10. Hear this, O Kuyil that chirp'st in groves of teeming boughs of
flower!
Here He came as Sage and showed His beauteous rosy Feet!
He said "This one is my kinsman" and made me too His own
in grace!
That Lord of gods of sacred Form like ruddy flame! Call Him
to come! 353

19. திருத் தசாங்கம்

அடிமைகொண்ட முறைமை

தில்லையில் அருளியது
நேரிசை வெண்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. ஏர்ஆர் இளம்கிளியே எங்கள் பெருந்துறைக்கோன்
சீர்ஆர் திருநாமம் தேர்ந்துஉரையாய்—ஆரூரன்
செம்பெருமான் வெண்மலரான் பாற்கடலான் செப்புவபோல்
எம்பெருமான் தேவர்பிரான் என்று !

2. ஏதம்இலா இன்சொல் மரகதமே ஏழ்பொழிற்கும்
நாதன்நமை ஆள்உடையான் நாடுஉரையாய்—காதலவர்க்கு
அன்புஆண்டு மீளா அருள்புரிவான் நாடுஎன்றும்
தென்பாண்டி நாடே தெளி !

XIX. TIRU TASANGAM

OR

THE SACRED TEN INSIGNIA

His Name

1. O tender parrot, rare and fair ! Wilt thou pronounce now,
With distinctness the glorious, sacred names of our own Lord
Of Perunthurai, as "Lord of Arur" and "the Red-hued Lord,"
"Our Lord" and "King of gods" as Brahmman and Mal
themselves pronounce ? 354

His Kingdom

2. O parrot of the emerald green, of sweet and flawless words !
Speak thou of the Land of King of seven-fold world and ours —
"Know for certain Pandiland's the Kingdom of the One
Who takes in love and on His saints bestows Release Endless ! 355

3. தாதுஆடு பூம்சோலைத் தத்தாய் நமைஆளும்
மாதுஆடும் பாகத்தன் வாழ்பதிஎன் ?—கோதாட்டிப்
பத்தர்எல்லாம் பார்மேல் சிவபுரம்போல் கொண்டாடும்
உத்தர கோசமங்கை ஊர் !

4. செய்யவாய்ப் பைம்சிறகின் செல்வீநம் சிந்தைசேர்
ஐயன் பெருந்துறையான் ஆறுஉரையாய்—தையலாய்
வான்வந்த சிந்தை மலம்கழுவ வந்துஇழியும்
ஆனந்தம் காண்உடையான் ஆறு !

5. கிஞ்சுகவாய் அம்சுகமே கேடுஇல் பெருந்துறைக்கோன்
மஞ்சன் மருவும் மலைபகராய்—நெஞ்சத்து
இருள்அகல வாள்வீசி இன்புஅமரும் முத்தி
அருளும்மலை என்பதுகாண் ஆய்ந்து !

His Capital city

3. O parrot of the flowery, fragrant groves ! Which is the town
Wherein the Partner of a Dame, Who rules us all doth dwell ? —
"His town is Uttrakosamangai which saints do celebrate much,
And which too is deemed by them as Sivapuram on earth !" 356

His River

4. O blessed bird of ruddy mouth and one of fine, green wings !
Name the River of Perunthurai's Siva within our hearts ! —
"O maid, behold ! That Rapture which descends to cleanse the 'dirt'
Of the mighty souls is but the River of our own Lord !" 357

His Mountain

5. O thou parrot of the purple-red mouth ! Pray, tell us
The Mountain of the Beautiful One of deathless Perunthurai ! —
"Behold, His Mountain is the One that spreads its light and drives
The mental darkness off and grants Release of bliss in grace !" 358

6. இப்பாடே வந்துஇயம்பு கூடுபுகல் என்கிளியே
ஒப்புஆடாச் சீர்உடையான் ஊர்வதுஎன்னே ?– எப்போதும்
தேன்புரையும் சிந்தையர்ஆய்த் தெய்வப்பெண் ஏத்துஇசைப்ப
வான்புரவி ஊரும் மகிழ்ந்து !

7. கோல்தேன் மொழிக்கிள்ளாய் கோதுஇல் பெருந்துறைக்கோன்
மாற்றாரை வெல்லும் படைபகராய்—ஏற்றார்
அழுக்கு அடையா நெஞ்சுஉருக மும்மலங்கள்பாயும்
கழுக்கடைகாண் கைக்கொள் படை !

8. இன்பால் மொழிக்கிள்ளாய் எங்கள் பெருந்துறைக்கோன்
முன்பால் முழங்கும் முரசுஇயம்பாய்—அன்பால்
பிறவிப் பகைகலங்கப் பேர்இன்பத்து ஓங்கும்
பருமிக்க நாதப் பறை !

His Courser

6. O my parrot, come hither and speak ! Seek not thy cage !
Tell thou now on what the famous, peerless One doth ride ! —
" While heavenly maids of honey-like hearts do sing His glorious praise,
With rapture doth He ride upon the heavenly Ether-Steed ! " 359

His Offensive Weapon

7. O parrot of sweet words like honey-in-combs upon the boughs !
Tell the weapon Perunthurai's pure King wields to conquer foes ! —
" He wields in hand the Trident which pierces through the three
' Dirts ' and melts the purest hearts of those who seek refuge ! " 360

His Drum

8. O parrot of sweet, milk-like words ! What's the Drum that roars
Aloud within the presence of the King of Perunthurai ? —
" His Drum is mighty Nada which doth roar with infinite bliss
Out of love and which wilders ' the foes of births ' and drives ! " 361

9. ஆய மொழிக்கிள்ளாய் அள்ளூறும் அன்பர்பால்
மேய பெருந்துறையான் மெய்த்தார்என்?—தீயவினை
நாளும்அணு காவண்ணம் நாயேனை ஆளுடையான்
தாளிஅறு காம்உவந்த தார்!

10. சோலைப் பசுங்கிளியே தூநீர்ப் பெருந்துறைக்கோன்
கோலம் பொலியும் கொடிகூறாய்—சாலவும்
ஏதிலார் துண்என்ன மேல்விளங்கி ஏர்காட்டும்
கோதுஇலா ஏறுஆம் கொடி!

His favourite garlands

9. O parrot of the choicest words ! Tell the garlands true
Worn by Him of Perunthurai and Lord of saints of love ! —
"The Master guarding dog-like me against 'the evil deeds'
Delights Himself in wearing Tali-Aruhu garlands good !" 362

His Banner !

10. O parrot green of groves ! Mention the beautiful flag that shines
In honour of the King of Perunthurai of water sweet ! —
"His spotless Banner of the Bull doth shine aloft and flutter
In majesty and strikes within the hearts of foes great terror !"
363

20. திருப் பள்ளிஎழுச்சி

திரோதான சுத்தி

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

எண்சீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. போற்றிஎன் வாழ்முதல் ஆகிய பொருளே
புலர்ந்தது பூம்கழற்கு இணைதுணை மலர்கொண்டு
ஏற்றிநின் திருமுகத்து எமக்குஅருள் மலரும்
எழில்நகை கொண்டுநின் திருவடி தொழுகோம்
சேற்றுஇதழ்க் கமலங்கள் மலரும்தண் வயல்சூழ்
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவபெரு மானே!
ஏற்றுஉயர் கொடிஉடை யாய்எமை உடையாய்!
எம்பெரு மான்பள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே!

XX. TIRU PALLI EZHUCHI

OR

THE SONG OF ROUSING FROM THE SACRED COUCH

He is the Source of life

1. Praise, O Being, Thou the Source of all my life ! 'Tis dawn !
Bedecking Thy twain flow'r-Feet with the clust'ring wreaths of flower,
Worship we Thy sacred Feet thro' lustre shed by Thy
Beauteous smile that blooms for us from Thy bright face in grace
Lord Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai,
Girt with cooling paddy-fields wherein the lotus blooms !
Thou hast lengthy Bull-Banner and Thou hast myself too !
Our Lord, from off Thy couch arise and grant Thy grace to us !

2. அருணன்இந் திரன்திசை அணுகினன் இருள்போய்
அகன்றது உதயம்நின் மலர்த்திரு முகத்தின்
கருணையின் சூரியன் எழஎழ நயனக்
கடிமலர் மலரமற்று அண்ணல்அம் கண்ஆம்
திரள்நிரை அறுபதம் முரல்வன இவைஓர்—
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவபெரு மானே!
அருள்நிதி தரவரும் ஆனந்த மலையே!
அலைகட லேபள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே!

3. கூவின பூம்குயில் கூவின கோழி
குருகுகள் இயம்பின இயம்பின சங்கம்
ஓவின தாரகை ஒளிஒளி உதயத்து
ஒருப்படு கின்றது விருப்பொடு நமக்குத்

He is Mount of Rapture !

2. The east has Arunan reached and darkness has quite fled and gone !
While the dawning Sun of mercy like Thy flower-like face
Rising shines, the fragrant flowers resembling beautiful eyes
Blossom forth and shine ! Then swarms of bees in diverse rows
Even like the pairs of eyes of men do come and hum !
Note these. Lord Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
O Mount of Rapture that com'st forth to yield Thy Treasure of grace !
O Sea of Waves, from off Thy couch arise and grant us grace !
365

He is affable to us !

3. Beauteous Kuyils have chirped their notes and cocks have already crowed !
Diverse birds have sung aloud and conches too are blown !
The light of stars has fled away and now the dawning Sun
Hath emerged ! O God, to us be pleased to disclose now

தேவநல் செறிகழல் தாள்இணை காட்டாய்
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவபெரு மானே!
யாவரும் அறிவுஅரி யாய்எமக்கு எளியாய்!
எம்பெரு மான்பள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே!

4\. இன்இசை வீணையர் யாழினர் ஒருபால்
இருக்கொடு தோத்திரம் இயம்பினர் ஒருபால்
துன்னிய பிணைமலர்க் கையினர் ஒருபால்
தொழுகையர் அழுகையர் துவள்கையர் ஒருபால்
சென்னியில் அஞ்சலி கூப்பினர் ஒருபால்
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவபெரு மானே!
என்னையும் ஆண்டுகொண்டு இன்அருள் புரியும்
எம்பெரு மான்பள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே!

Thy goodly pair of Feet adorned with anklets beautiful !
Lord Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai !
Too hard for all to know, Thou art so affable unto us !
Our Lord, from off Thy couch arise and grant Thy grace to us !
366

His diverse devotees

4\. Those players on sweet-tuned lutes and on the lyres stand there !
Those who chaunt the Rig Veda and sing the psalms stand here !
Those with wreaths of close-knit flowers within their palms stand there !
Those who worship and who weep and those who faint stand here !
Those of palms adoring clasped above their heads stand there !
Lord Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai !
Thou Who makest me too Thine and show'st Thy sweetest grace !
Our Lord, from off Thy couch arise and grant Thy grace to us !
367

5. "பூதங்கள் தோறும்நின் றாய்" எனின் அல்லால்
"போக்குஇலன் வரவுஇலன்" எனநினைப் புலவோர்
கீதங்கள் பாடுதல் ஆடுதல் அல்லால்
கேட்டுஅறி யோம்உனைக் கண்டுஅறி வாரைச்
சீதம்கொள் வயல்திருப் பெருந்துறை மன்னா!
சிந்தனைக் கும்அரி யாய்எங்கள் முன்வந்து
ஏதங்கள் அறுத்துஎம்மை ஆண்டு அருள்புரியும்
எம்பெரு மான்பள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே!

6. பப்புஅற வீட்டுஇருந்து உணரும்நின் அடியார்
பந்தனை வந்துஅறுத் தார்அவர் பலரும்
மைப்புஉறு கண்ணியர் மானிடத்து இயல்பின்
வணங்குகின் றார்அணங் கின்மண வாளா!

We know not those who have seen Him !

5. " Save that Thou dost bide in ev'ry element, Thou hast not
Either exit or advent "—Thus have sung the bards
In pleasing tunes and dance performed ! Except for this only,
Of those who have Thee seen and known we have not heard at all !
King of sacred Perunthurai of cooling paddy-fields !
Thou art rare for thought even ! Thou com'st before our eyes,
And dost kill our woes and makest ourselves Thine in grace !
Our Lord, from off Thy couch arise and grant Thy grace to us !
368

Men worship Him with maid-like attitude !

6. Thy saints who, free from distractions abide in peace and do
Know Thy Self ; and those rid of their bonds and those like them
Also come and worship Thee as human beings and
As the paint-eyed maids worship ! O Spouse of Dame divine !

செப்புஉறு கமலங்கள் மலரும்தண் வயல்சூழ்
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவபெரு மானே!
இப்பிறப்பு அறுத்துஎமை ஆண்டுஅருள் புரியும்
எம்பெரு மான்பள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே!

7. அதுபழச் சுவைஎன அமுதுஎன அறிதற்கு
அரிதுஎன எளிதுஎன அமரரும் அறியார்
இதுஅவன் திருஉரு இவன்அவன் எனவே
எங்களை ஆண்டுகொண்டு இங்குஎழுந் தருளும்
மதுவளர் பொழில்திரு உத்தர கோச
மங்கைஉள் ளாய்திருப் பெருந்துறை மன்னா!
எதுஎமைப் பணிகொளும் ஆறுஅது கேட்போம்
எம்பெரு மான்பள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே!

Lord Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai
Girt with cooling paddy-fields where purple lotus blooms !
Thou shalt cut this birth away and make me Thine in grace !
Our Lord, from off Thy couch arise and grant Thy grace to us !
369

Though rare for gods, He is affable to us !

7. " That He is the taste of fruits " and " That He is Nectar ",
" That He is so hard to know " or " that He is affable "
The gods themselves know not ! But Thou didst come in grace
And mad'st us Thine so that we say "This is His sacred Form",
And "This One is that One" ! Thou of Uttrakosamangai
Begirt with honied groves ! Thou King of sacred Perunthurai !
Tell us the ways of serving Thee and we will all obey !
Our Lord, from off Thy couch arise and grant Thy grace to us !
370

8. முந்திய முதல்நடு இறுதியும் ஆனாய்
மூவரும் அறிகிலர் யாவர்மற்று அறிவார் ?
பந்துஅணை விரலியும் நீயும்நின் அடியார்
பழம்குடில் தொறும்எழுந் தருளிய பரனே !
செம்தழல் புரைதிரு மேனியும் காட்டித்
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை கோயிலும் காட்டி
அந்தணன் ஆவதும் காட்டிவந்து ஆண்டாய்
ஆர்அமு தேபள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே !

9. விண்ணகத் தேவரும் நண்ணவும் மாட்டா
விழுப்பொரு ளேஉன தொழுப்புஅடி யோங்கள்
மண்ணகத் தேவந்து வாழச்செய் தானே !
வண்திருப் பெருந்துறை யாய்வழி அடியோம்

He visits his humble serfs' abodes !

8. Thou wert the ancient First ! Thou wert the Midst and End of all !
When the Triod themselves know not, who else could know Thee ?
Thou the Lord didst pay Thy visit to every ancient hut
Of thy saints, in grace, along with Dame of soft fingers !
Thou disclosedest sacred Form resembling ruddy fire !
Thou disclosedest too Thy shrine in sacred Perunthurai !
Thou didst show Thy Sage-Form too and Thou didst make me Thine !
Rare Nectar, from off Thy couch arise and grant Thy grace !
371

He caused His saints to live on earth

9. Thou art the Supreme Being Whom the gods themselves in heaven
Cannot even approach ! But Thou madest Thy own thralls
Who served Thee, come to this world and to live in bliss ! Thou of
Rich and sacred Perunthurai ! Thou Honied Delight Who bid'st

கண்அகத் தேநின்று களிதரு தேனே!
        கடல்அமு தேகரும் பேவிரும்பு அடியார்
எண்அகத் தாய்உல குக்குஉயிர் ஆனாய்!
        எம்பெரு மான்பள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே!

10. 'புவனியில் போய்ப்பிற வாமையின் நாள்நாம்
        போக்குகின் றோம்அவ மேஇந்தப் பூமி
சிவன்உய்யக் கொள்கின்ற ஆறு'என்று நோக்கித்
        திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை வாய்திரு மால்ஆம்
அவன்விருப்பு எய்தவும் மலரவன் ஆசைப்
        படவும்நின் அலர்ந்தமெய்க் கருணையும் நீயும்
அவனியில் புகுந்துஎமை ஆட்கொள்ள வல்லாய்!
        ஆர்அமு தேபள்ளி எழுந்தரு ளாயே!

Within the eyes of ours Thy lineal serfs ! Thou Ambrosia
        That spring'st from out of sea ! Thou Sugar-Cane ! Thou Who dwell'st within
The thought of saints who loved Thee ! Thou the Soul of all the world !
        Our Lord, from off Thy couch arise and grant Thy grace to us !
372

Even Mal and Ayan seek this earth due to Him!

10. 'We waste our days, by not going and being born at all
        Upon the earth which Sivan doth use to save the souls of all'–
That the sacred Mal and One on flower should realise thus,
        And that each of them should long for life upon this earth,
O my Lord Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai,
        Thy blossomed, kindly mercy and Thyself entered the world,
And did make us all serve Thee as Thy own saints, in grace !
        Ambrosia rare, from off Thy couch arise and grant Thy grace !
373

21. கோயில் மூத்த திருப்பதிகம்

அநாதியாகிய சற்காரியம்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. உடையாள் உன்தன் நடுவுஇருக்கும் உடையாள் நடுவுள்
நீஇருத்தி
அடியேன் நடுவுள் இருவீரும் இருப்ப தானல் அடியேன்உன்
அடியார் நடுவுள் இருக்கும்அரு ளைப்புரியாய்பொன்
அம்பலத்துஎம்
முடியா முதலே என்கருத்து முடியும் வண்ணம் முன்நின்றே.

XXI. KOIL MOOTTHA TIRUPPATIKAM

OR

THE ANCIENT TEMPLE-HYMN

Place me amidst Thy saints

1. Thy Mistress dwells in Thy own midst and Thou dwell'st in
Thy Mistress' midst !
If, both of ye dwelt in my midst, do stand in front and
dispense grace
That I, Thy servant should abide for e'er amidst Thy loving saints,
So that might be my wish fulfilled, O Primal Lord of Endlessness !

2. முன்நின்று ஆண்டாய் எனைமுன்னம் யானும் அதுவே
முயல்வுஉற்றுப்
பின்நின்று ஏவல் செய்கின்றேன் பிற்பட்டு ஒழிந்தேன்
பெம்மானே !
"என்நின்று அருளி வரநின்று போந்திடு" என்னு
விடில்அடியார்
உன்நின்று "இவன்ஆர் ?" என்னுரோ ? பொன்அம்
பலக்கூத்து உகந்தானே!

3. உகந்தானே! அன்புடை அடிமைக்கு உருகாஉள்ளத்து
உணர்வுஇலி யேன்
சகம்தான் அறிய முறைஇட்டால் "தக்கஆறு அன்று"
என்னுரோ ?
மகம்தான் செய்து வழிவந்தார் வாழ வாழ்ந்தாய்
அடியேற்குஉன்
முகம்தான் தாரா விடில் முடிவேன் பொன்அம்பலத்துஎம்
முழுமுதலே!

Tarry awhile and take me

2. Thou didst stand in front, of yore and mad'st me Thine ! I too
persevered
In Thy service but was left behind ! My Lord, if Thou
Wouldst not stand by me and tarry and bidd'st not me to come,
Thou pleased with dance in Golden Court, will not the saints ask
Thee "Who's He ?" 375

I'll appeal to the world !

3. Pleased Thou art with love's service ! If I, of hard, unmelting heart
Should plead my cause before the world, won't they tell
"'Tis not meet" ?
Grace Thou gav'st and life to those who sacrificed and sought
Thy way !
I'll die, shouldst Thou refuse Thy face ! Thou Perfect Source
in Golden Court ! 376

4. முழுமுத லேஐம் புலனுக்கும் மூவர்க் கும்என் தனக்கும்
வழிமுத லேநின் பழஅடியார் திரள் வான் குழுமிக்
கெழுமுத லேஅருள் தந்துஇருக்க இரங்கும் கொல்லோஎன்று
அழும்அது வேஅன்றி மற்றுஎன் செய்கேன்பொன்
அம்பலத்துஅரைசே !

5. அரைசே பொன்அம் பலத்தாடும் அமுதே என்றுஉன்
அருள்நோக்கி
இரைதேர் கொக்குஒத்து இரவுபகல் ஏசற்று இருந்தே
வேசற்றேன்
கரைசேர் அடியார் களிசிறப்பக் காட்சி கொடுத்துஉன்
அடியேன்பால்
பிரைசேர் பாலில் நெய்போலப் பேசாது இருந்தால் ஏசாரோ ?

Make me not despair

4. Thou Perfect Source ! Thou art the Ancient Source of senses five,
three gods,
And my self too ! Thou Source that mak'st Thy ancient saints
all meet in heaven !
What else can I do except to weep and wonder in despair,
Whether Thou wouldst in grace pity at all ? O King of Golden
Court ! 377

Thou art ghee in curd to me !

5. Like the patient heron watching for its prey, I waned by
day and night
With worries' load and looked up for Thy grace, crying,
"O Dancing King
Of Golden Court and Nectar !" If Thou showed'st Thyself
to released saints of bliss,
And silent wert to me like ghee in curd, won't men revile at Thee ?
378

6, ஏசா நிற்பர் என்னைஉனக்கு அடியான்என்று பிறர் எல்லாம்
பேசாநிற்பர் யான்தானும் பேணு நிற்பேன் நின் அருளே
தேசா நேசர் சூழ்ந்து இருக்கும் திருவோ லக்கம் சேவிக்க
ஈசா பொன்அம் பலத்துஆடும் எந்தாய்! இனித்தான்
இரங்காயே!

7. இரங்கும் நமக்குஅம் பலக்கூத்தன் என்றுஎன்று ஏமாந்து
இருப்பேனை
அருங்கற் பனைகற் பித்துஆண்டாய் ஆள்வார் இலிமாடு
ஆவேனோ?
நெருங்கும் அடியார் களும்நீயும் நின்று நிலாவி விளையாடும்
மருங்கே சார்ந்து வரஎங்கள் வாழ்வே 'வா'என்று அருளாயே!

8. அருளாது ஒழிந்தால் அடியேனை 'அஞ்சேல்' என்பார்
ஆர்? இங்குப்
பொருளா என்னைப் புகுந்துஆண்ட பொன்னே பொன்அம்
பலக்கூத்தா!

They scorn me

6. Revile at me do some, while all the rest of them do speak of me
In scorn as Thy servant! I stand and yearn for Thy good
grace alone!
Bright One, hence in pity grace that I worship Thy Audience Hall
Filled with Thy lovers! O Sire and Isa of the Golden Court! 379

Shepherdless cow?

7. "The Dancer at the Golden Court will pity us"—I said and stood
In distress, when Thou didst make me Thine and taught'st
rare truths!
Shall I a cow be shepherdless? Our Life! In grace do bid me reach
The place wherein Thy chosen saints and Thou do bide and
sport in mirth! 380

I pine in anguish!

8. If Thou deniest me Thy grace, who is here to say "Don't fear"?
O Gold! Thou Dancer in the Court of Gold! Thou cared'st
for me and entered'st

மருள்ஆர் மனத்தோடு உனைப்பிரிந்து வருந்துவேனை
'வா' என்றுஉன்
தெருள்ஆர் கூட்டம் காட்டாயேல் செத்தே போனால்
சிரியாரோ ?

9. சிரிப்பார் களிப்பார் தேனிப்பார் திரண்டு திரண்டுஉன்
திருவார்த்தை
விரிப்பார் கேட்பார் மெச்சுவார் வெவ்வேறு இருந்துஉன்
திருநாமம்
தரிப்பார் பொன்அம் பலத்துஆடும் தலைவா என்பார்
அவர்முன்னே
நரிப்புஆய் நாயேன் இருப்பேனோ நம்பி! இனித்தான்
நல்காயே !

10. "நல்காது ஒழியான் நமக்கு" என்றுஉன் நாமம்பிதற்றி
நயனநீர்
மல்கா வாழ்த்தா வாய்குழறு வணங்கா மனத்தால்
நினைந்துஉருகிப்
பல்கால் உன்னைப் பாவித்துப் பரவிப் பொன்அம் பலம்என்றே
ஒல்கா நிற்கும் உயிர்க்குஇரங்கி அருளாய் என்னை
உடையானே !

And mad'st me Thine ! Parting from Thee, I pine in anguish !
Won't they laugh
If Thou bad'st me come but showed'st not me Thy gracious
band of saints ? 381

Thy saints enjoy !

9. They laugh ! They joy ! They taste honied delight ! They
mingle into groups
And explain the sacred texts of Thine ! They listen and extol !
O Nambi, they in groups pronounce Thy holy name and cry
" O Dancing King
Of Golden Court ". Shall I a dog before them lie depraved ?
Grace me hence ! 382

I rave Thy name !

10. " He won't fail to bestow grace upon us "—thus I thought and do
Rave Thy name ! With tearful eyes and with the praising
tongue that falters,
Bowing, pensive and with melting heart, oft I thought of Thee !
My Lord, pity and grace my with'ring soul adoring Thy
Gold Court ! 383

22. கோயில் திருப்பதிகம்

அனுபோக இலக்கணம்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

எழுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. மாறி நின்று என்னை மயக்கிடும் வஞ்சப்
புலன்ஐந்தின் வழிஅடைத்து அமுதே
ஊறி நின்று என்னுள் எழுபரஞ் சோதி
உள்ளவா காணவந்து அருளாய் !
தேறலின் தெளிவே சிவபெரு மானே
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
ஈறுஇலாப் பதங்கள் யாவையும் கடந்த
இன்பமே என்னுடை அன்பே !

XXII. KOIL TIRUPPATIKAM

OR

THE SACRED TEMPLE-LYRIC

Disclose Thy True Self !

1. The channels of the treacherous senses five
Which perversely hallucinated me,
Thou didst block, and Thou Ambrosial Fount
Within my heart didst rise as Light Supreme !
Come and show in grace Thy Truest Self !
Distilled Honey and Siva of Sacred Perunthurai !
O Mighty Bliss that transcendest all 'bodes
That know no end ! My Love Personified !

2\. அன்பினால் அடியேன் ஆவியோடு ஆக்கை
ஆனந்த மாய்க்கசிந்து உருக
என்பரம் அல்லா இன்அருள் தந்தாய்
யான்இதற்கு இலன்ஓர் கைம்மாறு !
முன்புமாய்ப் பின்பும் முழுதுமாய்ப் பரந்த
முத்தனே முடிவுஇலா முதலே !
தென்பெருந் துறையாய் சிவபெரு மானே
சீர்உடைச் சிவபுரத்து அரைசே !

3\. அரைசனே அன்பர்க்கு அடியனேன் உடைய
அப்பனே ஆவியோடு ஆக்கை
புரைபுரை கனியப் புகுந்துநின்று உருக்கிப்
பொய்இருள் கடிந்தமெய்ச் சுடரே !
திரைபொரா மன்னும் அமுதத்தெண் கடலே !
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
உரைஉணர்வு இறந்துநின்று உணர்வதுஓர் உணர்வே !
யான்உன்னை உரைக்கும்ஆறு உணர்த்தே !

I've naught to give in return

2\. Thou didst grant sweet grace beyond the worth
Of me Thy slave so that my soul and frame
Mellow and melt with blissful rapture great !
I've naught with me to give in turn for this !
Thou Ever-free Who spread'st as all the things !
Thou Endless Source ! Thou art before, behind.
Thou of south Perunthurai, O my Lord Siva !
Thou art the King of glorious Sivapuram too ! 385

Make me describe Thy Self !

3\. O King and Sire to me the slave of Thy own saints !
Thou didst enter and didst abide, soft'ning,
And melting all my soul and ev'ry pore of frame !
Thou Light of Truth dispelling lie's darkness !
Thou clear and biding waveless Nectar-Sea !
O Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
Thou stand'st as Gnosis beyond all word and thought,
Known by Gnosis 'lone ! To describe Thee teach me ! 386

4. உணர்ந்தமா முனிவர் உம்பரோடு ஒழிந்தார்
உணர்வுக்கும் தெரிவுஅரும் பொருளே!
இணங்குஇலி எல்லா உயிர்கட்கும் உயிரே!
எனைப்பிறப்பு அறுக்கும்எம் மருந்தே!
திணிந்ததுஓர் இருளில் தெளிந்த தூவெளியே
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே!
குணங்கள்தாம் இல்லா இன்பமே உன்னைக்
குறுகினேற்கு இனிஎன்ன குறையே!

5. குறைவுஇலா நிறைவே! கோதுஇலா அமுதே!
ஈறுஇலாக் கொழுஞ்சுடர்க் குன்றே!
மறையும்ஆய் மறையின் பொருளும்ஆய் வந்துஎன்
மனத்திடை மன்னிய மன்னே!
சிறைபெரு நீர்போல் சிந்தைவாய்ப் பாயும்
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே!
இறைவனே நீஎன் உடல்இடம் கொண்டாய்
இனிஉன்னை என் இரக்கேனே?

I have no more worry!

4. The sages versed in sacred lore and heavenly ones
And all the rest can't apprehend Thee, Being Rare!
Thou art Peerless One and Soul of all the souls!
Our own Balm which curest me of 'birth-disease'!
Subtle, spotless Ether shining amidst the darkness dense!
O Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai!
O Bliss devoid of qualities! Henceforth,
What's the grievance here for me, since I reached Thee well? 387

I've no more to beg of Thee!

5. O Plenary Fulness sans decrease! Ambrosia void of flaws!
Thou art Mount of Endless Flame which is Luxuriant!
As the Vedas themselves and as Vedas' Essence too,
O King, Thou cam'st and lived'st within my heart!
O Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai,
And Who flow'st within my soul like bound-burst stream!
My Lord Who dwellest within my body-shrine!
What shall I, in future, beg of Thee? 388

6\. இரந்துஇரந்து உருக என்மனத்து உள்ளே
எழுகின்ற சோதியே இமையோர்
சிரம்தனில் பொலியும் கமலச்சே வடியாய் !
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
நிரந்தஆ காயம் நீர்நிலம் தீகால்
ஆய்அவை அல்லைஆய் ஆங்கே
கரந்ததுஓர் உருவே களித்தனன் உன்னைக்
கண்உறக் கண்டுகொண்டு இன்றே !

7\. இன்றுஎனக்கு அருளி இருள்கடிந்து உள்ளத்து
எழுகின்ற ஞாயிறே போன்று
நின்றநின் தன்மை நினைப்புஅற நினைந்தேன்
நீ அலால் பிறிதுமற்று இன்மை !
சென்றுசென்று அணுவாய்த் தேய்ந்துதேய்ந்து ஒன்றுஆம்
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
ஒன்றும்நீ அல்லை அன்றிஒன்று இல்லை !
ஆர்உன்னை அறியகிற் பாரே ?

I sated my eyes with Thy vision to-day !

6, O, Thou Splendrous Light emerging slowly within my soul
While I beg and pray and melt in heart !
Thy own lotus-red Feet shine upon the crowns of gods !
O Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
Limitless Ether, water and the earth, and fire and wind—
Thou art all these yet art not ! And Thou art of the Form
Concealed in them ! I do rejoice because,
Today I've fixed my eyes on Thee and seen ! 389

None can know Thee !

7\. Thou didst grace this day to me and darkness didst dispel !
Like the rising Sun Thou stoodst abiding in my soul !
Naught else subsists except Thee ! Of these Thy nature true
I thought with ceaseless thought ! They approach nearer and nearer
And wearing off atom by atom, become one with Thee !
Thou O, Siva Who dwellest in Sacred Perunthurai Shrine !
Thou art naught of these at all and naught subsists sans Thee !
Who is there who can know Thee at all ? 390

8. பார்பதம் அண்டம் அனைத்தும்ஆய் முளைத்துப்
பரந்ததுஓர் படர்ஒளிப் பரப்பே !
நீர்உறு தீயே நினைவதேல் அரிய
நின்மலா நின்அருள் வெள்ளச்
சீர்உறு சிந்தை எழுந்ததுஓர் தேனே !
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
ஆர்உறவு எனக்குஇங்கு ஆர்அயல் உள்ளார் ?
ஆனந்தம் ஆக்கும்என் சோதி !

9. சோதிஆய்த் தோன்றும் உருவமே அருஆம்
ஒருவனே சொல்லுதற்கு அரிய
ஆதியே நடுவே அந்தமே பந்தம்
அறுக்கும் ஆனந்தமா கடலே !
தீதுஇலா நன்மைத் திருஅருள் குன்றே !
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
யாதுநீ போவதுஓர் வகைஎனக்கு அருளாய்
வந்துநின் இணைஅடி தந்தே ?

Who are my kinsmen ?

8. Thou Expanse of Light that stemmed'st and spread'st
As the earthly sphere and heaven and all the rest of things !
Thou the fire in water too ! Thou Pure One too hard for thought !
O, Thou Sweet Honey Which springest within the hearts of those
Who are filled with Thy own flood of grace !
O Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
Who are all my kinsmen here ? Who are aliens ? say !
O Jyothi which dost yield me ecstasy ! 391

Sacred Mount of Grace !

9. O Form of Light resplendent seen ! Thou the Formless One !
Thou art the First, the Midst and Last Who art so hard
For words to paint ! Thou Sea of mighty Bliss
Which couldst wash my earthly bonds away !
Thou Sacred Mount of Grace and Good, sans ill !
O Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
Having come and blessed me with Thy pair of Feet,
How canst Thou in fairness leave me ? Speak with grace ! 392

10. தந்ததுஉன் தன்னைக் கொண்டதுஎன் தன்னைச்
சங்கரா ஆர்கொலோ சதுரர் ?
அந்தம்ஒன்று இல்லா ஆனந்தம் பெற்றேன்
யாதுநீ பெற்றதொன்று என்பால் ?
சிந்தையே கோயில் கொண்டஎம் பெருமான்
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
எந்தையே ஈசா உடல்இடம் கொண்டாய்
யான்இதற்கு இலன்ஓர்கைம் மாறே !

I've naught to give in return for Thy bliss !

10. Thyself is what Thou hast given ! Myself is what Thou hast got !
Who is cleverer of the two ? O Sankara, do speak !
The Rapture-Bliss that knows no end I have well gained from Thee !
Is there e'en a single thing that Thou hast got from me ?
Our Lord Who hast my heart converted as Thy holy shrine !
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai !
O Father and O Isa, Thou hast made my frame Thy 'bode !
I have naught to give in turn for all this unto Thee ! 393

23. செத்திலாப்பத்து

சிவானந்தம் அளவுஅறுக்க ஒணாமை

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

எண்சீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பொய்யனேன் அகம்நெகப் புகுந்துஅமுது ஊறும்
புதுமலர்க்கழல் இணைஅடி பிரிந்தும்
கையனேன் இன்னும் செத்திலேன் அந்தோ
விழித்துஇருந்து உள்ளக் கருத்தினை இழந்தேன்!
ஐயனே! அரசே! அருட்பெரும் கடலே!
அத்தனே! அயன் மாற்குஅறி ஒண்ணாச்
செய்ய மேனியனே செய்வகை அறியேன்
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே!

XXIII. SETTHILA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DESPONDENCY

I know not what to do!

1. Thy fresh and flower-like pair of Feet entered my self of lies,
And caused my heart to melt and swell with nectar that is sweet!
Tho' parted now from them, my guileful self is not yet dead!
Alas, in wakefulness I lost the goal of my own soul!
O Teacher and O King! Thou Mighty Sea of Grace!
Father Whom both Ayan and Mal could not descry at all!
O God of ruddy Form! I know not how and what's to be done!
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai! 394

2. புற்றும்ஆய் மரம்ஆய்ப் புனல் காலே
உண்டிஆய் அண்ட வாணரும் பிறரும்
வற்றி யாரும்நின் மலர்அடி காணா
மன்ன! என்னைஓர் வார்த்தையுள் படுத்துப்
பற்றினாய் பதையேன் மனம்மிக உருகேன்
பரிகி லேன்பரி யாஉடல் தன்னைச்
செற்றிலேன் இன்னும் திரிதரு கின்றேன்
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே!

3. புலைய னேனையும் பொருள்என நினைந்துஉன்
அருள் புரிந்தனை புரிதலும் களித்துத்
தலையி னால்நடந் தேன்விடைப் பாகா
சங்கரா எண்இல் வானவர்க்கு எல்லாம்

Still I wander here!

2. With the growth of ant-hills and the trees upon their frames,
And with water and air for food the gods and all the rest
Became reduced to bones but couldn't perceive Thy flower-like Feet!
Castest Thou a single word alone in me, O King,
And didst catch me! Yet I tremble not nor melt in heart!
I feel no love for Thee at all and I have not destroyed
This love-less frame of mine! I roam and wander still!
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai! 395

I was drunk with Thy grace!

3. Thou didst deem my base self too as one of worthiness,
And gav'st Thy grace and I, thus graced, became quite exultant,
And stalked the earth head-over-heels! Thou Rider on the Bull!
Sankara, Thou basis of the countless heavenly ones!

நிலைய னேஅலை நீர்விடம் உண்ட
நித்தனே அடை யார்புரம் எரித்த
சிலைய னேஎனைச் செத்திடப் பணியாய்
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே !

4. அன்பர் ஆகிமற்று அரும்தவம் முயல்வார்
அயனும் மாலும்மற்று அழல்உறு மெழுகுஆம்
என்பர் ஆய்நினை வார்எனைப் பலர்
நிற்க இங்குஎனை எற்றினுக்கு ஆண்டாய் ?
வன்ப ராய்முருடு ஒக்கும்என் சிந்தை
மரக்கண் என்செவி இரும்பினும் வலிது
தென்ப ராய்த்துறை யாய்சிவ லோகா !
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே !

Eternal One, Thou at'st the poison from the sea of waves !
Thou art the Bowman Who didst burn the forts
Of Thy foes ! Pray bid myself be dead and gone !
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai ! 396

Why didst Thou thrall me ?

4. Penances rare they do perform with love and harsh rigours—
They and Ayan and Mal and those whose hearts dissolving, melt
Like wax on fire and who with bone-frames think of Thee alone !–
While all these stand and wait, why didst Thou make myself Thine own ?
My mind is like the hard knur of the knotty tree of Parai !
My eyes are dry like wood ! My ears are harder than steel !
O King of South Paraithurai and of the Sivalokam !
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai ! 397

5. ஆட்டுத் தேவர்தம் விதிஒழித்து அன்பால்
ஐயனே என்றுஉன் அருள்வழி இருப்பேன்
நாட்டுத் தேவரும் நாடரும் பொருளே!
நாதனே! உனைப் பிரிவுஉரு அருளைக்
காட்டித் தேவநின் கழல்இணை காட்டிக்
காயமா யத்தைக் கழித்துஅருள் செய்யாய்
சேட்டைத் தேவர்தம் தேவர் பிரானே!
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே!

6. அறுக்கி லேன்உடல் துணிபடத் தீப்புக்கு
ஆர்கி லேன்திரு அருள்வகை அறியேன்
பொறுக்கி லேன்உடல் போக்குஇடம் காணேன்
போற்றி! போற்றி! என் போர்விடைப் பாகா!

Rid me of this illusory frame!

5. Eschewing ways of gods who fate-ward drag, I cried aloud
"Sire" in love and now I follow Thy own Gracious ways!
Thou Rarest Being Whom "the gods of earth" too cannot reach!
O King, please grant me grace of not parting from Thee at all!
O God show me Thy jewelled Feet and show me Thy own grace!
And bid me also be rid of the illusions of frame!
Supreme God of gods above the pettiest of the gods!
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai! 398

I cannot endure my separation from Thee!

6. Neither have I cut and split my body into bits!
Nor plunged myself within the fire nor known the ways of grace!
I cannot brook life in this frame nor refuge have I got!
My Lord of warring Bull! I always keep on praising Thee!

இறக்கி லேன்உனைப் பிரிந்துஇனிது இருக்க
என்செய் கேன்இது செய்கஎன்று அருளாய் !
சிறைக்க ணேபுனல் நிலவிய வயல்சூழ்
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே !

7. மாய னேமறி கடல்விடம் உண்ட
வான வாமணி கண்டத்துஎம் அமுதே !
நாயி னேன்உனை நினையவும் மாட்டேன்
நமச்சி வாயஎன்று உன்னடி பணியாப்
பேய னாகிலும் பெருநெறி காட்டாய்
பிறைகு லாம்சடைப் பிஞ்ஞக னேயோ !
சேய னாகிநின்று அலறுவது அழகோ ?
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே !

I have not sought death rather than living far from Thee !
What shall I do ? Bid me in grace : " do thou such and such," !
O Lord Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai
Begirt with paddy-fields wherein the water stands embanked ! 399

Show Thy Supreme Way !

7. Thou of sportful guiles ! O Heavenly Lord Who atest then
The poison from the billowed sea ! My Blue-throated Nectar !
Neither would my dog-like self e'er think in love of Thee !
Nor would sing and pray my fiend-like self as "Namasivaya"
And bow before Thy Feet ! Yet show Thy Supreme Way !
O Pingnaka upon Whose braid does rest the crescent Moon !
If, like stranger I did rave, will it e'er become Thee ?
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai ! 400

8. போது சேர்அயன் பொருகடல் கிடந்தோன்
புரந்த ராதிகள் நிற்கமற்று என்னைக்
கோது மாட்டிநின் குரைகழல் காட்டிக்
'குறிக்கொள்க' என்றுநின் தொண்டரில் கூட்டாய்!
யாது செய்வதுஎன்று இருந்தனன் மருந்தே!
அடிய னேன்இடர்ப் படுவதும் இனிதோ?
சீத வார்புனல் நிலவிய வயல்சூழ்
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே!

9. ஞாலம் இந்திரன் நான்முகன் வானவர்
நிற்க மற்றுஎனை நயந்துஇனிது ஆண்டாய்!
காலன் ஆர்உயிர் கொண்டபூம் கழலாய்!
கங்கையாய்! அங்கி தங்கிய கையாய்!

Does my grief please Thee?

8. While Ayan on flower and He Who sleeps on sea of dashing waves,
And Purandaran and all the rest of gods themselves do wait,
Purge me clean of sins and show me Thy bejewelled Feet!
Bid me "Hold fast unto the goal!" and place amidst Thy saints!
I despaired much and knew not what's to be done at all, my Balm!
Does it please Thyself that I Thy slave should grieve with pain?
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai
Which is girt with paddy-fields too full of water cool! 401

Bid me reach Thy Feet!

9. The mortals, Indra, and the Four-faced and the heavenly ones
Stood in despair! But Thou loved'st me and didst make me Thine!
Thy Feet of flower did take away the life from god of Death!
Thou dost own the Ganga and the palm with fire in it!

மாலும் ஓலம்இட்டு அலறும்அம் மலர்க்கே
மரக்க ணேனையும் வந்திடப் பணியாய்
சேலும் நீலமும் நிலவிய வயல்சூழ்
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே !

10. அளித்து வந்துஎனக்கு 'ஆவ' என்று அருளி
அச்சம் தீர்த்தநின் அருட்பெரும் கடலில்
திளைத்தும் தேக்கியும் பருகியும் உருகேன்
திருப்பெ ருந்துறை மேவிய சிவனே !
வளைக்கை யானொடு மலரவன் அறியா
வான வாமலை மாதொரு பாகா !
களிப்புஎ லாமிகக் கலங்கிடு கின்றேன்
கயிலை மாமலை மேவிய கடலே !

Bid me too, of eyes like wood to reach and then espie
Thy own flower-like Feet for which the Mal does wail and rave !
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai
Girt with paddy-fields which are so full of fish and flow'rs ! 402

I was bewildered !

10. Thou didst come with tenderness and saidst in grace to me "ah come"
And didst drive my dread away ! Yet in Thy great, Gracious Sea
Melt I not by plunging and then gath'ring and drinking !
O Siva Who dwellest in the sacred Perunthurai !
Neither he who handles conch nor the god on flower
Knows Thee, Thou Whose Partner is the Daughter of Mountain !
I lost my joys and stand bewildered sorely by my griefs !
O Ocean Great that bidest on the mighty Mount Kailai ! 403

24. அடைக்கலப்பத்து

பக்குவ நிர்ணயம்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

கலவைப்பாட்டு

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. செழுக்கமலத் திரளநின் சேவடி சேர்ந்து அமைந்த
பழுத்தமனத்து அடியருடன் போயினர்யான் பாவியேன்
புழுக்கண்உடைப் புன்குரம்பைப் பொல்லாக்கல்வி ஞானம்இலா
அழுக்குமனத்து அடியேன் உடையாய்உன் அடைக்கலமே !

2. வெறுப்பனவே செய்யும்என் சிறுமையைநின் பெருமையினால்
பொறுப்பவனே அராப்பூண் பவனேபொங்கு கங்கைசடைச்
செறுப்பவனே நின்திரு அருளால்என் பிறவியைவேர்
அறுப்பவனே உடையாய் அடியேன்உன் அடைக்கலமே !

XXIV. ADAIKKALA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF REFUGE

1. The saints of mellowed hearts who reached and lived at Thy red Feet,
Which are like the clust'ring lotus-flowers, are gone with Thee, while I,
The sinful, live in this mean, wormful frame as ill-taught slave
Of foul-ful mind and faulty wisdom ! My Master and Refuge ! 404

2. Thro' Thy greatness Thou forgiv'st my meanness, which always
Loathsome deeds performs ! Thou wearest snakes and subdued'st rage
Of the turbulent Gangai on Thy braid ! By grace Thou uprootest
My births ! My Master ! I Thy slave do seek refuge in Thee ! 405

3. பெரும்பெருமான் என்பிறவியை வேர்அறுத்துப் பெரும்பிச்சுத்
தரும்பெருமான் சதுரப்பெரு மான்என் மனத்தின்உள்ளே
வரும்பெருமான் மலரோன்நெடு மால்அறி யாமல்நின்ற
அரும்பெருமான் உடையாய் அடியேன்உன் அடைக்கலமே!

4. பொழிகின்ற துன்பப்புயல் வெள்ளத்தில்நின் கழற்புணை
கொண்டு
இழிகின்ற அன்பர்கள் ஏறினர்வான்யான் இடர்க்கடல்வாய்ச்
சுழிசென்று மாதர்த்திரை பொரக்காமச் சுறவுஎறிய
அழிகின்றனன் உடையாய் அடியேன்உன் அடைக்கலமே!

5. சுருள்புரிகூ ழையர்சூழலில் பட்டுன் திறம்மறந்துஇங்கு
இருள்புரியாக் கையிலேகிடந்து எய்த்தனன் மைத்தடம்கண்
வெருள்புரிமான் அன்னநோக்கிதன் பங்கவிண்
ணோர்பெருமான்
அருள்புரியாய் உடையாய் அடியேன்உன் அடைக்கலமே!

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3. O Mighty Lord! Thou Lord who dost uproot my births and giv'st
Frenzied love! Thou Clever Lord! O Lord Who enteredest my heart!
Both the Flower-god and the tall Mal knew Thee not and stood, Rare Lord!
Thou art my Master! I Thy slave do seek refuge in Thee! 406

4. Thy saints who sink in floods from clouds of griefs ascended up
The heaven by Raft of Thy own Feet! I'm whirled within the sea
Of troubles, dashed by waves of women and bit by sharks of lust,
And sink! My Master! I Thy slave do seek refuge in Thee! 407

5. I fell a prey to the wiles of maids of curly locks and did
Forget Thy ways and growing weak, did bide in this dark frame!
O, Spouse of Her of eyes like startled fawn! O Lord of gods!
Pray grace, my Master! I Thy slave do seek refuge in Thee! 408

6. மாழைமைப் பாவியகண் ணியர்வன்மத்து இடஉடைந்து
தாழியைப் பாவுதயிர் போல்தளர்ந்தேன் தடமலர்த்தாள்
வாழி! எப்போது வந்துஎந்நாள் வணங்குவன் வல்வினையேன்
ஆழிஅப்பா உடையாய் அடியேன்உன் அடைக்கலமே!

7. மின்கணினார் நுடங்கும்இடையார் வெகுளிவலை
யில்அகப்பட்டுப்
புன்கணனாய்ப் புரள்வேனைப் புரளாமல் புகுந்தருளி
என்கணிலே அமுதுஊறித் தித்தித்துஎன் பிழைக்குஇரங்கும்
அம்கணனே உடையாய் அடியேன்உன் அடைக்கலமே!

8. மாவடுவகிர் அன்னகண்ணி பங்காநின் மலர்அடிக்கே
கூவிடுவாய் கும்பிக்கே இடுவாய்நின் குறிப்பு அறியேன்
பாஇடையாடு குழல்போல் கரந்துபரந்ததுஉள்ளம்
ஆ! கெடுவேன் உடையாய் அடியேன்உன் அடைக்கலமே!

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6. I languished like the split up curd that bounds within the pot,
When the rod of maids of paint-eyes like young mango, churn!
When and what day sinful I shall bow at Thy flower-Feet?
Sea-like Sire! My Master! I Thy slave do seek refuge! 409

7. Netted by the passion for the bright-eyed, thin-waist maids,
I rolled in pain! Lest I should roll, Thou entered'st me in grace!
And tasting sweet as Ambrosia, Thou distilled'st in my eyes!
Fair-eyed Lord! Pity my faults! I seek refuge in Thee! 410

8. Spouse of Maid of eyes like young mango! Thou may'st bid me
Unto Thy Feet or drop in hell! I know Thy purpose not!
Hides and flies my mind like spindle within the warp! My Lord!
Alas, I die! I Thy slave do seek refuge in Thee! 411

9. பிறிவு அறியா அன்பர்நின்அருள் பெய்கழல் தாள்இணைக்கீழ்
மறிவுஅறியாச் செல்வம்வந்துபெற் றார்உன்னை வந்திப்பதுஓர்
நெறிஅறியேன் நின்னையேஅறி யேன்நின்னை யேஅறியும்
அறிவுஅறியேன் உடையாய் அடியேன்உன் அடைக்கலமே !

10. வழங்குகின்றாய்க்கு உன்அருள்ஆர் அமுதத்தை வாரிக்கொண்டு
விழுங்குகின்றேன் விக்கினேன் வினையேன்என் விதிஇன்மையால்
தழங்கரும்தேன் அன்னதண்ணீர் பருகத்தந்து உய்யக்கொள்ளாய்
அழுங்குகின்றேன் உடையாய் அடியேன்உன் அடைக்கலமே !

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9. Thy saints who know no parting came beneath Thy gracious Feet
And gained the endless bliss ! I know not how to worship Thee !
In fact I know Thee not ! I've no wisdom with which I could
Know Thee too, my Master ! I seek refuge in Thee ! 412

10. With both my palms I gathered up the gracious Ambrosia
Poured by Thee and quaffed it ! Chocked my sinful throat, thro' fate !
Give for drink the limpid, honey-like water and save me !
I grieve, my Master ! I Thy slave do seek refuge in Thee ! 413

25. ஆசைப்பத்து

ஆத்தும இலக்கணம்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது
அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. கருடக் கொடியோன் காணமாட்டாக் கழல்சே வடிஎன்னும்
பொருளைத் தந்துஇங்கு என்னை ஆண்ட பொல்லா
மணியே, ஓ !
இருளைத் துரந்திட்டு இங்கே வாஎன்று அங்கே கூவும்
அருளைப் பெறுவான் ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய் அம்மானே !

2. மொய்ப்பால் நரம்பு கயிறுஆக மூளைஎன்பு தோல் போர்த்த
குப்பாயம் புக்கு இருக்ககில்லேன் கூவிக்கொள்ளாய் கோவே ஓ!
எப்பா லவர்க்கும் அப்பாலாம் என்ஆர் அமு தேஓ !
அப்பா காண ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய் அம்மானே !

XXV. ASAI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DESIRE

Please summon me !

1. O Perfect Gem Who hast given the Wealth of Thy red, jewelled Feet
Which the eagle-bannered One couldn't see, and mad'st me
Thine own here !
Mayest Thou my darkness drive and saying " come here ",
call me to Thee !
To gain Thy grace from Thee, behold my Father Great,
my soul did Yearn ! 414

I can't brook life in frame !

2. I can't endure to live within this queer coat of the skin with which
Muscles and bones have been concealed and which is stitched
with milk-white nerves !
O my King, do bid me come ! O my Nectar rare which art
Beyond the reach of men of every land ! O Sire, to sea Thee
I yearned ! See Father Great ! 415

3. சீவார்ந்து ஈமொய்த்து அழுக்கொடு திரியும் சிறுகுடில்
இதுசிதையக்
கூவாய் கோவே கூத்தா காத்துஆட் கொள்ளும் குருமணியே!
தேவா! தேவர்க்கு அரியானே! சிவனே! சிறிதுஎன்
முகம்நோக்கி
'ஆவா' என்ன ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய் அம்மானே!

4. மிடைந்துஎலும்பு ஊத்தைமிக்கு அழுக்குஊறல் வீறுஇலி
நடைக்கூடம்
தொடர்ந்துஎனை நலியத் துயர்உறு கின்றேன் சோத்தம்எம்
பெருமானே!
உடைந்துநைந்து உருகி உள்ஒளிநோக்கி உன்திரு
மலர்ப்பாதம்
அடைந்துநின் றிடுவான் ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய்
அம்மானே!

Look at my face and bid me to come!

3. Destroy this moving cottage full of pus and dirt and filthy flies,
And bid me 'come,' O King and Dancer! Teacher-Gem Who
guard'st and mak'st
Me Thine own! God rare for gods themselves! Siva call me
"ah come!"
And look awhile at my own face! See Father Great, for this
I yearned! 416

I suffer thro' this foul frame!

4. This worthless, walking bone-built cell that's stuffed with
loathsome putrid puss
Doth chase and sorely afflict me and I do grieve! Hail Thee,
my Lord!
Dissolving, soft'ning and melting, beholding Thy own Light,
And reaching Thy own sacred flower-Feet—For this I yearned,
see Father Great! 417

5. அளிபுண் அகத்துப் புறம்தோல் மூடி அடியேன் உடைஆக்கை
புளியம் பழம்ஒத்து இருந்தேன் இருந்தும் விடையாய்
பொடிஆடீ!
எளிவந்து என்னை ஆண்டு கொண்ட என்ஆர் அமுதேஓ!
'அளியேன்' என்ன ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய் அம்மானே!

6. எய்த்தேன் நாயேன் இனிஇங்கு இருக்க கில்லேன்
இவ்வாழ்க்கை
வைத்தாய் வாங்காய் வானோர் அறியா மலர்ச்சே வடியானே!
முத்தா உன்தன் முகஒளி நோக்கி முறுவல் நகைகாண
அத்தா! சால ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய் அம்மானே!

Tell me 'I am Mercy.'!

5. With my Thy servant's frame of noisome flesh within and
skin without,
Lived I like a ripe tam'rind! Thou Ash-worn Rider on the Bull!
Rare Ambrosia which didst come too easily and mad'st me Thine!
" See, I'm Mercy "—To hear these words my soul did yearn!
See Father Great! 418

Take away this body given by Thee!

6. My dog-like self is much wearied! Henceforth, I can't brook
being here!
Take back this birth given by Thee of flower-red Feet
unknown to gods!
Release Thou art! To see the lustrous rays on Thy own
countenance
And Thy charming smile, I yearned for long! See Sire and
Father Great! 419

7. பாரோர் விண்ணோர் பரவி ஏத்தும் பரனே பரஞ்சோதி!
வாராய் வாரா உலகம் தந்து வந்துஆட் கொள்வானே!
பேர்ஆ யிரமும் பரவித் திரிந்துஎம் பெருமான் எனஏத்த
ஆரா அமுதே ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய் அம்மானே!

8. கையால் தொழுதுஉன் கழல்சே வடிகள் கழுமத் தழுவிக் கொண்டு
எய்யாது என்தன் தலைமேல் வைத்துஎம் பெருமான் பெருமான் என்று
ஐயா என்தன் வாயால் அரற்றி அழல்சேர் மெழுகுஒப்ப
ஐயாற்று அரசே ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய் அம்மானே!

I'd chaunt Thy Thousand Names !

7. Supreme One whom earth and heaven adore and worship ! Light Supreme !
Come, Thou Who dost come and mak'st me Thine and giv'st the eternal world !
To roam about and chaunt out all Thy Thousand Names and worship Thee
As "my Lord", "Rare Ambrosia", my soul did Yearn ! See Father Great ! 420

I'd melt by crying Thy Names !

8. To worship with my hands and embrace Thy red, jewelled-Feet and then,
To place them both upon my head quite tirelessly and rave with mouth
"Our Lord, our Lord" and "Our own Sire" and thus to melt like wax on fire,
My soul did Yearn ! Behold O King of Ayyaru and Father Great ! 421

9. செடிஆர் ஆக்கைத் திறம்அற வீசிச் சிவபுர நகர்புக்குக்
கடிஆர் சோதி கண்டு கொண்டுஎன் கண்இணை களிகூரப்
படிதான் இல்லாப் பரம்பர னேஉன் பழஅடி யார்கூட்டம்
அடியேன் காண ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய் அம்மானே!

10. வெம்சேல் அனைய கண்ணார்தம் வெகுளி வலையில் அகப்பட்டு
நைஞ்சேன் நாயேன் ஞானச் சுடரே நான்ஓர் துணைகாணேன்
பஞ்சுஏர் அடியாள் பாகத்து ஒருவா! பவளத் திருவாயால்
'அஞ்சேல்' என்ன ஆசைப் பட்டேன் கண்டாய் அம்மானே!

I long for the sight of Thy ancient saints!

9. To cast away this painful body and be rid of its agonies,
To enter city of Sivapuram, to see Thy splendrous, beauteous Light,
To feast my pair of eyes and see the band of Thy own ancient saints,
I Thy slave did Yearn, ! See Peerless, Supreme God and Father
Great! 422

Tell me 'Fear not'

10. Caught within the wrathful net of maids of fish-like, fire-like eyes,
Languish I a dog-like one! O Wisdom's Light, I see no help!
Thou the Spouse of Maid of fine and down-like Feet!
To hear Thee speak
With Thy coral lips "Fear not," I yearned! Behold, O Father
Great! 423

26. அதிசயப்பத்து

முத்தி இலக்கணம்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது
அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. வைப்புமாடு என்றும் மாணிக்கத்து ஒளிஎன்றும் மனத்திடை உருகாதே
செப்பு நேர்முலை மடவர லியர்தங்கள் திறத்திடை நைவேனை
ஒப்பு இலாதன உவமனில் இறந்தன ஒண்மலர்த் திருப்பாதத்து
அப்பன் ஆண்டுதன் அடியரில் கூட்டிய அதிசயம் கண்டாமே !

2. நீதி ஆவன யாவையும் நினைக்கிலேன் நினைப்பவரொடும் கூடேன்
ஏத மேபிறந்து இறந்துஉழல் வேன்தனை என்அடியான்என்று
பாதி மாதொடும் கூடிய பரம்பரன் நிரந்தர மாய்நின்ற
ஆதி ஆண்டுதன் அடியரில் கூட்டிய அதிசயம் கண்டாமே !

XXVI. ADISAYA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF WONDER

1. "O Treasure Supreme and Ruby bright !"—I neither called nor melted in heart !
I lay exhausted by my lust for charms of maids of beautiful breasts!
But the Sire of sacred Feet, Who has no compare or equal,
Has made me His and placed amidst His saints ! Such wonder have we seen ! 424

2. I neither think of all that's just nor mix with those who think of that !
I whirl between the births and deaths in sorrow ! But the Supreme Lord,
Whose Half is Maid and Who bides as the First One eternally
Has made me His and placed amidst His saints ! Such wonder have we seen ! 425

3. முன்னை என்னுடை வல்வினை போயிட முக்கண்அது உடை
எந்தை
தன்னை யாவரும் அறிவதற்கு அரியவன் எளியவன்
அடியார்க்குப்
பொன்னை வென்றதுஓர் புரிசடை முடிதனில் இளமதி
அதுவைத்த
அன்னை ஆண்டுதன் அடியரில் கூட்டிய அதிசயம் கண்டாமே!

4. பித்தன் என்றுஎனை உலகவர் பகர்வதுஓர் காரணம் இதுகேளீர்
ஒத்துச் சென்றுதன் திருஅருள் கூடிடும் உபாயம்அது
அறியாமே
செத்துப் போய்அரு நரகிடை வீழ்வதற்கு ஒருப்படு கின்றேனை
அத்தன் ஆண்டுதன் அடியரில் கூட்டிய அதிசயம் கண்டாமே!

5. பரவு வார்அவர் பாடுசென்று அணைகிலேன் பன்மலர்
பறித்துஏத்தேன்
குரவு வார்குழ லார்திறத் தேநின்று குடிகெடு கின்றேனை

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3. He drove away my time-worn sins of might! My Sire of triple eyes,
Who's too hard for all to know but Who is affable unto His saints,
And Who placed the baby-Moon upon His braid brighter than gold,
As Motherly God has placed me 'midst His saints! Such wonder
have we seen! 426

4. Listen Ye to this one reason why the worldlings call me mad!
I knew not how to trust and tread the ways which lead to
sacred grace!
Ready was I to die and fall in hard hells but my own Father
Made me His and placed amidst His saints! Such wonder have
we seen! 427

5. I mix not with Thy praying saints nor worship Thee with varied
flowers!
I stand enslaved to the charms of fragrant-locked maidens and
ruined lie!

இரவு நின்றுஎரி ஆடிய எம்இறை எரிசடை மிளிர்கின்ற
அரவன் ஆண்டுதன் அடியரில் கூட்டிய அதிசயம் கண்டாமே !

6. எண்ணி லேன்திரு நாமம்அஞ்சு எழுத்தும்என் ஏழைமை
அதனாலே
நண்ணி லேன்கலை ஞானிகள் தம்மொடும் நல்வினை நயவாதே
மண்ணி லேபிறந்து இறந்துமண் ஆவதற்கு ஒருப்படு
கின்றேனை
அண்ணல் ஆண்டுதன் அடியரில் கூட்டிய அதிசயம்
கண்டாமே !

7. பொத்தை ஊன்சுவர் புழுப்பொதிந்து உளுத்துஅசும்பு
ஒழுகிய பொய்க்கூரை
இத்தை மெய்எனக் கருதிநின்று இடர்க்கடல் சுழித்தலைப்
படுவேனை
முத்து மாமணி மாணிக்க வயிரத்த பவளத்தின் முழுச்சோதி
அத்தன் ஆண்டுதன் அடியரில் கூட்டிய அதிசயம் கண்டாமே !

But our Lord Who dances with the fire and snakes on braid in
nights
Has made me His and placed amidst His saints ! Such wonder
have we seen ! 428

6. I chaunted not Thy sacred Name of Letters Five, due to my sins !
Nor did I befriend those men of wisdom-lore, nor loved virtues !
Ready was I to be born on earth and die and become earth !
My Sire
Made me His and placed amidst His saints ! Such wonder
have we seen ! 430

7. This holed and false cottage with worm-ful fleshy wall
with pus dripping
I deemed as true and I was whirled in sea of distress !
But that Sire,
Who's the Perfect Splendour of Pearls and Gems and Corals
and Diamonds
Made me His and placed amidst His saints ! Such wonder
have we seen ! 429

8. நீக்கி முன்எனைத் தன்னொடு நிலாவகை குரம்பையில்
புகப்பெய்து
நோக்கி நுண்ணிய நொடியன சொற்செய்து நுகம்இன்றி
விளாக்கைத்துத்
தூக்கி முன்செய்த பொய்அறத் துகள்அறுத்து எழுதரு
சுடர்ச்சோதி
ஆக்கி ஆண்டுதன் அடியரில் கூட்டிய அதிசயம் கண்டாமே!

9. உற்ற ஆக்கையின் உறுபொருள் நறுமலர் எழுதரு நாற்றம்
போல்
பற்றல் ஆவதுஓர் நிலைஇலாப் பரம்பொருள் அப்பொருள்
பாராதே
பெற்ற வாபெற்ற பயன்அது நுகர்ந்திடும் பித்தர்சொல்
தெளியாமே
அத்தன் ஆண்டுதன் அடியரில் கூட்டிய அதிசயம் கண்டாமே!

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8. He pushed me that day from His presence and did drop me
in this 'hut'!
That Bright Splendour did eye me and taught instantly
subtle truths,
And caught me yokeless and lifting, cut off my age-old sins
and stains!
He made me His and placed amidst His saints! Such wonder
have we seen! 431

9. The Biding Truth within this frame is Supreme Being
Who is like
The fragrance of the sweetest flower, a nebulous thing,
eluding grasp!
Lest I should follow the mad who see this not but enjoy 'deeds',
The Sire did make me His and placed amidst His saints! Such
wonder have we seen! 432

10. இருள் திணிந்து எழுந்திட்டதுஓர் வல்வினைச் சிறுகுடில்
இது இத்தைப்
பொருள் எனக்களித்து அருநரகத்திடை விழப்புகுகின்றேனைத்
தெருளும் மும்மதில் நொடிவரை இடிதரச் சினப்பதத்
தொடுசெம்தீ
அருளும் மெய்ந்நெறி பொய்ந்நெறி நீக்கிய அதிசயம்
கண்டாமே!

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10. I deemed as worthy this, my tiny, sin-built 'hut' with darkness
raised,
And rejoiced and rushed to fall in dark hells! But that
Truthful Way
Graced by that enlight'ning ruddy Fire which powdered at once
three Forts
In angry mood, did drive my false way off! Such wonder
have we seen! 433

27. புணர்ச்சிப்பத்து

அத்துவித இலக்கணம்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. சுடர்பொன் குன்றைத் தோளா
முத்தை வாளா தொழும்புஉகந்து
கடைபட் டேனை ஆண்டுகொண்ட
கருணா லயனைக் கருமால்பிரமன்
தடைபட்டு இன்னும் சாரமாட்டாத்
தன்னைத் தந்த என்ஆர்அமுதைப்
புடைபட்டு இருப்பது என்றுகொல்லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியைப் புணர்ந்தே ?

XXVII. PUNARCHI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF MYSTIC NUPTIAL

Mal and Brahmman couldn't see Him !

1. The Hill of Lustrous Gold, the Unbored Pearl,
And Mercy-Shrine has made His own servant
Me the least one pleased with membership
Of the worthless gang ! My Rare Nectar
Which Mal and Brahmman were, from seeing barred
But Which did give Itself unto me !
When shall I be locked up with Him thus
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ?

2. ஆற்றகில்லேன் அடியேன் அரசே
அவனி தலத்துஐம் புலன்ஆய
சேற்றில் அழுந்தாச் சிந்தைசெய்து
சிவன்எம் பெருமான் என்றுஏத்தி
ஊற்று மணல்போல் நெக்குநெக்கு
உள்ளே உருகி ஓலம்இட்டுப்
போற்றிநிற்பது என்றுகொல் லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியைப் புணர்ந்தே ?

3. நீண்டமாலும் அயனும் வெருவ
நீண்ட நெருப்பை விருப்பிலேனை
ஆண்டுகொண்ட என்ஆர் அமுதை
அள்ளூறு உள்ளத்து அடியார்முன்
வேண்டும்தனையும் வாய்விட்டு அலறி
விரையார் மலர் தூவிப்
பூண்டுகிடப்பது என்றுகொல் லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியைப் புணர்ந்தே ?

I would melt and worship Him !

2. O King ! I Thy slave can bear no more !
Stuck up not within the miry slush
Of five-fold sense upon the earth I would
Think and pray as "Siva and our own Lord !"
I'd wail with soft and melting heart
Like springs in sands of water pure !
When shall I be praying and be thus
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ? 435

I would wail aloud and worship Him with flower !

3. That Lofty Fire that did shoot up
To the dread of tall Mal and Ayan !
My Rare Nectar Which made my love-less self
Its serf ! Before the good old saints,
With hearts of surging love by wailing 'loud
To my heart's content and strewing sweet flowers,
When shall I be locked up with Him thus
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ? 436

4. அல்லிக்கமலத்து அயனும் மாலும்
அல்லா தவரும் அமரர்கோனும்
சொல்லிப்பரவும் நாமத் தானைச்
சொல்லும் பொருளும் இறந்தசுடரை
நெல்லிக்கனியைத் தேனைப் பாலை
நிறைஇன் அமுதை அமுதின்சுவையைப்
புல்லிப்புணர்வது என்றுகொல் லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியைப் புணர்ந்தே?

5. திகழத்திகழும் அடியும் முடியும்
காண்பான் கீழ்மேல் அயனும்மாலும்
அகழப்பறந்தும் காண மாட்டா
அம்மான் இம்மா நிலம்முழுதும்
நிகழப்பணி கொண்டு என்னை ஆட்கொண்டு
ஆவா என்ற நீர்மைஎல்லாம்
புகழப்பெறுவது என்றுகொல் லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியைப் புணர்ந்தே?

He is all that is sweet !

4. He Whose name is mouthed and praised by those
Lotus-Ayan and Mal and all the rest !
He Who is the Light Which is beyond
The word and meaning ! The Mellowed Nelli Fruit !
He Who is the Sweet Honey and Milk !
Limitless Nectar and Its flavour too !
When shall I embrace Him and be thus
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ? 437

He made me His thrall !

5. He's the Great One of the bright and gleaming
Feet and Crown Which both the Mal and Brahmman,
Digging down and soaring high couldn't see !
He claimed my service as His slave and made
All the world know it ! He's of love
Which had made Him say 'Ah come' to me !
When shall I praise all that and be thus
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ? 438

6. பரிந்துவந்து பரமா னந்தம்
பண்டே அடியேற்கு அருள்செய்யப்
பிரிந்துபோந்து பெருமா நிலத்தில்
அருமால் உற்றேன் என்றுஎன்று
சொரிந்தகண்ணீர் சொரிய உள்நீர்
உரோமம் சிலிர்ப்ப உகந்துஅன்பாய்ப்
புரிந்துநிற்பது என்றுகொல் லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியைப் புணர்ந்தே ?

7. நினையப்பிறருக்கு அரிய நெருப்பை
நீரைக்காலை நிலனை விசும்பைத்
தனிஒப்பாரை இல்லாத் தனியை
நோக்கித் தழைத்துத் தழுத்தகண்டம்
கனையக்கண்ணீர் அருவி பாயக்
கையும் கூப்பிக் கடிமலரால்
புனையப்பெறுவது என்றுகொல் லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியைப் புணர்ந்தே ?

I would worship Him with thrill and tears !

6. Though He came erewhile with tenderness
And graced me, His own slave with rapture great,
I left Him and I was bewildered much
In this wide world ! With my streaming tears,
And with surging water in my body that gets thrilled
I want to speak all this with joy and love !
When shall I with deep devotion bide
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ? 439

I would worship Him with closed palms and flowers !

7. He's the Fire, the Water, Wind and Earth,
And Ether Who is too hard for the thought
Of strangers ! He's the Unequalled One Unique !
Seeing Him with thrill and joy and then,
Roaring with my vibrant throat and shedding
Tears from eyes, and clasping both my palms,
When shall I deck Him with flower and bide
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ? 440

8. நெக்குநெக்குள் உருகி உருகி
நின்றும்இருந்தும் கிடந்தும் எழுந்தும்
நக்கும்அழுதும் தொழுதும் வாழ்த்தி
நானாவிதத்தால் கூத்து நவிற்றிச்
செக்கர் போலும் திருமேனி
திகழநோக்கிச் சிலிர் சிலிர்த்துப்
புக்குநிற்பது என்றுகொல் லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியைப் புணர்ந்தே ?

9. தாதாய் மூஏழ் உலகுக்கும்
தாயே நாயேன் தனைஆண்ட
பேதாய்பிறவிப் பிணிக்குஓர் மருந்தே
பெருந்தேன் பில்க எப்போதும்
ஏதாமணியே என்றுஎன்று ஏத்தி
இரவும் பகலும் எழில்ஆர்பாதப்
போதாய்ந்துஅணைவது என்றுகொல் லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியைப் புணர்ந்தே ?

I would dance and stare at His Form !

8. With bones dissolved and melting heart and standing,
Sitting, falling, rising and laughing,
And weeping and worshipping and praising,
And dancing in all diverse ways, I would
Be thrilled and thrilled by gazing at His true
Sacred Form like ruddy evening sky !
When shall I enter and stand and bide
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ? 441

Day and night I will worship Him with flowers !

9. " Thou art Father and the Mother of triple seven-fold world !
Thou art the noodle who didst make my own
Dog-like self Thy serf ! Rare Balm for ills of birth !
O Gnosis-Gem whence always drips the honey divine !
Praising thus and thus by day and night,
When shall I search for and reach His own
Beauteous pair of flower-like Feet and bide
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ? 442

10. காப்பாய் படைப்பாய் கரப்பாய் முழுதும்
கண்ஆர்விசும்பின் விண்ணோர்க்கு எல்லாம்
மூப்பாய் மூவா முதலாய்நின்ற
முதல்வா முன்னே எனைஆண்ட
பார்ப்பானே எம் பரமாஎன்று
பாடிப்பாடிப் பணிந்து பாதப்
பூப்போதுஅணைவது என்றுகொல் லோஎன்
பொல்லா மணியை புணர்ந்தே ?

I would sing that Brahmin and join His Feet !

10. "Thou dost the guarding, making and ending
All the things ! Thou art the Oldest One
Among the gods of spacious heavenly region !
Thou the First Who stand'st as Endless Source !
O Brahmin Who had'st erewhile made me Thine !
Our Lord !"—when shall I sing and worship thus
And reach His pair of flower-like Feet and bide
In mystic nuptial with my Perfect Gem ? 443

28. வாழாப்பத்து

முத்தி உபாயம்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

எழுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பாரொடு விண்ணாய்ப் பரந்தஎம் பரனே
   பற்றுநான் மற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
சீரொடு பொலிவாய் சிவபுரத்து அரசே!
   திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே!
ஆரொடு நோகேன்? ஆர்க்குஎடுத்து உரைக்கேன்
   ஆண்டநீ அருளிலை ஆனால்?
வார்கடல் உலகில் வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
   வருகஎன்று அருள்புரி யாயே!

XXVIII. VAZHA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DISGUST WITH LIFE

To whom else can I appeal against Thee!

1. Our Lord Who didst expand from earth to heaven!
   I have no support but Thee, behold!
In glory shin'st Thou, King of Sivapuram!
   Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai!
Whom shall I blame, to whom complain,
   If Thou Who mad'st me Thine shouldst grace deny?
Behold, I brook not life on sea-girt earth!
   In grace do bid me come to Thee!

2. வம்பனேன் தன்னை ஆண்டமா மணியே
மற்றுநான் பற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
உம்பரும் அறியா ஒருவனே இருவர்க்கு
உணர்வுஇறந்து உலகம் ஊடுருவும்
செம்பெரு மானே சிவபுரத்து அரசே
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே!
எம்பெரு மானே என்னைஆள் வானே
என்னைநீ கூவிக்கொண் டருளே!

3. பாடிமால் புகழும் பாதமே அல்லால்
பற்றுநான் மற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
தேடிநீ ஆண்டாய் சிவபுரத்து அரசே
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே
ஊடுவது உன்னோடு உவப்பதும் உன்னை
உணர்த்துவது உனக்குஎனக்கு உறுதி
வாடினேன் இங்கு வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
வருக என்று அருள்புரி யாயே!

Thou, unknown to gods !

2. O Gem Supreme Who mad'st my wretched self Thy serf !
Except Thyself I've no support, behold !
Thy Form Unique the gods themselves know not !
O Red-Lord, eluding the minds of both,
Thou didst pierce through worlds ! Sivapuram's King !
Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
Our Lord Supreme Who rulest over me !
In grace do bid me come to Thee ! 445

I would joy with Thee and quarrel too !

3. Save Thy Feet Which Mal doth sing and praise,
Support other I have not got, behold !
Sivapuram's King ! Thou sought'st and mad'st me Thine !
Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
From Thee alone I'd shrink ; with Thee alone rejoice !
With Thee alone I'd plead for my safety !
Languish I and I can't brook life here !
In grace do bid me come to Thee ! 446

4. வல்லைவாள் அரக்கர் புரம்எரித் தானே
மற்றுநான் பற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
தில்லைவாழ் கூத்தா சிவபுரத்து அரசே!
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே!
எல்லைமூ உலகும் உருவிஅன்று இருவர்
காணும்நாள் ஆதிஈறு இன்மை
வல்லையாய் வளர்ந்தாய் வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
வருக என்று அருள்புரி யாயே!

5. பண்ணின்நேர் மொழியாள் பங்கநீ அல்லால்
பற்றுநான் மற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
திண்ணமே ஆண்டாய் சிவபுரத்து அரசே!
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே!
எண்ணமே உடல்வாய் மூக்கொடு செவிகண்
என்றுஇவை நின்கணே வைத்து
மண்ணின்மேல் அடியேன் வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
வருக என்று அருள்புரி யாயே!

Thou burntest the triple forts !

4. Thou burnt'st quickly the Forts of hardy giants !
Except Thee, I've no support, behold !
Dancer in Tillai ! King of Sivapuram !
Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
On the day when both pierced the bounds
Of all three worlds and saw, Thou ably grew'st
Sans top or bottom ! Life I cannot brook !
In grace do bid me come to Thee ! 447

I am in full at-one-ment with Thee !

5. Partner of Maid of words like sweet music !
Except Thee I've no support, behold !
Thou mad'st me Thine for certain ! Sivapuram's King !
Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
My thought and frame, mouth and nose, ear and eyes—
All these being in Thy at-one-ment,
I Thy slave could brook not life on earth !
In grace do bid me come to Thee ! 448

6\. பஞ்சின்மெல் அடியாள் பங்கநீ அல்லால்
பற்றுநான் மற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
செஞ்சவே ஆண்டாய் சிவபுரத்து அரசே !
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
அஞ்சினேன் நாயேன் ஆண்டுநீ அளித்த
அருளினை மருளினல் மறந்த
வஞ்சனேன் இங்கு வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
வருக என்று அருள்புரி யாயே !

7\. பருதிவாழ் ஒளியாய் பாதமே அல்லால்
பற்றுநான் மற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
திருஉயர் கோலச் சிவபுரத்து அரசே !
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
கருணையே நோக்கிக் கசிந்துளம் உருகிக்
கலந்துநான் வாழும்ஆறு அறியா
மருளனேன் உலகில் வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
வருக என்று அருள்புரி யாயே !

I am a guileful wretch !

6\. Partner of Her of the softest down-like feet !
Except Thee I've no support, behold !
Well Thou mad'st me Thine ! Sivapuram's King !
Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
The cur-like I do dread ! The grace Thou gav'st
Making me Thine, my guileful self forgot
Due to my nescience ! I can't live here !
In grace do bid me come to Thee ! 449

I am a dark-souled one !

7\. Thou Light Effulgent like the blessed Sun !
Save Thy Feet I've no support, behold !
Sivapuram's King of sacred, glorious beauty !
Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
Seeing Thy mercy and with melting heart,
My dark self knows not how to mix with Thee !
Behold, I can't brook life upon the earth !
In grace do bid me come to Thee ! 450

8\. பந்தணை விரலாள் பங்கநீ அல்லால்
பற்றுநான் மற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
செந்தழல் போல்வாய் சிவபுரத்து அரசே !
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
அந்தமில் அமுதே அரும்பெரும் பொருளே !
ஆர்அமுதே அடி யேனை
வுந்துய ஆண்டாய் வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
வருக என்று அருள்புரி யாயே !

9\. பாவநா சாஉன் பாதமே அல்லால்
பற்றுநான் மற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
தேவர்தம் தேவே சிவபுரத்து அரசே !
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
மூஉலகு உருவ இருவர்கீழ் மேலாய்
முழங்குஅழ லாய்நிமிர்ந் தானே !
மாஉரி யானே வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
வருக என்று அருள்புரி யாயே !

Thou art Limitless Ambrosia !

8\. Partner of Her of ball-like soft fingers !
Except Thee I've no support, behold !
Sivapuram's King Who resemblest Ruddy Fire !
Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
Endless Nectar ! Essence Rare and Great !
Rare Ambrosia ! Thou didst come and mad'st
Me Thine own and gav'st release ! I can't brook life !
In grace do bid me come to Thee ! 451

Thou didst shoot thro' three-fold world !

9\. Thou art the great Destroyer of sins !
Save Thy Feet, I've no support, behold !
O God of all the gods ! Sivapuram's King !
Siva Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
While those Two went piercing up and down
Through the three worlds, Thou didst shoot as Roaring Flame !
Thou wearest tusker's hide ! I brook not life !
In grace do bid me come to Thee ! 452

10. பழுதுஇல்தொல் புகழாள் பங்கநீ அல்லால்
பற்றுநான் மற்றுஇலேன் கண்டாய்
செழுமதி அணிந்தாய் சிவபுரத்து அரசே !
திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறை சிவனே !
தொழுவனோ பிறரைத் துதிப்பனோ எனக்குஓர்
துணைஎன நினைவனோ சொல்லாய்
மழவிடை யானே ! வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
வருகஎன்று அருள்புரி யாயே !

I will praise or worship none save Thee !

10. Partner of Her of pure and ancient fame !
Except Thee, I've no support, behold !
Thou wear'st the lovely Moon, Sivapuram's King !
Siva who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai !
Will I worship others and praise or think
Of them as my support at all ? Speak Thou !
Lord of buxom Bull ! I brook not life !
In grace do bid me come to Thee ! 453

29. அருட்பத்து

மகா மாயாசுத்தி

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

எழுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. சோதியே சுடரே சூழ்ஒளி விளக்கே
சுரிகுழல் பணைமுலை மடந்தை
பாதியே பரனே பால்கொள்வெள் நீற்றாய்
பங்கயத்து அயனும் மால்அறியா
நீதியே செல்வத் திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
நிறைமலர்க் குருந்தம் மேவியசீர்
ஆதியே அடியேன் ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
'அதெந்துவே ?' என்று அருளாயே !

XXIX. ARUL PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DIVINE GRACE

1. Jothi ! Splendour ! Bright Effulgent Light !
Partner of the Maid of ambient locks
And beauteous breasts ! Thou milk-white Ash-worn Lord !
Thou Law unknown to flower-borne Ayan and Mal !
Thou First beneath the flower-ful Kuruntham tree
In the blessed town of Perunthurai !
To come to me, if I, in love call Thee,
Do come and ask in grace, " Why callest me ? "

2. நிருத்தனே நிமலா நீற்றனே நெற்றிக்
கண்ணனே விண்ணுளோர் பிரானே!
ஒருத்தனே உன்னை ஓலம்இட்டு அலறி
உலகுஎலாம் தேடியும் காணேன்
திருத்தமாம் பொய்கைத் திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
செழுமலர்க் குருந்தம் மேவியசீர்
அருத்தனே அடியேன் ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
'அதெந்துவே?' என்றுஅரு ளாயே!

3. எங்கள்நா யகனே என்உயிர்த் தலைவா
ஏல வார் குழலிமார் இருவர்
தங்கள்நா யகனே தக்கநல் காமன்
தனதுஉடல் தழல்எழ விழித்த
செம்கண்நா யகனே! திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
செழுமலர்க் குருந்தம் மேவியசீர்
அம்கண அடியேன் ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
'அதெந்துவே?' என்றுஅரு ளாயே!

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2. O Dancer ! Spotless One ! Thou Ash-smeared One !
Thou the Brow-Eyed ! Lord of heavenly hosts !
Thou Only One ! I searched for Thee in all
The world, wailing and raving but couldn't see !
Thou Essence 'neath the fresh flow'r Kuruntham tree
In sacred Perunthurai of supreme tank !
To come to me, if I, in love call Thee,
Do come and ask in grace, " Why callest me ? " 455

3. Our Chief ! Thou Leader of my soul ! Thou art
The Spouse of two good Dames of fragrant locks !
Fire-Eyed Lord Who stared'st at goodly frame
Of Kaman good from which did rise a flame !
Thou Fair-Eyed 'neath the fresh flow'r Kuruntham tree
In the midst of sacred Perunthurai !
To come to me, if I, in love call Thee,
Do come and ask in grace, " Why callest me ? " 456

4. கமலநான் முகனும் கார்முகில் நிறத்துக்
கண்ணனும் நண்ணுதற்கு அரிய
விமலனே 'எமக்கு வெளிப்படாய்' என்ன
வியன்தழல் வெளிப்பட்ட எந்தாய்!
திமிலநான் மறைசேர் திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
செழுமலர் குருந்தம் மேவியசீர்
அமலனே அடியேன் ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
'அதெந்துவே?' என்றுஅரு ளாயே!

5. துடிகொள்நேர் இடையாள் சுரிகுழல் மடந்தை
துணைமுலைக் கண்கள்தோய் சுவடு
பொடிகொள்வான் தழலில் புள்ளிபோல் இரண்டு
பொங்குஒளி தங்குமார் பினனே!
செடிகொள்வான் பொழில்சூழ் திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
செழுமலர்க் குருந்தம் மேவியசீர்
அடிகளே அடியேன் ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
'அதெந்துவே?' என்றுஅரு ளாயே!

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4. Flawless Thee the four-faced Lotus-god
And the cloud-hued Kannan too couldn't reach!
When they begged of Thee, "Disclose Thyself",
Thou didst rise as Mighty Flame, Our Sire!
Thou Pure beneath the fresh flow'r Kuruntham tree
In Perunthurai of Vedas vocif'rous!
To come to me, if I, in love call Thee,
Do come and ask in grace, "Why callest me?" 457

5. The bosom of Thy Ash-worn Form of Fire
Bears two lustrous, dot-like scars on it
Caused by Thy own contact with the breasts
Of Thy thin-waist Spouse of curly locks!
Thou Saint beneath the fresh flow'r Kuruntham tree
In Perunthurai of thick and sky-high groves!
To come to me, if I, in love call Thee,
Do come and ask in grace, "Why callest me?" 458

6. துப்பனே தூயாய் தூயவெள் நீறு
துதைந்துஎழு துளங்குஒளி வயிரத்து
ஒப்பனே உன்னை உள்குவார் மனத்தில்
உறுசுவை அளிக்கும்ஆர் அமுதே!
செப்பம்ஆம் மறைசேர் திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
செழுமலர்க் குருந்தம் மேவியசீர்
அப்பனே அடியேன் ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
'அதெந்துவே?' என்றுஅரு ளாயே!

7. மெய்யனே விகிர்தா மேருவே வில்லா
மேவலர் புரங்கள்மூன்று எரித்த
கையனே காலால் காலனைக் காய்ந்த
கடும்தழல் பிழம்புஅன்ன மேனிச்
செய்யனே செல்வத் திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
செழுமலர்க் குருந்தம் மேவியசீர்
ஐயனே அடியேன் ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
'அதெந்துவே?' என்றுஅரு ளாயே!

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6. Pure One, Coral-hued ! With pure, white ashes smeared
Thou dost shine with diamond's brilliance rare !
Within the hearts of those who think of Thee,
Thou Ambrosia intense sweetness giv'st !
Thou Sire beneath the fresh flow'r Kuruntham tree
In opulent and sacred Perunthurai !
To come to me, if I, in love call Thee,
Do come and ask in grace, " Why callest me ? " 459

7. Thou Truth ! And Thou of changing Forms ! Thou burnt'st
The triple forts of foes by bending bow
Of Meru with Thy hands ! Thou kicked'st the Death-god dead !
Thou Lord of ruddy Form like Column of the fiercest Flame !
Thou Great beneath the fresh flow'r Kuruntham tree
In opulent and sacred Perunthurai !
To come to me, if I, in love call Thee,
Do come and ask in grace, " Why callest me ? " 460

8. முத்தனே ! முதல்வா ! முக்கணா ! முனிவா !
மொட்டுஅறு மலர்பறித்து இறைஞ்சிப்
பத்தியாய் நினைந்து பரவுவார் தமக்குப்
பரகதி கொடுத்து அருள்செய்யும்
சித்தனே செல்வத் திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
செழுமலர்க் குருந்தம் மேவியசீர்
அத்தனே அடியேன் ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
'அதெந்துவே ?' என்றுஅரு ளாயே !

9. மருளனேன் மனத்தை மயக்குஅற நோக்கி
மறுமையோடு இம்மையும் கெடுத்த
பொருளனே ! புனிதா ! பொங்குவாள் அரவம்
கங்கைநீர் தங்குசெம் சடையாய் !
தெருளும்நான் மறைசேர் திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
செழுமலர்க் குருந்தம் மேவியசீர்
அருளனே அடியேன் ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
'அதெந்துவே ?' என்றுஅரு ளாயே !

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8. Thou Free ! Thou First ! And Thou the Three-Eyed Sage !
Thou Siddha Who didst grant in grace the great
'Bode of Bliss to worshippers of Thee with flower-buds,
Who think in love of Thee and sing and pray !
Thou Father 'neath the fresh flow'r Kuruntham tree
In opulent and sacred Perunthurai !
To come to me, if I, in love call Thee,
Do come and ask in grace, " Why callest me ? " 461

9. Thou didst eye my darkest soul and drov'st illusions all !
Thou killed'st my births in this world and the next !
Being True ! Pure One of the red-hued braid
Upon which hissing snake and Gangai bide !
Thou Grace beneath the fresh flow'r Kuruntham tree
In Perunthurai of luminous Vedas four !
To come to me, if I, in love call Thee,
Do come and ask in grace, " Why callest me ? " 462

10. திருந்துவார் பொழில்சூழ் திருப்பெருந் துறையில்
செழுமலர்க் குருந்தமே வியசீர்
இருந்தவாறு எண்ணி ஏசறு நினைந்திட்டு
'என்னுடை எம்பிரான்' என்றுஎன்று
அருந்தவா! நினைந்தே ஆதரித்து அழைத்தால்
அலைகடல் அதனுளே நின்று
பொருந்தவா கயிலை புகுநெறி இதுகாண்
போதராய் என்றுஅரு ளாயே!

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10. In the sacred Perunthurai of stately, fertile groves
Thou didst bide 'neath fresh flow'r Kuruntham tree!
With pangs of heart I recall that glory,
And thinking, pine! If I in love call Thee,
As my Lord, my Lord, " Come out from that
Sea of billows! See, it is the way
To Kailai! Come and reach in proper way!"
Speak Thou thus in grace to me, Rare Sage! 463

30. திருக்கழுக்குன்றப்பதிகம்

சற்குருதரிசனம்

திருக்கழுக்குன்றத்தில் அருளியது

எழுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பிணக்கு இலாதபெ ருந்து றைப்பெரு
   மான்உன் நாமங்கள் பேசுவார்க்கு
இணக்கு இலாததோர் இன்ப மேவரும்
   துன்ப மேதுடைத்து எம்பிரான்
உணக்கு இலாததோர் வித்து மேல்விளை
   யாமல் என்வினை ஒத்தபின்
கணக்கு இலாத்திருக் கோலம் நீவந்து
   காட்டி னாய்கழுக் குன்றிலே!

XXX. TIRU KAZHUKUNRA PATIKAM

OR

THE HYMN OF SACRED "EAGLE-MOUNT"

1. Thou mighty Lord of peaceful Perunthurai !
   Unequalled Bliss to those who speak Thy names !
My Lord Who wipedest all the griefs that came !
   When both my 'deeds' of good and evil were
Viewed alike with equipoise so that
   The fertile seeds should not in future sprout,
Thou cam'st and showed'st Thy sacred, unmeasured
   Beautiful Form upon the Kazhukunram !

2. பிட்டு நேர்பட மண்சு மந்த
 பெருந்து றைப்பெரும் பித்தனே !
சட்ட நேர்பட வந்தி லாத
 சழக்கனேன் உனைச் சார்ந்திலேன் !
சிட்ட னேசிவ லோக னேசிறு
 நாயி னும்கடை ஆயவெம்
கட்ட னேனையும் ஆட்கொள் வான்வந்து
 காட்டி னாய்கழுக் குன்றிலே !

3. மலங்கி னேன்கண்ணில் நீரை மாற்றி
 மலம்கெ டுத்தபெ ருந்துறை
விலங்கி னேன்வினைக் கேட னேன்இனி
 மேல்வி ளைவது அறிந்திலேன் !
இலங்கு கின்றநின் சேவ டிகள்
 இரண்டும் வைப்பிடம் இன்றியே
கலங்கி னேன்கலங் காம லேவந்து
 காட்டி னாய்கழுக் குன்றிலே !

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2. Thou mighty Madman of Perunthurai,
 Who carried'st earth for wage of sweet pudding !
My guilty self which followed not Thy Will
 Has not at all so far approached Thyself !
Thou the Best One ! King of Sivalokam !
 Thou cam'st to make Thy serf my hard-hearted
And grieving self that's baser than mean cur,
 And showed'st Thyself upon Kazhukunram ! 465

3. I did part from Perunthurai wherein Thou hadst wiped off
 The tears from the pair of eyes of my own 'wildered self,
And had'st killed my old bonds' might ! I'm ruined
 By my sins ! I know not what my future is !
I knew not where to place Thy pair of glitt'ring Feet
 Of rosy hue and I was quite perplexed !
But Thou didst come and saved'st from wilderment
 And showed'st Thyself upon Kazhukunram ! 466

4. பூண்ஒ ணாததொர் அன்பு பூண்டு
பொருந்தி நாள்தொறும் போற்றவும்
நாண்ஒ ணாததொர் நாணம் எய்தி
நடுக்க டலுள் அழுந்திநான்
பேண்ஒ ணாதபெ ருந்து றைப்பெரும்
தோணி பற்றி உகைத்தலும்
காண்ஒ ணாத்திருக் கோலம் நீவந்து
காட்டி னாய்கழுக் குன்றிலே !

5. கோல மேனிவ ராக மேகுணம்
ஆம்பெ ருந்துறைக் கொண்டலே !
சீலம்ஏ தும்அ றிந்தி லாதஎன்
சிந்தை வைத்தசி காமணி !
ஞால மேகரி யாகநான் உனை
நச்சி நச்சிட வந்திடும்
கால மேஉனை ஓத நீவந்து
காட்டி னாய்கழுக் குன்றிலே !

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4. Filled with love which is too rare to have,
To bide and daily worship Thee, I was
Too full of the shame that's rare in man,
And was sunk within the midst of sea !
But when I had caught hold of and stowed
The Boat of Perunthurai too hard to praise
The sacred Form of beauty rare for sight
Thou didst show upon Kazhukunram ! 467

5. Thou wert Sow of quite attractive Form !
Thou Cloud of Perfect Good of Perunthurai !
Thou King of Gems which didst lodge Itself well
Within the heart of me of no virtues !
I cited all the world as my witness,
And did love and love till Thou camest !
When worshipped, Thou the Time Itself didst come
And showed'st Thyself upon Kazhukunram ! 468

6. பேதம் இல்லதொர் கற்பு அளித்த
 பெருந்து றைப்பெரும் வெள்ளமே!
ஏத மேபல பேச நீஎனை
 ஏதி லார்முனம் என்செய்தாய் !
சாதல் சாதல்பொல் லாமை அற்ற
 தனிச்ச ரண்சரண் ஆம்எனக்
காத லால்உனை ஓத நீவந்து
 காட்டி னாய்கழுக் குன்றிலே !

7. இயக்கி மார்அறு பத்து நால்வரை
 எண்கு ணம்செய்த ஈசனே !
மயக்கம் ஆயதோர் மும்ம லப்பழ
 வல்வி னைக்குள்அ ழுந்தவும்
துயக்கு அறுத்துஎனை ஆண்டு கொண்டுநின்
 தூய்ம லர்க்கழல் தந்துஎனைக்
கயக்க வைத்துஅடி யார்மு னேவந்து
 காட்டி னாய்கழுக் குன்றிலே !

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6. O Mighty Flood of Perunthurai, Who didst
 Give me constant love that knows no change !
When strangers spoke too ill of me those days
 What had'st Thou in their presence done me ?
" Thy pair of Feet are my Refuge Unique
 Ridding deaths and deaths and evils "—Thus
When in love I worshipped Thee, Thou cam'st
 And showed'st Thyself upon Kazhukunram ! 469

7. O Isa Who gavest qualities eight
 Unto the four and sixty giant maidens !
I sank within the sinful fruits of 'dirt'
 That's triple, strong and old and delusive !
Thou didst drive my weariness and mad'st
 Myself Thine and gav'st Thy pure flow'r Feet !
And tiring me, Thou cam'st before Thy saints,
 And showed'st Thyself upon Kazhukunram ! 470

31. கண்டபத்து

நிருத்த தரிசனம்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. இந்திரிய வயம்மயங்கி இறப்பதற்கே காரணமாய்
அந்தரமே திரிந்துபோய் அருநரகில் வீழ்வேற்குச்
சிந்தைதனைத் தெளிவித்துச் சிவம்ஆக்கி எனைஆண்ட
அந்தம்இலா ஆனந்தம் அணிகொள்தில்லை கண்டேனே !

2. வினைப்பிறவி என்கின்ற வேதனையில் அகப்பட்டுத்
தனைச்சிறிதும் நினையாதே தளர்வுஎய்திக் கிடப்பேனை
எனைப்பெரிதும் ஆட்கொண்டுஎன் பிறப்புஅறுத்த இணைஇலியை
அனைத்துஉலகும் தொழும்தில்லை அம்பலத்தே கண்டேனே !

XXXI. KANDA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DARSHAN

1. Hallucinated by my sense-organs I had been ripe
To die and roam in higher realms and fall in rare, dark hells !
But my heart He purified and made me 'Sivam' and His !
That Endless Rapture did I see in beautiful Tillai's shrine ! 471

2. Gripped by griefs and afflictions of births of two-fold 'deeds,'
Sans the least of thought of Him, I was lying worn out !
I saw that Peerless One Who richly made me His and snapped
Away my births, in Tillai's Court worshipped by all the worlds ! 472

3. உருத்தெரியாக் காலத்தே உள்புகுந்துஎன் உளம்மன்னிக்
கருத்திருத்தி ஊன்புக்குக் கருணையினால் ஆண்டுகொண்ட
திருத்துருத்தி மேயானைத் தித்திக்கும் சிவபதத்தை
அருத்தியினால் நாய்அடியேன் அணிகொள்தில்லை கண்டேனே!

4. கல்லாத புல்அறிவின் கடைப்பட்ட நாயேனை
வல்லாளன் ஆய்வந்து வனப்புஎய்தி இருக்கும்வண்ணம்
பல்லோரும் காணஎன்தன் பசுபாசம் அறுத்தானை
எல்லோரும் இறைஞ்சுதில்லை அம்பலத்தே கண்டேனே!

5. சாதிகுலம் பிறப்புஎன்னும் சுழிப்பட்டுத் தடுமாறும்
ஆதம்இலி நாயேனை அல்லல்அறுத்து ஆட்கொண்டு
பேதைகுணம் பிறர்உருவம் யான்எனதுஎன் உரைமாய்த்துக்
கோதுஇல்அமுது ஆனானைக் குலாவுதில்லை கண்டேனே!

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3. Even when I had not seen Him He entered my frame
And stayed in heart, and sublimating made my soul His own
With mercy! Him Who's Delicious Bode of Bliss in Turutthi's shrine
With love I, dog-like slave did see in beautiful Tillai's shrine! 473

4. A base, unlettered dog of mean intelligence I had been!
As Colossal Lord He came and snapped away the bonds
Of my soul and gave beatitude for all to see!
In the Court of Tillai Him worshipped by all I saw! 474

5. I was wildered in the whirls of castes, descents and births!
Such helpless dog-like me He rid of griefs and made His serf!
He killed my nescience and my notions too of 'I' and 'Mine'!
That Flawless Ambrosia I saw in Tillai's crowded shrine! 475

6. பிறவிதனை அறமாற்றிப் பிணிமூப்புஎன்று இவைஇரண்டும்
உறவினொடும் ஒழியச்சென்று உலகுஉடைய ஒருமுதலைச்
செறிபொழில்சூழ் தில்லைநகர்த் திருச்சிற்றம் பலம்மன்னி
மறையவரும் வானவரும் வணங்கிடநான் கண்டேனே !

7. பத்திமையும் பரிசும்இலாப் பசுபாசம் அறுத்தருளிப்
பித்தன்இவன் எனஎன்னை ஆக்குவித்துப் பேராமே
சித்தம்எனும் திண்கயிற்றால் திருப்பாதம் கட்டுவித்த
வித்தகனார் விளையாடல் விளங்குதில்லை கண்டேனே !

8. அளவுஇலாப் பாவகத்தால் அமுக்குஉண்டுஇங்கு அறிவுஇன்றி
விளைவுஒன்றும் அறியாதே வெறுவியனாய்க் கிடப்பேனுக்கு
அளவுஇலா ஆனந்தம் அளித்துஎன்னை ஆண்டானைக்
களவுஇலா வானவரும் தொழும்தில்லை கண்டேனே !

6. To kill my births all root and branch and thus be rid of both
Illness and old-age and bonds of kinsmen too, I went
And saw within the Sacred Court of grove-girt Tillai town
That only Source of worlds worshipped by all sages and gods ! 476

7. In grace did He cut off the bonds of my own soul which had
Neither love nor virtue, and He made me known as mad !
He had His Feet bound by my mental chord lest He should part !
I saw the Dance of that Omniscient in the Tillai bright ! 477

8. In depths of countless 'conceipts' had I been immersed for e'er
Here in vain and ignorance ! I've not my future known !
But He endless rapture vouchsafed and did make me His !
I saw Him in the Tillai worshipped by the guileless gods ! 478

9. பாங்கினொடு பரிசுஒன்றும் அறியாத நாயேனை
ஓங்கிஉளத்து ஒளிவளர உலப்புஇலா அன்புஅருளி
வாங்கிவினை மலம்அறுத்து வான்கருணை தந்தானை
நான்குமறை பயில்தில்லை அம்பலத்தே கண்டேனே !

10. பூதங்கள் ஐந்துஆகிப் புலன்ஆகிப் பொருள்ஆகிப்
பேதங்கள் அனைத்தும்ஆய்ப் பேதம்இலாப் பெருமையனைக்
கேதங்கள் கெடுத்துஆண்ட கிளர்ஒளியை மரகதத்தை
வேதங்கள் தொழுதுஏத்தும் விளங்குதில்லை கண்டேனே !

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9. My dog-like self knew naught of virtue nor of propriety !
He caused the light in heart to grow and soar and snapped away
My sins and bonds and gave me deathless love and supreme grace!
Him I saw in Tillai's Court where flourish the Vedas four ! 479

10. The elements five, the senses and the Essence True He is !
He's so great He's all diversity and naught of this !
He's the Lustrous Light that drove my griefs and made me His !
I saw that Emerald in bright Tillai praised by Vedas four ! 480

32. பிரார்த்தனைப்பத்து

சதாமுத்தி

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது
அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. கலந்து நின்னடி யாரோடு அன்று வாளா களித்துஇருந்தேன்
புலர்ந்து போன காலங்கள் புகுந்து நின்றது இடர்பின்னாள்
உலர்ந்து போனேன் உடையானே உலவா இன்பச்
சுடர்காண்பான்
அலந்து போனேன் அருள்செய்யாய் ஆர்வம் கூர
அடியேற்கே !

2. அடியார் சிலர்உன் அருள்பெற்றார் ஆர்வம் கூர யான்அவமே
முடையார் பிணத்தின் முடிவுஇன்றி முனிவால் அடியேன்
மூக்கின்றேன்

XXXII. PRARTTANAI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF PETITIONING

Bliss replaced by weariness !

1. I was biding rapt in silent bliss amidst Thy saints that day !
Those good times have fled away and days of woes have dawned
instead !
I'm dry and marcid ! In search of Thy own Light of endless joy,
my Lord,
I've grown wearied ! Do grant in grace to me that I Thy slave
love Thee ! 481

I age in vain !

2. By means of growing love some saints have gained Thy grace !
But I Thy slave
By means of passion age in vain ! I destroy not this stinking corpse !

கடியேன் உடைய கடுவினையைக் களைந்துஉன் கருணைக்
கடல்பொங்க
உடையாய் அடியேன்உள்ளத்தே ஓவாது உருக அருளாயே!

3. அருள்ஆர் அமுதப் பெரும்கடல்வாய் அடியார்எல்லாம்
புக்குஅழுந்த
இருள்ஆர் ஆக்கை இதுபொறுத்தே எய்த்தேன் கண்டாய்
எம்மானே!
மருள்ஆர் மனத்துஓர் உன்மத்தன் வருமால் என்றுஇங்கு
எனைக்கண்டார்
வெருளா வண்ணம் மெய்அன்பை உடையாய்! பெறநான்
வேண்டுமே!

4. வேண்டும் வேண்டும் மெய்அடியார் உள்ளே விரும்பி
எனை அருளால்
ஆண்டாய் அடியேன் இடர்களைந்த அமுதே! அருமா
மணிமுத்தே!
தூண்டா விளக்கின் சுடர்அனையாய்! தொண்ட னேற்கும்
உண்டாம்கொல்
வேண்டாது ஒன்றும் வேண்டாது மிக்க அன்பே மேவுதலே?

My Lord! Do rid my cruel self of harsh sins! With Thy Sea of Grace
Over-flowing, grant that I Thy slave ceaselessly melt in heart! 482

Give me true love

3. While all Thy saints have gone and plunged within Thy wide
Ambrosial Sea
Of grace, I die wearied bearing this body dark! Behold, my Lord!
O King, lest those who see me here should say in dread "here
comes the mad
Of the darkest heart", do grant me that I have true love for Thee!
483

Give me motiveless love!

4. Thou hadst love for me and mad'st me Thine in grace amidst
Thy saints
Who love and beg of Thee! O Ambrosia and rare, great Gem
of Pearl!
Resemblest Thou the Light of Quenchless Lamp! I wonder
if I Thy own slave
Can be blessed with love supreme which neither heeds nor begs
aught else! 484

5. மேவும் உன்தன் அடியாருள் விரும்பி யானும் மெய்ம்மையே
காவி சேரும் கயல்கண்ணாள் பங்கா உன்தன் கருணையினால்
பாவி யேற்கும் உண்டாமோ பரமா னந்தப் பழம்கடல்சேர்ந்து
ஆவி ஆக்கை யான்எனதுஎன்று யாதும் இன்றி அறுதலே?

6. அறவே பெற்றார் நின்அன்பர் அந்தம் இன்றி அகநெகவும்
புறமே கிடந்து புலைநாயேன் புலம்புகின்றேன் உடையானே
பெறவே வேண்டும் மெய்அன்பு பேரா ஒழியாப் பிரிவுஇல்லா
மறவா நினையா அளவுஇலா மாளா இன்ப மாகடலே!

7. கடலே அனைய ஆனந்தம் கண்டார் எல்லாம் கவர்ந்துஉண்ண
இடரே பெருக்கி ஏசற்றுஇங்கு இருத்தல் அழகோ அடிநாயேன்?
உடையாய்! நீயே அருளுதிஎன்று உணர்த்தாது ஒழிந்தே கழிந்தொழிந்தேன்
சுடர்ஆர் அருளால் இருள்நீங்கச் சோதீ! இனித்தான் துணியாயே!

'I' and 'Mine' should go!

5. O Partner of the Spouse of blue and fish-like eyes! To sinful me,
Will Thy mercy grant that grace to love in truth amidst Thy biding
Saints and reach the ancient supreme Sea of rapture and be rid
Of the bonds of soul and frame and thoughts of 'I' and 'Mine' and all? 485

Give me infinite love!

6. With hearts that melt unceasingly, from bondage are Thy saints quite free,
While I a vile dog wail and wallow away from them, my Lord!
Grant me true love, Thou the Mighty Sea of Bliss which knowest not
Shifting, hiding, parting, forgetting, rem'bring and the measure or end! 486

Cut off my darkness

7. While all who saw Thy Sea of rapture have consumed it avidly,
Is it meet that I Thy slave-dog lie in grief with scourging ills?
"Grant Thyself Thy grace"—to tell Thee this forgot I but left Thee!
O Light! My Lord! Cut off my darkness hence with Thy own splendrous grace! 487

8. துணியா உருகா அருள்பெருகத் தோன்றும் தொண்டர்
இடைப்புகுந்து
திணியார் மூங்கில் சிந்தையேன் சிவனே நின்று தேய்கின்றேன்
அணிஆர் அடியார் உனக்குஉள்ள அன்பும் தாராய் அருள்
அளியத்
தணியாது ஒல்லை வந்தருளித் தளிர்ப்பொன் பாதம் தாராயே !

9. தாரா அருள்ஒன்று இன்றியே தந்தாய் என்றுஉன்
தமர்எல்லாம்
ஆரா நின்றார் அடியேனும் அயலார் போல அயர்வேனோ ?
சீர்ஆர் அருளால் சிந்தனையைத் திருத்திஆண்ட சிவலோகா !
பேர்ஆ னந்தம் பேராமை வைக்க வேண்டும் பெருமானே !

Hasten to me to grace!

8. Ent'ring 'midst Thy well-tried saints of melting hearts and
growing grace
I stand with mind like stern bamboosa and I do wear off! O Siva!
Grant me too that love which Thy own saints of beauty have
for Thee!
Haste with mellowed grace and come and grant Thy golden
tender Foot! 488

Grant me ceaseless Bliss!

9. All Thy saints attached to Thee enjoy in full and pride Thou hast
Granted all Thy gifts withholding naught! Shall I Thy slave weary
Like strangers? O Great Lord of Sivalok Who improved'st
my thought by Thy
Glorious grace and mad'st me Thine, do grant me ceaseless
Rapture-bliss! 489

10. மான்நேர் பங்கா வந்திப்பார் மதுரக் கனியே! மனம்நெகா
நான்நேர் தோளாச் சுரைஒத்தால் நம்பி! இத்தால்
வாழ்ந்தாயே?
ஊனே புகுந்த உனைஉணர்ந்தே உருகிப் பெருகும்
உள்ளத்தைக்
கோனே அருளும் காலம்தான் கொடியேற்கு என்றோ
கூடுவதே?

11. கூடிக் கூடி உன்அடியார் குனிப்பார் சிரிப்பார் களிப்பாரா
வாடி வாடி வழிஅற்றேன் வற்றல்மரம் போல் நிற்பேனோ?
ஊடி ஊடி உடையாயொடு கலந்துள் உருகிப் பெருகிநெக்கு
ஆடி ஆடி ஆனந்தம் அதுவேஆக அருள் கலந்தே!

A gourd unbored ?

10. O Partner of the fawn-like Spouse ! Thou Worshippers'
Delicious Fruit !
O Nambi ! Say what glory's there for Thee if I of heart unmelting
Were like gourd unbored ? O King, when dawns the day for
cruel me
When graced with melting heart, I could know Thee Who hast
entered my flesh ? 490

Shall I droop distressed ?

11. While all Thy saints, in batches met would bend and dance
and bliss enjoy,
Shall I the forlorn one droop down distressed and bide like
barren tree ?
My Lord ! May it be granted that I do shrink from and mix
with Thee
With melting heart and dancing frame and be bliss itself
fixed in Thee ? 491

33. குழைத்தபத்து

ஆத்தும நிவேதனம்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது
அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. குழைத்தால் பண்டைக் கொடுவினைநோய் காவாய் உடையாய்
கொடுவினையேன்
உழைத்தால் உறுதி உண்டோதான் ? உமையாள் கணவா எனை
ஆள்வாய்
பிழைத்தால் பொறுக்க வேண்டாவோ ? பிறைசேர் சடையாய் !
முறையோஎன்று
அழைத்தால் அருளாது ஒழிவதே அம்மா னேஉன்
அடியேற்கே ?

XXXIII. KUZHAITHA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF SELF-SURRENDER

1. When the scourge of age-old cruel deeds crushed me,
Protect me ! O Thou Who dost own me !
If I of cruel "deeds" should labour hard, is it certain
That good accrues ? Lord of Umai ! Make me Thine !
If I had sinned, shoudst Thou not forgive me ?
If I should call and address Thee "O Thou of braid
Adorned with Moon, is it quite meet ?" Couldst Thou
Withhold Thy grace from me, Thy slave ? O Father Great ! 492

2. அடியேன் அல்லல் எல்லாம்முன் அகல ஆண்டாய்
என்றுஇருந்தேன்
கொடிஏர் இடையாள் கூறு! எம் கோவே! ஆவா என்றுஅருளிச்
செடிசேர் உடலைச் சிதையாதது எத்துக்கு எங்கள் சிவலோகா!
உடையாய்! கூவிப் பணிகொள்ளாது ஒறுத்தால் ஒன்றும்
போதுமே?

3. ஒன்றும் போதா நாயேனை உய்யக் கொண்ட நின்கருணை
இன்றே இன்றிப் போய்த்தோதான் ஏழை பங்கா எம்கோவே?
குன்றே அனைய குற்றங்கள் குணம்ஆம் என்றே நீகொண்டால்
என்தான் கெட்டது? இரங்கிடாய் எண்தோள் முக்கண்
எம்மானே!

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2. I had consoled myself well that already Thou hadst
Rid me of my sorrows all and madest me Thine own !
King and Partner of the Spouse Whose waist is like creeper !
Speak Thou now, our own Lord of Sivalokam !
Why hast Thou not welcomed me in grace saying, 'ah, come',
And then destroyed my body full of ills and pains ?
O Lord, is it enough if Thou shouldst not call me
And make me serve but shouldst chastise only ? 493

3. That grace of Thine which once did save and mad'st Thine own
Even me who's like a vile dog worth nothing—
Has that grace quite quitted Thee and gone to-day ?
O Partner of the Dame and Lord of myself too ?
If Thou shouldst accept as acts of great virtue
Even those blunders of mine as mighty as the mount,
What's the harm that will accrue ? Pity me Thou !
O my Father of the shoulders eight and triple eyes ! 494

4. மானேர் நோக்கி மணவாளா! மன்னே ! நின்சீர் மறப்பித்துஇவ்
ஊனே புகஎன் தனை நூக்கி உழலப் பண்ணு வித்திட்டாய்
ஆனால் அடியேன் அறியாமை அறிந்து நீயே அருள்செய்து
கோனே கூவிக் கொள்ளும்நாள் என்று என்றுஉன்னைக்
கூறுவதே ?

5. கூறும் நாவே முதலாகக் கூறும் கரணம் எல்லாம்நீ
தேறும் வகைநீ திகைப்பும்நீ தீமை நன்மை முழுதும்நீ
வேறுஓர் பரிசுஇங்கு ஒன்றுஇல்லை மெய்ம்மை உன்னை
விரித்து உரைக்கில்
தேறும் வகைஎன் சிவலோகா திகைத்தால் தேற்ற
வேண்டாவோ ?

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4. Thou, O Bridegroom of the Maid of fawn-like eyes !
O King, Thou madest me forget Thy glories all,
And didst push and made me enter within this fleshy frame,
And causedest me to whirl and rot within this too !
Yet, shalt Thou Thyself know well the ignorance
Of me Thy slave and do me grace ! O King !
When will dawn the day when Thou shalt do like this ?
When will I be called to Thee and when can I praise Thee?
495

5. Thou art the tongue itself which speaks of Thee !
Thou art too the organs from the tongue onwards !
Thou art the way to comfort ! Thou art despair too !
Thou art all the evil ! Thou art all the good !
'Tis well seen that nothing else exists,
When Thy truthful nature is explained !
Thou of Sivalok ! What's the way to get consoled ?
Shouldst Thou not comfort myself when I in doubt
despaired ? 496

6. வேண்டத் தக்கது அறிவோய்நீ வேண்ட முழுதும் தருவோய்நீ
வேண்டும் அயன்மாற்கு அரியோய்நீ வேண்டி என்னைப்
பணிகொண்டாய்
வேண்டி நீயாது அருள்செய்தாய் யானும் அதுவே வேண்டின்
அல்லால் !
வேண்டும் பரிசுஒன்று உண்டுஎன்னில் அதுவும் உன்தன்
விருப்பு அன்றே ?

7. அன்றே என்தன் ஆவியும் உடலும் உடைமை எல்லாமும்
குன்றே அனையாய் என்னைஆட் கொண்ட போதே
கொண்டிலையோ !
இன்றுஓர் இடையூறு எனக்குஉண்டோ ? எண்தோள் முக்கண்
எம்மானே ?
நன்றே செய்வாய் பிழைசெய்வாய் ! நானோ இதற்கு நாயகமே ?

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6. Whate'er I must desire here Thou alone dost know !
All the things that I desire Thou dost grant to me !
Thou art rare for Ayan and Mal who do desire Thee !
Thou Thyself didst desire and didst claim my service too !
Whate'er be the object that Thou Thyself dost desire,
And dost give in grace, I desire that alone !
Should there be aught else which I may otherwise desire too,
Is that desire too not caused by Thy own supreme Will ? 497

7. Didst Thou not accept as Thy own things, my soul itself,
My body as well as all things that had been owned by me,
On that day itself when Thou didst make me Thy own serf ?
Thou Who dost resemble Mountain and O Thou our Lord
Of shoulders eight and triples eyes ! Pray do say, if there
Could e'er be e'en a single hindrance here at all for me ?
Do Thou right alone by me or do Thou wrong only !
Am I the master that could have on this a say at all ? 498

8. நாயில் கடையாம் நாயேனை நயந்து நீயே ஆட்கொண்டாய்
மாயப் பிறவி உன்வசமே வைத்திட்டு இருக்கும் அதுஅன்றி
ஆயக் கடவேன் நானோதான் ? என்னதோ இங்கு அதிகாரம் ?
காயத்து இடுவாய் உன்னுடைய கழற்கீழ் வைப்பாய்
கண்ணுதலே !

9. கண்ணார் நுதலோய் கழல்இணைகள் கண்டேன் கண்கள்
களிகூர
எண்ணாது இரவும் பகலும்நான் அவையே எண்ணும் அது
அல்லால்
மண்மேல் யாக்கை விடும்ஆறும் வந்துஉன் கழற்கே
புகும்ஆறும்
அண்ணா ! எண்ணக் கடவேனோ ? அடிமை சால அழகு
உடைத்தே !

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8. It was Thou Who didst desire and didst make Thy own
Even myself meaner than the meanest of the dogs !
Save that I should simply place my Maya-generated
Birth in Thy own charge and bide silently, how am I
Vested with the right to weigh and judge of aught at all ?
How could e'er such authority belong to me here ?
O Lord of eyes on brow ! Thou mayest lodge my soul
Within a frame or mayest place it beneath Thy anklet Feet !
499

9. O Lord of forehead set with eye ! I was gazing well
At Thy pair of jewelled-Feet with my own joyful eyes !
Save that I should contemplate on naught at all except
Those two self-same Feet alone by day as well as night,
Does it me behove to think and consider, my Sire,
Whether I should this mortal coil shuffle off on earth,
Or that I should come and reach Thy anklet-Feet at all ?
How funny would my serfdom be, if I could weigh it all ? 500

10. அழகே புரிந்திட்டு அடிநாயேன் அரற்று கின்றேன்
உடையானே !
திகழா நின்ற திருமேனி காட்டி என்னைப் பணிகொண்டாய்
புகழே பெரிய பதம்எனக்குப் புராண ! நீதந்து அருளாதே
குழகா ! கோல மறையோனே ! கோனே ! என்னைக்
குழைத்தாயே !

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10. Having discharged all my duties properly till now,
I, who am Thy dog-like slave do rave and rant, my Lord !
Thou didst show Thy Form which is resplendent and sacred
To me that day and Thou didst make myself Thy servant too !
Thou Who art Glory itself ! Thou the Ancient One !
Thou the Youthful and O Thou the Handsome Vedic Sage !
Thou mighty Bode of Beatitude, Thou hast in Thy grace
Denied to me and Thou hast tortured me, O my own King ! 501

34. உயிர் உண்ணிப்பத்து

சிவானந்தம் மேலிடுதல்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

கலிவிருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பைந்நாப்பட அரவுஏர்அல்குல் உமைபாகமது ஆய்என்
மெய்ந்நாள்தொறும் பிரியாவினைக் கேடா! விடைப்பாகா!
செம்நாவலர் பரசும்புகழ்த் திருப்பெருந்துறை உறைவாய்!
எந்நாள்களித்து எந்நாள்இறு மாக்கேன் இனியானே?

2. நான்ஆர்அடி அணைவான் ஒரு நாய்க்குத்தவிசு இட்டுஇங்கு
ஊன்ஆர்உடல் புகுந்தான்உயிர் கலந்தான் உளம்பிரியான்
தேன்ஆர்சடை முடியான்மன்னு திருப்பெருந்துறை உறைவான்
வானோர்களும் அறியாததுஓர் வளம்ஈந்தனன் எனக்கே!

XXXIV. WUYIRUNNI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DEVOURED SOUL

He is sung by bards!

1. Partner of the Spouse of Umai Whose Form is beautiful!
Thou Killer of my 'old deeds' all! Thou part'st not from my frame!
Rider on the Bull! Thou dwellest in the Perunthurai sung
By worthy bards! Say when can I enjoy and when exult? 502

He graced dog-like me!

2. Who am I that I should reach His Feet? He gave a seat
To dog-like me, entered my fleshy frame and mixed with soul
And leaves not my own heart! That honey-braided One lives in
Perunthurai and me He gave a boon unknown to gods! 503

3. எனை நான்என்பது அறியேன்பகல் இரவுஆவதும் அறியேன்
மனவாசகம் கடந்தான்எனை மத்தஉன்மத்தன் ஆக்கிச்
சினமால்விடை உடையான்மன்னு திருப்பெருந்துறை
உறையும்
பனவன்எனைச் செய்தபடிறு அறியேன் பரஞ்சுடரே !

4. வினைக்கேடரும் உளரோபிறர் சொல்லீர் வியன்உலகில் ?
எனைத்தான்புகுந்து ஆண்டான்எனது என்பின்புரை உருக்கிப்
பினைத்தான்புகுந்து எல்லேபெருந் துறையில்உறை பெம்மான்
மனத்தான் கண்ணின் அகத்தான்மறு மாற்றத்து இடையானே!

5. பற்றுஆங்குஅவை அற்றீர்பற்றும் பற்றுஆங்கு அதுபற்றி
நற்றும்கதி அடைவோம்எனில் கெடுவீர் ஓடிவம்மின்
தெற்றார்சடை முடியான்மன்னு திருப்பெருந்துறை இறைசீர்
கற்றுஆங்குஅவன் கழல்பேணின ரொடும்கூடுமின் கலந்தே !

He gave frenzy !

3. I know not if I am my self nor know if 'tis the day or night !
He is past all thought and word ! He has a big and raging Bull !
That Sage of lasting, sacred Perunthurai is the Mighty Light
Which gave me frenzy delirious ! I know not all His wiles ! 504

He bides in me !

4. He Himself entered my soul and melting all my pores
He did make me His ! Lo ! That Lord of Perunthurai
Again entered and bides within my heart, my eyes and words !
Speak if there's in this high world a Sin-Killer like Him ! 505

May ye cling to Him!

5. Oh perishing ones ! If rid of all bonds, ye would cling to those
Proper bonds and reach the blissful goal, haste ye and mix
With those who do worship His Feet in ways they have been taught
Of that Lord Who lives in honied and lasting Perunthurai ! 506

6. கடலின்திரை அதுபோல்வரு கலக்கமலம் அறுத்துஎன்
உடலும்எனது உயிரும்புகுந்து ஒழியாவண்ணம் நிறைந்தான்
சுடரும்சுடர் மதிசூடிய திருப்பெருந்துறை உறையும்
படரும்சடை மகுடத்துஎங்கள் பரன்தான்செய்த படிறே!

7. வேண்டேன்புகழ் வேண்டேன்செல்வம் வேண்டேன்மண்ணும் விண்ணும்
வேண்டேன்பிறப்பு இறப்புச்சிவம் வேண்டார்தமை நாளும்
தீண்டேன்சென்று சேர்ந்தேன்மன்னு திருப்பெருந்துறை இறைதாள்
பூண்டேன்புறம் போகேன்இனிப் புறம்போகல் ஒட்டேனே!

8. கோல்தேன்எனக்கு என்கோ?குரை கடல்வாய் அமுதுஎன்கோ?
ஆற்றேன்எங்கள் அரனே! அரு மருந்தே! எனதுஅரசே!
சேற்றுஆர்வயல் புடைசூழ்தரு திருப்பெருந்துறை உறையும்
நீற்றுஆர்தரு திருமேனிநின் மலனேஉனையானே?

His pranks with me!

6. He wiped away the wild'ring bonds that swept like waves of sea,
And entered my own frame and heart and filled them and left not!
What pranks has played our Lord Who lives in sacred Perunthurai,
And Who has the crown of broad braid of the shining Moon! 507

I want nothing!

7. I want no fame! I want no wealth! I want not earth and heaven!
I want not births and deaths! I touch not those who want not Sivam!
I've gone and reached the Lord of lasting, sacred Perunthurai!
I've worn them! Hence I leave them not nor suffer them to leave! 508

He is honey on boughs!

8. O our Haran! Rare Balm! my King! I can't brook! Thou Spotless
Lord of Ash-worn sacred Form Who dwell'st in holy shrine
Of Perunthurai begirt with loamy fields! Shall I call Thee
My Honey upon the boughs or Ambrosia from roaring sea? 509

9. எச்சம்அறி வேன்நான் எனக்கு இருக்கின்றதை அறியேன்
அச்சோஎங்கள் அரனேஅரு மருந்தே எனதுஅமுதே
செச்சைமலர் புரைமேனியன் திருப்பெருந்துறை உறைவான்
நிச்சம்என நெஞ்சில்மன்னி யான்ஆகிநின்றானே !

10. வான்பாவிய உலகத்தவர் தவமேசெய அவமே
ஊன்பாவிய உடலைச்சுமந்து அடவிமரம் ஆனேன்
தேன்பாய்மலர்க் கொன்றைமன்னு திருப்பெருந்துறை
உறைவாய்
நான்பாவியன் ஆனால்உனை ' நல்காய் ' எனல்ஆமே ?

I know not my future !

9. Ah, me ! Our Haran of Rarest Form ! My own Ambrosia !
He of ruddy-flower-Form dwells in sacred Perunthurai !
And biding in my heart as my own soul, He stood for e'er !
I know what's past but know not what the future holds for me !
510

I stand as a forest tree !

10. While those in heavenly world performed penances, I in vain
Have borne this flesh-packed frame and as a forest tree, I stand !
Thou Who dwell'st in sacred Perunthurai of honied Cassia !
May I ask Thee " Grant Thy grace " to me, a sinner though ? 511

35. அச்சப்பத்து

ஆனந்தம் உறுதல்

தில்லையில் அருளியது
அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. புற்றில்வாழ் அரவும் அஞ்சேன் பொய்யர்தம் மெய்யும் அஞ்சேன்
கற்றைவார் சடைஎம் அண்ணல் கண்ணுதல் பாதம் நண்ணி
மற்றும்ஓர் தெய்வம்தன்னை உண்டுஎன நினைந்துஎம் பெம்மாற்
கற்றிலா தவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சு மாறே!

2. வெருவரேன் வேட்கை வந்தால் வினைக்கடல் கொளினும் அஞ்சேன்
இருவரால் மாறு காணா எம்பிரான் தம்பி ரானாம்
திருஉருவு அன்றி மற்றுஓர் தேவர்எத் தேவர் என்ன
அருவரா தவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சு மாறே!

XXXV. ACHCHA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DREAD

Those who don't love Him.

1. I dread not either glist'ning snakes in ant-hills or the false ones' frames!
But when I see those who would not reach the Feet of that Great One
Of the braid and forehead-eye, but who would believe in another god,
And who would not have love for the former, alas, how much we dread! 512

Those who scorn not lowly gods.

2. I dread not though the lusts should rage nor even dread the sea of sins!
But, when I see those ones who, uttering " what a lowly god ? ",
Loathe and scorn not all other gods than our King's own sacred Form,—
The Lord Whom both of them couldn't descry then, alas, how much we dread! 513

3\. வன்புலால் வேலும் அஞ்சேன் வளைக்கையார் கடைக்கண்
அஞ்சேன்
என்புஎலாம் உருக நோக்கி அம்பலத்து ஆடு கின்ற
என்பொலா மணியை ஏத்தி இனிதுஅருள் பருக மாட்டா
அன்புஇலா தவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சு மாறே!

4\. கிளிஅனார் கிளவி அஞ்சேன் அவர்கிறி முறுவல் அஞ்சேன்
வெளியநீறு ஆடும்மேனி வேதியன் பாதம் நண்ணித்
துளிஉலாம் கண்ணர் ஆகித் தொழுதுஅழுது உள்ளம்
நெக்குஇங்கு
அளிஇலா தவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சு மாறே!

Those who don't drink His grace !

3\. I dread not flesh-scarred javelin nor glances of the bangled maids!
He looks with grace and melts our frames and dances within
the Sacred Court !
When I see those loveless ones who would not praise my
Unbored Gem,
And who would not drink at all His sweet grace, alas, how much
we dread ! 514

Those who don't shed tears !

4\. I dread not words of parrot-tongued maids nor dread their
guileful smiles !
They neither reach the Feet of Sage Whose Form with ashes
white is smeared!
Nor shed tears from eyes nor pray nor weep with mellowed,
melting hearts !
When I see those ones devoid of love, alas, how much we dread !
515

5. பிணிஎலாம் வரினும் அஞ்சேன் பிறப்பினோடு இறப்பும் அஞ்சேன்
துணிநிலா அணியி னான்தன் தொழும்பரோடு அழுந்தி அம்மால்
திணிநிலம் பிளந்தும் காணாச் சேவடி பரவி வெள்நீறு
அணிகிலா தவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சு மாறே!

6. வாள்உலாம் எரியும் அஞ்சேன் வரைபுரண் டிடினும் அஞ்சேன்
தோள்உலாம் நீற்றன் ஏற்றன் சொற்பதம் கடந்த அப்பன்
தாளதா மரைகள் ஏத்தித் தடமலர் புனைந்து நையும்
ஆள்அலா தவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சு மாறே!

Those who don't wear ashes !

5. I dread not all diseases, should they come nor dread the births and deaths!
They who'd neither mix with saints of One Who wears the crescent Moon,
Nor would praise His rosy Feet which Mal couldn't see by splitting earth,
Nor would wear white ashes ! When I see them, alas, how much we dread ! 516

Those who don't praise Him !

6. I dread not burning fires nor dread, should even all the mounts roll down !
The shoulders of the Lord of Bull and Sire past words, with ashes shine !
When I see those ones who would not serve Him with a melting heart,
And won't praise His lotus-Feet with flowers, alas, how much we dread ! 517

7. தகைவுஇலாப் பழியும் அஞ்சேன் சாதலை முன்னம் அஞ்சேன்
புகைமுகம் தெரிகை வீசிப் பொலிந்தஅம் பலத்துள் ஆடும்
முகைநகைக் கொன்றை மாலை முன்னவன் பாதம்ஏத்தி
அகம்நெகா தவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சுமாறே!

8. தறிசெறி களிறும் அஞ்சேன் தழல்விழி உழுவை அஞ்சேன்
வெறிகமழ் சடையன் அப்பன் விண்ணவர் நண்ண மாட்டாச்
செறிதரு கழல்கள் ஏத்திச் சிறந்துஇனிது இருக்க மாட்டா
அறிவுஇலா தவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சு மாறே!

9. மஞ்சுஉலாம் உருமும் அஞ்சேன் மன்னரோடு உறவும் அஞ்சேன்
நஞ்சமே அமுதம் ஆக்கும் நம்பிரான் எம்பி ரான்ஆய்ச்
செஞ்சவே ஆண்டு கொண்டான் திருமுண்டம் தீண்ட மாட்டாது
அஞ்சுவார் அவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சு மாறே!

Those who don't melt !

7. I dread not guilt that's forced on me nor would I dread the death at all !
He dances in the shining Court swinging His hand which holds the fire !
He's the First Who wears the shining Cassia wreaths ! When I see those,
Who would neither praise His Feet nor melt, alas, how much we dread ! 518

Those who don't praise Him !

8. I dread not tuskers chained to the poles nor would dread I fire-eyed tigers !
He's our Sire of sweet and fragrant, braided locks ! When I see those
Ignoramuses who cannot bide with greatness and sweetness,
And praise His anklet Feet unknown to gods, alas, how much we dread ! 519

The false ones !

9. I dread not thunder-bolts from clouds nor dread I a king's friendship !
He's our Lord Who eats the poison as His food ! He is our King
Who has well made me His own ! When I see those ones who dread
To smear the holy ashes on their heads, alas, how much we dread !
520

10. கோண்நிலா வாளி அஞ்சேன் கூற்றுவன் சீற்றம் அஞ்சேன்
நீள்நிலா அணியி னானை நினைந்துநைந்து உருகி நெக்கு
வாள்நிலாம் கண்கள் சோர வாழ்த்திநின்று ஏத்த மாட்டா
ஆண்அலா தவரைக் கண்டால் அம்மநாம் அஞ்சு மாறே!

The unmanly ones !

10. I dread not murd'rous arrows too nor dread the wrath of
Yama Himself !
When I see those milk-sops who wouldn't think of Lord of
baby-Moon
With their hearts which thrill and melt and with their tearful
eyes and who
Would not stand and praise and worship Him, alas, how much
we dread ! 521

36. திருப்பாண்டிப் பதிகம்

சிவானந்த விளைவு

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பருவரை மங்கைதன் பங்கரைப் பாண்டியற்கு ஆர்அமுதாம்
ஒருவரை ஒன்றும்இ லாதவ ரைக்கழல் போதுஇறைஞ்சித்
தெரிவர நின்றுஉருக் கிப்பரி மேல்கொண்ட சேவகனார்
ஒருவரை அன்றி உருவுஅறி யாதுஎன்தன் உள்ளம்அதே!

2. சதுரை மறந்துஅறி மால்கொள்வர் சார்ந்தவர் சாற்றிச்
சொன்னோம்
கதிரை மறைத்துஅன்ன சோதி கழுக்கடை கைப்பிடித்துக்
குதிரையின் மேல்வந்து கூடிடு மேல்குடி கேடுகண்டீர்
மதுரையர் மன்னன் மறுபிறப்பு ஓட மறித்திடுமே!

XXXVI. TIRUPPAUNDIP PATIKAM

OR

THE SACRED PAUNDI HYMN

I know none but Him!

1. I offer worship at the anklet Feet of Partner of
The Mount's Daughter! He's the Paundian's Rare Ambrosia too!
He is One and Not Any One! He's the Warrior on the steed
Who had shown
His own Self and melted! My heart knows no form save His own!
522

He comes on horse to give God-mania!

2. Proclaim we that those who reach Him will their ego drop and get
Godmania! Learn ye that when that Light which eclipsed the Sun,
Handling Trisul comes on horse, all births and life would flee!
It will bar and drive off future births of Madurai's king! 523

3. நீர்இன்ப வெள்ளத்துள் நீந்திக் குளிக்கின்ற நெஞ்சம்
கொண்டீர்
பார்இன்ப வெள்ளம் கொளப்பரி மேல்கொண்ட பாண்டியனார்
ஓர்இன்ப வெள்ளத்து உருக்கொண்டு தொண்டரை உள்ளம்
கொண்டார்
பேர்இன்ப வெள்ளத்துள் பெய்கழ லேசென்று பேணுமினே !

4. செறியும் பிறவிக்கு நல்லவர் செல்லன்மின் தென்னன்நல்
நாட்டு
இறைவன் கிளர்கின்ற காலம்இக் காலம்எக் காலத்துள்ளும்
அறிவுஒண் கதிர்வாள் உறைகழித்து ஆனந்த மாக்கடவி
எறியும் பிறப்பை எதிர்ந்தார் புரள இருநிலத்தே !

5. காலம்உண் டாகவே காதல்செய்து உய்மின் கருதரிய
ஞாலம்உண் டானொடு நான்முகன் வானவர் நண்அரிய
ஆலம்உண் டான்எங்கள் பாண்டிப் பிரான்தன் அடியவர்க்கு
மூலபண் டாரம் வழங்குகின் றான்வந்து முந்துமினே !

The four floods !

3. That One did ride a horse to give the world a flood of joy !
With His Form of Delightful Flood He captured devotees' hearts !
Ye men who'd like to swim and bathe in delightful water-flood,
Go and taste His anklet-Feet in Flood of Rapture great ! 524

He would slash our births !

4. Ye good ones, seek not the clust'ring births ! Of all ages,
This is the age when rules and shines the good Paundiland's Lord !
He rides a horse of Rapture great and handling bright and
unsheathed sword
Of Gnosis, he would slash opposing births and roll them down !
525

He distributes His Treasure-Grace !

5. Pray, when there is time enough, make love to Him to save
yourselves !
That rare One Whom " Eater of earth ", Brahmman and gods
couldn't reach,
Ate poison ! Just now distributes the Lord of Paundiland
His Treasure-Release to His own saints ! Hasten ye and reach ! 526

6. ஈண்டிய மாயா இருள்கெட எப்பொரு ளும்விளங்கத்
தூண்டிய சோதியை மீனவ னும்சொல்ல வல்லன் அல்லன்
வேண்டிய போதே விலக்கிலை வாய்தல் விரும்புமின்தாள்
பாண்டிய னார்அருள் செய்கின்ற முத்திப் பரிசுஇதுவே!

7. மாய வனப்பரி மேல்கொண்டு மற்றுஅவர் கைக்கொளலும்
போய்அறும் இப்பிறப்பு என்னும் பகைகள் புகுந்தவருக்கு
ஆய அரும்பெரும் சீர்உடைத் தன்அரு ளேஅருளும்
சேய நெடும்கொடைத் தென்னவன் சேவடி சேர்மின்களே!

8. அழிவுஇன்றி நின்றதுஓர் ஆனந்த வெள்ளத்து இடை அழுத்திக்
கழிவுஇல் கருணையைக் காட்டிக் கடிய வினைஅகற்றிப்
பழமலம் பற்றுஅறுத்து ஆண்டவன் பாண்டிப் பெரும்பதமே
முழுதுஉலகும் தருவான் கொடையே சென்று முந்துமினே!

He gives the prize of Great Release !

6. E'en the Paundian couldn't cognise and speak the Equestrian Light
Which drove illusions' darkness thick and all things illumined !
Even while ye want, do strive and bide at His Feet ! There's no bar!
This is the Prize of Great Release the Paundilord bestows ! 527

He is of bounteous boons !

7. The moment comes He on the fine but false horse and takes charge
Of ye, all foes of birth will flee and die ! He grants His grace
Of rare and great glory to His own wards to give them bliss !
Hence reach ye the rosy Feet of Tennan of bounteous boons ! 528

He would gift away all the world !

8. He soaked us in the flood of rapture, biding and endless,
Showed His changeless mercy, killed all cruel "deeds" and did
Root out age-old bonds and made us His ! Haste ye and reach
The Feet of that great Paundilord Who'd gift off all the world ! 529

9. விரவிய தீவினை மேலைப் பிறப்புமுந் நீர்கடக்கப்
பரவிய அன்பரை என்புஉருக்கும் பரம் பாண்டியனார்
புரவியின் மேல்வரப் புந்திகொ ளப்பட்ட பூம்கொடியார்
மரஇயல் மேல்கொண்டு தம்மையும் தாம்அறி யார்மறந்தே!

10. கூற்றைவென்று ஆங்குஐவர் கோக்களையும்வென்று இருந்து அழகால்
வீற்றிருந் தான்பெரும் தேவியும் தானும்ஓர் மீனவன்பால்
ஏற்றுவந்து ஆர்உயிர் உண்ட திறல்ஒற்றைச் சேவகனே
தேற்றம்இ லாதவர் சேவடி சிக்கெனச் சேர்மின்களே!

The beautiful maids lost themselves !

9. He's the Paundilord Who melts the bones of all those saints who pray
That they all should cross the sea of future births and clinging deeds !
The fragile Beauties who espied Him on the horse did lose their hearts
To Him and all became wooden and they their own selves forgot too ! 530

Cleave to His conquering Feet !

10. He did conquer Death-god and the five senses and with
His powerful Spouse, He sat in state beside the Paundian king !
Reach ye all, O doubting souls, and firmly cleave to His Feet !
He's the mighty Knight Who crushed the lives of all the foes! 531

37. பிடித்தபத்து

முத்திக்கலப்பு உரைத்தல்

திருத்தோணிபுரத்தில் அருளியது

எழுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. உம்பர்கட்கு அரசே ஒழிவுஅற நிறைந்த
யோகமே ஊற்றையேன் தனக்கு
வம்புஎனப் பழுத்துஎன் குடிமுழுது ஆண்டு
வாழ்வுஅற வாழ்வித்த மருந்தே !
செம்பொருள் துணிவே ! சீர்உடைக் கழலே !
செல்வமே ! சிவபெரு மானே !
எம்பொருட்டு உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே !

XXXVII. PIDITTHA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DEVOUT GRIP

Mystic Union of Universal Fulness !

1. O King of heavenly ones ! Thou Mystic Union of
Universal Fulness ! To my foul-minded self
Thou mellowedest and mad'st my whole stock Thine,
And yield'st me bliss transcending life, O Balm !
O, Clearest End of ends ! Thou of Glorious Foot !
My Wealth of Grace and Thou my Lord Siva !
For our sake I hold Thee firmly within my grip !
How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip ?

2. விடைவிடாது உகந்த விண்ணவர் கோவே!
வினையனேன் உடையமெய்ப் பொருளே!
முடைவிடாது அடியேன் மூத்துஅற மண்ஆய்
முழுப்புழுக் குரம்பையில் கிடந்து
கடைபடா வண்ணம் காத்துஎனை ஆண்ட
கடவுளே கருணைமா கடலே
இடைவிடாது உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே?

3. அம்மையே! அப்பா! ஒப்புஇலா மணியே!
அன்பினில் விளைந்தஆர் அமுதே!
பொய்ம்மையே பெருக்கிப் பொழுதினைச் சுருக்கும்
புழுத்தலைப் புலையனேன் தனக்குச்

I lie prostrate

2. Thou King of heavenly hosts, pleased with eternal Bull !
Thou art Essence True unto my sinful self !
O my God ! Thou Ocean of Mercy Great !
Thou savedest me and mad'st me Thine lest I
Thy slave should lie prostrate like miasmic mud
Within the cottage of my frame of foul-grown worms !
Continuedly hold I Thee firmly within my grip !
How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip ? 533

Ambrosia mellowed out of Love !

3. O Mother, my Father and O Peerless Gem !
Thou art Rare Ambrosia Which is mellowed out of Love !
Unto my base and wand'ring self of rotten frame
Which falsehood multiplies but shortens time for good,

செம்மையே ஆய சிவபதம் அளித்த
செல்வமே! சிவபெரு மானே!
இம்மையே உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே?

4. அருள்உடைச் சுடரே! அளிந்ததுஓர் கனியே!
பெருந்திறல் அருந்தவர்க்கு அரசே!
பொருள்உடைக் கலையே! புகழ்ச்சியைக் கடந்த
போகமே! யோகத்தின் பொலிவே!
தெருள் இடத்து அடியார் சிந்தையுள் புகுந்த
செல்வமே! சிவபெரு மானே!
இருள்இடத்து உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே?

The best and purest bliss of Sivam Thou didst well dispense !
O Wealth Supreme of mine and Thou my Lord Siva !
In this life itself I hold Thee firmly within my grip !
How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip ? 534

Resplendence of Concentration Rare !

4. Thou Splendrous Light of grace ! Thou Mellowed Fruit of juice !
Thou art the King of rare ascetics of the mighty grace !
Thou art Arts of Truth ! Enjoyment past all praise !
Thou art Resplendence of concentration rare !
Thou entered'st the hearts of saints of clear vision !
O Wealth Supreme of mine ! O Thou my Lord Siva !
Amidst the darkness hold I Thee firmly in my grip !
How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip ? 535

5. ஒப்புஉனக்கு இல்லா ஒருவனே! அடியேன்
 உள்ளத்துள் ஒளிர்கின்ற ஒளியே!
மெய்ப்பதம் அறியா வீறு இலியேற்கு
 விழுமியது அளித்ததுஓர் அன்பே!
செப்புதற்கு அரிய செழும்சுடர் மூர்த்தி
 செல்வமே! சிவபெரு மானே!
எய்ப்புஇடத்து உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
 எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே?

6. அறவையேன் மனமே கோயிலாக் கொண்டுஆண்டு
 அளவுஇலா ஆனந்தம் அருளிப்
பிறவிவேர் அறுத்துஎன் குடிமுழுது ஆண்ட
 பிஞ்ஞகா! பெரியஎம் பொருளே!

Thou art Help in my weariness !

5. Thou art the One without compare ! Thou art Shining Light
 That dost illumine the mind of myself Thy own slave !
To my worthless self which knows not what is proper goal
 The best of bliss, O Love, Thou didst dispense in grace !
O God of lovely splendrous light, none can describe Thee !
 O Wealth Supreme of mine ! O Thou my Lord Siva !
In weariness I hold Thee firmly within my grip !
 How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip ? 536

Our Possession Great !

6. O Pingnakan ! O Mighty Possession of ours !
 Thou dwellest as Thy shrine in the driest heart of mine !
Thou mad'st me Thine, bestowing boundless rapture too !
 Thou dost root out births and claimest all my stock as Thine !

திறவிலே கண்ட காட்சியே! அடியேன்
செல்வமே! சிவபெரு மானே!
இறவிலே உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே?

7. பாசவேர் அறுக்கும் பழம்பொருள் தன்னைப்
பற்றுமாறு அடியனேற்கு அருளிப்
பூசனை உகந்துஎன் சிந்தையுள் புகுந்து
பூம்கழல் காட்டிய பொருளே!
தேசுடை விளக்கே! செழும்சுடர் மூர்த்தி
செல்வமே! சிவபெரு மானே
ஈசனே உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே!

Thou art Rarest Vision seen in space by me, Thy slave!
O Wealth Supreme of mine! O Thou my Lord Siva!
E'en in death I hold Thee firmly within my grip!
How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip? 537

God of Superb Splendour!

7. Thou Age-long One Who didst cut off the roots of all the bonds,
And taught'st in grace to me the way to cling to Thee!
Thou wert pleased with my worship and Thou didst enter too
My own heart and showedest me Thy pair of bejewelled Feet!
Thou Light Resplendent and O God of Superb Splendour!
O Wealth Supreme of mine! O Thou my Lord Siva!
O Isa, I do hold Thee firmly within my grip!
How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip? 538

8. அத்தனே ! அண்டர் அண்டம்ஆய் நின்ற
ஆதியே ! யாதும்ஈறு இல்லாச்
சித்தனே ! பத்தர் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்த
செல்வமே ! சிவபெரு மானே !
பித்தனே ! எல்லா உயிரும்ஆய்த் தழைத்துப்
பிழைத்துஅவை அல்லையாய் நிற்கும்
எத்தனே ! உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே ?

9. பால்நினைந் தூட்டும் தாயினும் சாலப்
பரிந்துநீ பாவியே னுடைய
ஊனினை உருக்கி உள்ஒளி பெருக்கி
உலப்புஇலா ஆனந்தம் ஆய

Thou blossomed out as all lives !

8. O Father, Thou the First One Who didst expand and didst stand
From earth to heaven ! Thou Endless Wondrous-powered
Great one ! Thou hast been held in grip by Thy own saints !
O Wealth Supreme of mine ! O Thou my Lord Siva !
O Thou Insane ! Thou didst blossom out as all the lives,
And didst part from them and stood'st as distinct One !
O Trickster ! I do hold Thee firmly within my grip !
How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip ? 539

Thou art dearer than a mother !

9. Thou hast in grace with more of love and tenderness
Than those of mother who suckles babe instinctively
Melted the heart of my own sinful self and madest glow
My inward light with more lustre ! Thou pourdest out in me

தேனினைச் சொரிந்து புறம்புறம் திரிந்த
செல்வமே ! சிவபெரு மானே !
யான்உனைத் தொடர்ந்து சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே ?

10. புன்புலால் யாக்கை புரைபுரை கனியப்
பொன்நெடும் கோயிலாப் புகுந்துஎன்
என்புஎலாம் உருக்கி எளியைஆய் ஆண்ட
ஈசனே ! மாசிலா மணியே !
துன்பமே பிறப்பே இறப்பொடு மயக்குஆம்
தொடக்குஎலாம் அறுத்தநல் சோதீ !
இன்பமே ! உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்
எங்குஎழுந் தருளுவது இனியே ?

A ceaseless stream of rapturous honey and roamedest along with me !
O Wealth Supreme of mine ! O Thou my Lord Siva !
In pursuit I hold Thee firmly within my grip !
How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip ? 540

My body is His golden shrine !

10. O Thou Who art my Isa ! O Pure and Flawless Gem !
Thou didst enter as Thy grand and golden shrine
My frame of meanest flesh and softened'st every pore,
Meltedest my bones and mad'st me Thine quite easily !
Thou Splendour True ! Thou didst cut off all my bonds
Like griefs, my births and deaths and all delusive thoughts !
Thou O Bliss, I hold Thee firmly within my grip !
How canst Thou in grace henceforth give me the slip ? 541

38. திரு ஏசறவு

சுட்டறிவு ஒழித்தல்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. இரும்புதரு மனத்தேனை ஈர்த்துஈர்த்துஎன் என்புஉருக்கிக்
கரும்புதரு சுவைஎனக்குக் காட்டினைஉன் கழல்இணைகள்
ஒருங்குதிரை உலவுசடை உடையானே! நரிகள்எல்லாம்
பெருங்குதிரை ஆக்கியஆறு அன்றேஉன் பேர்அருளே!

2. பண்ஆர்ந்த மொழிமங்கை பங்காநின் ஆள்ஆனார்க்கு
உண்ஆர்ந்த ஆர்அமுதே! உடையானே! அடியேனை
மண்ஆர்ந்த பிறப்புஅறுத்திட்டு ஆள்வாய்நீ வாஎன்னக்
கண்ஆர உய்ந்தஆறு அன்றேஉன் கழல்கண்டே!

XXXVIII. TIRU VESARAVU

OR

THE SACRED GRIEF

1. Often didst Thou drag me of the iron heart and meltedest
My bones and gav'st me sweet cane-taste of Thy bejewelled Feet!
Thou of braided locks wherein the billowed Ganga flows!
Thou mad'st all jackals mighty steeds! That's Thy supreme grace!
542

2. Partner of the Spouse of music words! Unto Thy thralls Thou art
Rare Nectar to feast upon! My Lord! Thou madest me
Thine and cut'st my earthly births! Since Thou called'st me "come",
I saw Thy Feet, feasting my eyes and thus I reached my goal! 543

3. ஆதம்இலி யான்பிறப்பு இறப்புஎன்னும் அருநரகில்
ஆர்தமரும் இன்றியே அழுந்துவேற்கு ஆவாஎன்று
ஓதமலி நஞ்சுஉண்ட உடையானே அடியேற்குஉன்
பாதமலர் காட்டியஆறு அன்றேஎம் பரம்பரனே!

4. பச்சைத்தால் அரவுஆட்டீ! படர்சடையாய் பாதமலர்
உச்சத்தார் பெருமானே! அடியேனை உய்யக்கொண்டு
எச்சத்தார் சிறுதெய்வம் ஏத்தாதே அச்சோ! என்
சித்தத்துஆறு உய்ந்தஆறு அன்றேஉன் திறம்நினைந்தே!

5. கற்றுஅறியேன் கலைஞானம் கசிந்துஉருகேன் ஆயிடினும்
மற்றுஅறியேன் பிறதெய்வம் வாக்கியலால் வார்கழல்வந்து
உற்றுஇறுமாந்து இருந்தேன்எம் பெருமானே அடியேற்குப்
பொற்றவிசு நாய்க்குஇடும்ஆறு அன்றேநின் பொன்அருளே!

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3. I was helpless sans kinsmen and I was prone to sink
Within rare hells of births and deaths! But Thou my Master Who
At'st poison of the roaring sea pitiedest me Thy slave!
Thou Greatest Lord! How well hast Thou disclosed Thy
flower-like Feet! 544

4. Thou dost sport with green-tongued snakes! Thou of flowing
braid!
Lord of those whose crowns are Thy own Feet! Thou savedest me
Thy slave from praising petty gods of poor-souled ones! Ah me!
How wondrous 'tis! In thought of Thy glory, my soul is saved!
545

5. I've learnt no arts of wisdom nor would melt my hearts! And yet,
Know I not a God save Thee of Mystic Word! I reached
Thy Feet and lived exultant! Our Lord! Is not the gift to me
Thy slave of Thy gold-grace like off'ring golden seat to a dog?
546

6. பஞ்சுஆய அடிமடவார் கடைக்கண்ணால் இடர்ப்பட்டு
நஞ்சுஆய துயர்கூர நடுங்குவேன் நின்அருளால்
உய்ஞ்சேன்எம் பெருமானே உடையானே அடியேனை
அஞ்சேல்என்று ஆண்டஆறு அன்றேஅம் பலத்துஅமுதே!

7. என்பாலைப் பிறப்புஅறுத்துஇங்கு இமையவர்க்கும் அறிய ஒண்ணாத்
தென்பாலைத் திருப்பெருந் துறைஉறையும் சிவபெருமான்
அன்பால்நீ அகம்நெகவே புகுந்தருளி ஆட்கொண்டது
என்பாலே நோக்கியஆறு அன்றேஎம் பெருமானே!

8. மூத்தானே! மூவாத முதலானே! முடிவுஇல்லா
ஓத்தானே! பொருளானே! உண்மையும்ஆய் இன்மையும்ஆய்ப்
பூத்தானே! புகுந்துஇங்குப் புரள்வேனைக் கருணையினால்
பேர்த்தேநீ ஆண்டஆறு அன்றேஎம் பெருமானே!

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6. Afflicted by the side-glances of soft-foot maids I was!
I trembled due to griefs like mounting poison! Lord and King!
But saved I was by Thy own grace! And Thou didst well grace me
Thy serf and said! "Fear not!" How fine? Ambrosia of the Court! 547

7. Thou didst wipe my desert-like births herein! O Lord Siva
Who dwell'st in sacred South Perunthurai unknown to the gods!
Thou entered'st in grace my heart with love and didst melt it,
And mad'st me Thine by casting graceful glance at me, Our Lord! 548

8. Thou the Ancient One! Thou Primal One Who agest not!
Thou of endless Vedas! Essence True! And Thou didst flower
As those who are and who are not! By mercy Thou entered'st
Again my swirling self and mad'st me Thine! How fine? My Lord! 549

9, மருவுஇனிய மலர்ப்பாதம் மனத்தில்வளர்ந்து உள்உருகத்
தெருவுதொறும் மிகஅலறிச் 'சிவபெருமான்' என்றுஏத்திப்
பருகியநின் பரம்கருணைத் தடம்கடலில் படிவுஆம்ஆறு
அருள்எனக்குஇங்கு இடைமருதே இடம்கொண்ட அம்மானே!

10. நானேயோ தவம்செய்தேன் 'சிவாயநம' எனப்பெற்றேன்
தேன்ஆய்இன் அமுதமும்ஆய்த் தித்திக்கும் சிவபெருமான்
தானேவந்து எனதுஉள்ளம் புகுந்துஅடியேற்கு அருள்
செய்தான்
ஊன்ஆரும் உயிர்வாழ்க்கை ஒறுத்துஅன்றே வெறுத்திடவே!

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9. O Father living in Idaimaruthu ! Do grace that Thy own Foot
Like flower that's sweet for hugging grows within my heart and that
With melting heart I rave in ev'ry street and praise as 'Lord Siva'
And plunge in Thy wide Sea of Mercy Great tasted by me ! 550

10. Naught of penance save mouthing '*Sivayanama*' I've wrought !
Lord Siva Who tastes as honey and sweet ambrosia came
Himself and my heart entered and so graced me His slave
That I loathed and tortured life in flesh that day itself ! 551

39. திருப் புலம்பல்

சிவானந்த முதிர்வு

திருவாரூரில் அருளியது
கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பூம்கமலத்து அயனெடுமால் அறியாத நெறியானே
கோங்குஅலர்சேர் குவிமுலையாள் கூறுவெள் நீறுஆடீ
ஓங்குஎயில்சூழ் திருவாரூர் உடையானே அடியேன் நின்
பூம்கழல்கள் அவைஅல்லாது எவையாதும் புகழேனே !

2. சடையானே தழல்ஆடீ தயங்குமூ இலைச்சூலப்
படையானே பரஞ்சோதீ பசுபதீ மழவெள்ளை
விடையானே விரிபொழில்சூழ் பெருந்துறையாய்
அடியேன்நான்
உடையானே உனையல்லாது உறுதுணைமற்று அறியேனே !

XXXIX. TIRUP PULAMBAL

OR

THE SACRED LAMENT

I praise naught save Thy Feet !

1. Thou Whose ways are unknown unto the Lotus-Ayan and Mal !
Partner of the Spouse of sharp breasts adorned with Kongu
flow'rs !
White-ashed One ! Thou own'st Arur begirt with lofty wall !
I Thy slave will praise naught else except Thy beauteous Feet ! 552

I know no other help save Thee !

2. Thou of braided locks, Who swing'st the fire ! Thy weapon is
The glitt'ring Trident ! Light Supreme ! Thou Lord of flock
of souls !
Own'st Thou buxom, white Bull and the grove-girt Perunthurai !
My Master ! Know I not a mighty help for me save Thee ! 553

3. உற்றாரை யான்வேண்டேன் ஊர்வேண்டேன் பேர்வேண்டேன்
கற்றாரை யான்வேண்டேன் கற்பனவும் இனிஅமையும்
குற்றாலத்து அமர்ந்துஉறையும் கூத்தாஉன் குரைகழற்கே
கற்றாவின் மனம்போலக் கசிந்துஉருக வேண்டுவனே !

I want a melting heart !

3. I want no kith and kin ! I want no town ; nor want a name !
I want not learned men ! My learning too will hence suffice !
Dancer biding in Kuttralam ! I want a heart that thrills
And melts for Thy own Anklet-Feet, as cow's heart melts for calf !
554

40. குலாப்பத்து

அனுபவம் இடையீடுபடாமை

தில்லையில் அருளியது

கொச்சகக் கலிப்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. ஓடும் கவந்தியுமே உறவுஎன்றிட்டு உள்கசிந்து
தேடும் பொருளும் சிவன்கழலே எனத்தெளிந்து
கூடும் உயிரும் குமண்டைஇடக் குனித்துஅடியேன்
ஆடும் குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே !

2. துடிஏர் இடுகுஇடைத் தூய்மொழியார் தோள்நசையால்
செடிஏறு தீமைகள் எத்தனையும் செய்திடினும்
முடியேன் பிறவேன் எனைத்தனதாள் முயங்குவித்த
அடியேன் குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே !

XL. KULAAP PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DIVINE TILLAI

He alone is to be sought !

1. I deemed the potsherd and kaupin as my sole aids and was sure
That what's to be sought with melting heart is Foot of Sivan alone !
I, a slave who dance while all my frame and soul too dance
Have clung to the Lord and Ruler Who doth dance in Tillai bright !
555

I will not be reborn !

2. Tho' urged by lust for shoulders of the maids of slender waist
And of sweet words, I would perform sinful deeds galore,
I will not die nor will be born, since I, His serf who has
Been laid at His twain Feet, have reached the Lord of Tillai bright !
556

3. என்புள் உருக்கி இருவினையை ஈடுஅழித்துத்
துன்பம் களைந்து துவந்துவங்கள் தூய்மைசெய்து
முன்புஉள்ள வற்றை முழுதுஅழிய உள்புகுந்த
அன்பின் குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே!

4. குறியும் நெறியும் குணமும்இலார் குழாங்கள்தமைப்
பிறியும் மனத்தார் பிரிவுஅரிய பெற்றியனைச்
செறியும் கருத்தில் உருத்துஅமுதுஆம் சிவபதத்தை
அறியும் குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே!

5. பேரும் குணமும் பிணிப்புஉறும்இப் பிறவிதனைத்
தூரும்பரிசு துரிசுஅறுத்துத் தொண்டர் எல்லாம்
சேரும் வகையால் சிவன்கருணைத் தேன்பருகி
ஆரும் குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே!

My sense of pairs purified !

3. He melted all my bones of frame and killed my twin-deeds' might !
He wiped my griefs away and made my sense of pairs quite pure !
He rooted out all age-old bonds and entered me in love !
I have reached that Lord supreme Who rules in Tillai bright ! 557

He is Nectar in graceful hearts !

4. The pure-souled ones who part from those who know no
Signs or Goals
Nor ways nor virtues aught, will find it hard to part from Him !
I have reached that Lord of shining Tillai where is known
The Bliss of Sivan which like Nectar springs in graceful hearts ! 558

The consummation attained !

5. All those saints who closed the crater of their births and saved
themselves
From the flaws of 'name' and 'quality' which had bound them
Reached aright and bide and drink the grace-honey of Sivan !
I too reach thro' that very way the King in Tillai bright ! 559

6. கொம்பில் அரும்பாய்க் குவிமலராய்க் காய்ஆகி
வம்பு பழுத்துஉடலம் மாண்டுஇங்ஙன் போகாமே
நம்பும்என் சிந்தை நணுகும்வண்ணம் நான்அணுகும்
அம்பொன் குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே !

7. மதிக்கும் திறல்உடைய வல்அரக்கன் தோள்நெரிய
மிதிக்கும் திருவடி என்தலைமேல் வீற்றிருப்பக்
கதிக்கும் பசுபாசம் ஒன்றும்இலோம் எனக்களித்துஇங்கு
அதிர்க்கும் குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே !

8. இடக்கும் கருமுருட்டு ஏனப்பின் கானகத்தே
நடக்கும் திருவடி என்தலைமேல் நட்டமையால்
கடக்கும் திறல்ஐவர் கண்டகர்தம் வல்ஆட்டை
அடக்கும் குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே !

My mind trusts Him !

6. Lest my frame should drop down dead here like bud on bough,
Which doth grow as flow'r, unripe and mellowed fruit too soon,
My mind trusts Him ! To make my mind approach Him,
I approach
Tillai of the beautiful gold and I have reached its Lord ! 560

His Feet planted on me !

7. While the self-same sacred Feet which crushed the shoulders of
The mighty, famous valiant giant do rest upon my crown,
I rejoice in triumph that I have no more of the bonds
And go there and thus I've reached the Lord of Tillai bright ! 561

Pranks of senses will go !

8. Since His Sacred Feet which followed the black and wildest boar
Which digs down, in the forest have been planted on my crown,
The wildest pranks of senses five of over-whelming strength
Will be wiped off in bright Tillai whose Lord I have reached ! 562

9. பாழ்ச்செய் விளாவிப் பயன்இலியாய்க் கிடப்பேற்குக்
கீழ்ச்செய் தவத்தால் கிழியீடு நேர்பட்டுத்
தாட்செய்ய தாமரைச் சைவனுக்குஎன் புன்தலையால்
ஆட்செய் குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே !

10. கொம்மை வரிமுலைக் கொம்புஅனையாள் கூறனுக்குச்
செம்மை மனத்தால் திருப்பணிகள் செய்வேனுக்கு
இம்மை தரும்பயன் இத்தனையும் ஈங்குஒழிக்கும்
அம்மை குலாத்தில்லை ஆண்டானைக் கொண்டன்றே !

I tumbled on a treasure !

9. Tilling barren soil, sans its yield I was lying !
Yet, I tumbled thro' past penance, upon a treasure-trove !
To serve that 'Saivan' of the ruddy lotus-Feet with my
Mean head in the shining Tillai I have reached its Lord ! 563

No more life on earth !

10. His Partner's like a tender Bough with striped and heaving breasts !
With my righteous mind I do His sacred service whose
Entire fruits accruing in this life He would wipe off !
He's the Mother and Lord of shining Tillai I have reached ! 564

41. அற்புதப்பத்து

அநுபவம் ஆற்ருமை

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. மையல் ஆய்இந்த மண்ணிடை வாழ்வுஎனும் ஆழியுள்
அகப்பட்டுத்
தைய லார்எனும் சுழித்தலைப் பட்டுநான் தலைதடு மாருமே
பொய்எ லாம்விடத் திருவருள் தந்துதன் பொன்அடி
இணைகாட்டி
மெய்யன் ஆய்வெளி காட்டிமுன் நின்றதோர் அற்புதம்
விளம்பேனே !

XLI. ARBUDAP PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF MIRACLE

He showed His Form !

1. Infatuous was I and I was caught
Within the ocean of life in this world !
I fell within the whirls of dainty maids,
And got confounded ! But prevented He,
And gave me His own sacred grace to leave
All falsehood ! He showed His pair of Feet
And his Truest Form disclosed and stood !
I cannot describe this Miracle Great ! 565

2. ஏய்ந்த மாமலர் இட்டுமுட் டாததுஓர் இயல்பொடும்
வணங்காதே
சாந்த மார்முலைத் தையல்நல் லாரொடும் தலைதடு மாறுகிப்
போந்து யான்துயர் புகாவணம் அருள்செய்து பொன்கழல்
இணைகாட்டி
வேந்தன் ஆய்வெளி யேஎன்முன் நின்றதுஓர் அற்புதம்
விளம்பேனே !

3. நடித்து மண்ணிடைப் பொய்யினைப் பலசெய்து நான்எனது
எனும்மாயம்
கடித்த வாயிலே நின்றுமுன் வினைமிகக் கழறியே திரிவேனைப்
பிடித்து முன்நின்றுஅப் பெருமறை தேடிய அரும்பொருள்
அடியேனை
அடித்து அடித்துஅக் காரம்முன் தீற்றிய அற்புதம்
அறியேனே !

He gave grace !

2. I poured not fitting flowers ceaselessly
And worship Him for ever in this way !
I got within the meshes of the maids
Of scented breasts and had my head turned off !
But He came and gave me grace, lest I
Should enter griefs ! He showed His jewelled Feet,
And stood like King in space in front of me !
I cannot describe this Miracle Great ! 566

With repeated blows He fed me with sweet !

3. I feigned upon this earth and spoke all lies !
Illusions of 'I' and 'Mine' bit me !
As sins issued from gash of wounds thus caused,
I raved and wandered everywhere ! But He
The Rarest King sought by the Vedas great
Caught hold of me His slave and stood in front,
And gave repeated blows and made me taste
The sweetest things ! I know not this Miracle Great ! 567

4. பொருந்தும் இப்பிறப்பு இறப்புஇவை நினையாது பொய்களே புகன்றுபோய்க்
கரும் குழலினார் கண்களால் ஏறுண்டு கலங்கியே கிடப்பேனைத்
திருந்து சேவடிச் சிலம்புஅவை சிலம்பிடத் திருவொடும் அகலாதே
அரும் துணைவன்ஆய் ஆண்டுகொண் டருளிய அற்புதம் அறியேனே !

5. மாடும் சுற்றமும் மற்றுஉள போகமும் மங்கையர் தம்மோடும்
கூடி அங்குஉள குணங்களால் ஏறுண்டு குலாவியே திரிவேனை
வீடுதந்து என்தன் வெம்தொழில் வீட்டிட மென்மலர்க் கழல்காட்டி
ஆடுவித்து எனது அகம்புகுந்து ஆண்டதுஓர் அற்புதம் அறியேனே !

He came with His Spouse !

4. I gave no thoughts to births and deaths that come !
But I went on telling lies alone !
Assailed by the eyes of dark - haired maids,
I lay wallowing, prostrate and wildered !
The anklets of His beautiful, ruddy Feet
Tinkling, did He come with His fair Spouse,
And as precious Help, He made me His
And graced ! I know not this Miracle Great ! 568

He gave me His Feet !

5. I mixed with wealth and kith and kin and all
The rest of enjoyments and with maidens !
I was assailed by their natures there !
Still I fondled them and wand'ring went !
But He gave release to me and killed
My evil " deeds " and showed His flower-like Feet !
Entered He my heart and stirred and made myself
His own ! I know not this Miracle Great ! 569

6. வணங்கும் இப்பிறப்பு இறப்புஇவை நினையாது மங்கையர்
தம்மோடும்
பிணைந்து வாய்இதழ்ப் பெருவெள்ளத்து அழுந்திநான்
பித்தன்ஆய்த் திரிவேனைக்
குணங்க ளும்குறி களும்இலாக் குணக்கடல் கோமளத்
தொடும்கூடி
அணைந்து வந்துஎனை ஆண்டுகொண் டருளிய அற்புதம்
அறியேனே !

7. இப்பி றப்பினில் இணைமலர் கொய்துநான் இயல்பொடுஅஞ்
செழுத்துஓதித்
தப்பு இலாதுபொன் கழல்களுக்கு இடாதுநான் தடமுலையார்
தங்கள்
மைப்பு லாம்கண்ணால் ஏறுண்டு கிடப்பேனை மலர்அடி
இணைகாட்டி
அப்பன் என்னைவந்து ஆண்டுகொண் டருளிய அற்புதம்
அறியேனே !

Sea of Excellence !

6. I gave no thought to births and deaths that come
Round and round ! But I with maidens fair
In embrace twined had sunk within great flood
Of their mouths' saliva and did roam dementedly !
But He the Sea of Excellence, without
Qualities and signs but combined with
His good Spouse did come and made me His,
And gave His grace ! I know not this Miracle Great ! 570

He showed His Foot !

7. Within this life, by culling choice, good flowers
And telling well the Sacred Letters Five
Without failing, I didn't adorn His Feet
Of golden anklet ! But I was assailed
By the dark eyes of the broad-breast maids,
And lay supine ! Showing His flowery Feet,
My Father came and made me His and gave
His grace ! I know not this Miracle Great! 571

8. ஊசல் ஆட்டும்இவ் உடல்உயிர் ஆயின இருவினை
அறுத்துஎன்னை
ஓசை யால்உணர் வார்க்குஉணர்வு அரியவன் உணர்வுதந்து
ஒளிஆக்கிப்
பாசம் ஆனவை பற்றுஅறுத்து உயர்ந்ததன் பரம்பெரும்
கருணையால்
ஆசை தீர்த்துஅடி யார்அடிக் கூட்டிய அற்புதம் அறியேனே !

9. பொச்சை யானஇப் பிறவியில் கிடந்துநான் புழுத்தலை
நாய்போல
இச்சை ஆயின ஏழையர்க் கேசெய்துஅங்கு இணங்கியே
திரிவேனை
இச்ச கத்துஅரி அயனும்எட் டாததன் விரைமலர்க் கழல்காட்டி
அச்சன் என்னையும் ஆண்டுகொண் டருளிய அற்புதம்
அறியேனே !

He removed my lust !

8. Wiped He off completely both my ‘ deeds ’
Which do swing my frame this side and that !
He can’t be known to those who would by hearsay only know !
He made me know Him and illumined me !
He cut off the bonds that cling to me for e’er,
And by His supreme and great mercy
He removed my lust and placed me ’midst
His saints ! I know not this Miracle Great ! 572

He has made me His !

9. I lay distressed in this forest of births,
Like the cur of head of rotten wounds !
The biddings of the maidens fair I did
And roamed abroad, thus mated with the vile !
But He disclosed on this earth to me
His Feet of anklet like the fragrant flow’r !
That Father has thus even me made His
And graced ! I know not this Miracle Great ! 573

10. செறியும் இப்பிறப்பு இறப்புஇவை நினையாது செறிகுழலார் செய்யும்
கிறியும் கீழ்மையும் கெண்டைஅம் கண்களும் உன்னியே கிடப்பேனை
இறைவன் எம்பிரான் எல்லைஇல் லாததன் இணைமலர்க் கழல்காட்டி
அறிவு தந்துஎனை ஆண்டுகொண் டருளிய அற்புதம் அறியேனே !

He gave me gnosis !

10. I gave no thought to all these births and deaths,
Which crowding come ! I fondled and did think
Of guileful acts, mean tricks and fish-like eyes
Of maidens of luxurious tresses !
The Overlord and my own King did show
His own limitless pair of flower-like Feet
To me, and giving gnosis made me His
With grace ! I know not this Miracle Great ! 574

42. சென்னிப்பத்து

சிவ விளைவு

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. தேவ தேவன்மெய்ச் சேவகன் தென்பெ ருந்துறை நாயகன்
மூவ ராலும்அ றிஒணுமுதல் ஆய ஆனந்த மூர்த்தியான்
யாவர் ஆயினும் அன்பர்அன் றி அறிஒணு மலர்ச் சோதியான்
தூய மாமலர்ச் சேவடிக்கண் நம் சென்னி மன்னிச் சுடருமே !

XLII. SENNIP PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF HEAD

The Triod too couldn't see Him !

1. The God of gods ! The Hero true ! The King of South Perunthurai !
The First One and the Rapture-God Whom e'en the Triod couldn't see !
Flowering Light of Splendour Whom all save his loving ones don't know !
Beneath His pure, great, flower-red Feet our heads shall bide and brightly glow !

2. அட்ட மூர்த்தி அழகன் இன்அமுது ஆய ஆனந்த வெள்ளத்தான்
சிட்டன் மெய்ச்சிவ லோகநாயகன் தென்பெ ருந்துறைச் சேவகன்
மட்டு வார்குழல் மங்கை யாளைஓர் பாகம்வைத்த அழகன்தன்
வட்ட மாமலர்ச் சேவடிக்கண்நம் சென்னிமன்னி மலருமே !

3. நங்கை மீர்எனை நோக்குமின்நங்கள் நாதன் நம்பணி கொண்டவன்
தெங்கு சோலைகள் சூழ்பெ ருந்துறை மேயசேவகன் நாயகன்
மங்கை மார்கையில் வளையும்கொண்டுஎம் உயிரும் கொண்டுஎம் பணிகொள்வான்
பொங்கு மாமலர்ச் சேவ டிக்கண்நம் சென்னிமன்னிப் பொலியுமே !

The Rapture-Flood of Sweet Nectar !

2. The beautiful God of eight-fold Form ! The Rapturous Flood of Sweet Nectar !
The Good One ! True King of Sivalok ! Warrior of South Perunthurai !
The beautiful One Who placed the Spouse of fragrant, long locks in His Half !
Beneath His round, great flower-red Feet our heads shall bide and blossom forth ! 576

He steals bangles of maids !

3. O ye maids, do look at me ! He's our Lord Who makes us serve !
The Warrior and Chief Who dwells in Perunthurai of cocoa-groves !
He steals the bangles of fair maids and takes our souls and service too !
Beneath His bright and flower-red Feet our heads shall bide and gleaming glow ! 577

4. பத்தர் சூழப் பராபரன் பாரில் வந்துபார்ப் பான்எனச்
சித்தர் சூழச் சிவபிரான் தில்லை மூதூர்ந டம்செய்வான்
எத்தன் ஆகிவந்து இல்புகுந்துஎமை ஆளும் கொண்டுஎம்
பணிகொள்வான்
வைத்த மாமலர்ச் சேவ டிக்கண்நம் சென்னிமன்னி மலருமே!

5. மாய வாழ்க்கையை மெய்என்றுஎண்ணி மதித்தி டாவகை
நல்கினன்
வேய தோள்உமை பங்கன்எங்கள் திருப்பெ ருந்துறை
மேவினன்
காயத் துள்அமுது ஊறஊறநீ கண்டு கொள்என்று காட்டிய
சேய மாமலர்ச் சேவ டிக்கண்நம் சென்னிமன்னித் திகழுமே!

Surrounded by Siddhars He dances!

4. The Great of great surrounded by His saints doth come as Sage
on earth!
Sivapiran doth dance, surrounded by Siddhars in Tillai old!
As a Trickster does He come and ent'ring our homes, makes us
serve!
Beneath His planted, great flower-Feet our heads shall bide
and blossom forth! 578

He showed Himself and said 'Behold'!

5. He gave me grace so that I should not deem delusive birth as true!
The Partner of bright-shouldered Umai! The Dweller in our
Perunthurai!
While nectar surged and swelled in me He showed Himself and said,
"Behold"!
Beneath His rosy, great flower-Feet our heads shall bide
and gleaming glow! 579

6. சித்த மேபுகுந்து எம்மைஆட்கொண்டு தீவினை கெடுத்து
உய்யலாம்
பத்தி தந்துதன் பொன்க ழற்கணே பன்மலர் கொய்து
சேர்த்தலும்
முத்தி தந்துஇந்த மூவுலகுக்கும் அப்பு றத்துஎமை வைத்திடும்
அத்தன் மாமலர்ச் சேவ டிக்கண்நம் சென்னிமன்னி மலருமே !

7. பிறவி என்னும்இக் கடலைநீந்தத்தன் பேர்அ ருள்தந்
தருளினன்
அறவை என்றுஅடி யார்கள் தங்கள் அருட்குழாம்புக விட்டுநல்
உறவு செய்துஎனை உய்யக்கொண்ட பிரான்தன் உண்மைப்
பெருக்கம்ஆம்
திறமை காட்டிய சேவ டிக்கண்நம் சென்னிமன்னித் திகழுமே !

He placed us beyond three worlds !

6. He entered hearts and made us His and killed our evil " deeds "
and gave
Saving love with which we culled flow'rs and placed at His gold
Feet !
At once He gave Release and placed us all beyond this three-fold
world !
Beneath that Sire's great flower-red-Feet our heads shall bide
and blossom forth ! 580

He placed us amidst saints !

7. He showed in grace His mercy great that we swim through this sea
of births !
Pitying helpless me, He placed amidst the gracious band of saints
Akin with whom He made myself and saved ! That king's true
nature's might
Was shown by them ! 'Neath those red Feet our heads shall bide
and brightly shine ! 581

8. புழுவி னுல்பொதிந் திடுகுரம்பையில் பொய்த ஊைஒழி வித்திடும்
எழில்கொள் சோதிஎம் ஈசன் எம்பிரான் என்னுடைஅப்பன்
என் றுஎன் று
தொழுத கையினர் ஆகித்தூய்மலர்க் கண்கள் நீர்மல்கும்
தொண்டர்க்கு
வழுவுஇலா மலர்ச் சேவ டிக்கண் நம் சென்னிமன்னி மலருமே!

9. வம்பன் ஆய்த்திரி வேஊைவாஎன் று வல்வி ஊைப்பகை
மாய்த்திடும்
உம்ப ரான்உலகு ஊடுஅறுத்துஅப் புறத்தன் ஆய்நின் ற
எம்பிரான்
அன்பர் ஆனவர்க்கு அருளிமெய்அடி யார்கட்கு இன்பம்
தழைத்திடும்
செம்பொன் மாமலர்ச் சேவ டிக்கண் நம் சென்னிமன்னித்
திகழுமே !

He removes the frame's falseness !

8. He removes the falseness of the bodies which are stuffed with worms !
Saying, " O Thou Beauteous Light ! O Isa ! Our Lord !
Our own Sire ",
The saints worship with hands while their own flower-like eyes
do rain down tears !
Beneath those flower-red-Feet unfailing our heads shall bide
and blossom forth ! 582

He makes His saints' bliss grow !

9. He's of Heaven Who calls my vainly-roaming self and destroys all
Foes of mighty ' deeds ' ! The Lord who pierced this earth
and stood beyond !
His Feet do grace His loving ones and make true saints' bliss
grow profuse !
'Neath those great, gold, flower-red-Feet our heads shall bide
and brightly glow ! 583

10. முத்தனை முதல் சோதியை முக்கண் அப்பனை முதல்வித்தினைச்
சித்த னைச்சிவ லோக னைத்திரு நாமம்பாடித் திரிதரும்
பத்தர் காள்இங்கே வம்மின் நீர்உங்கள் பாசம்தீரப் பணிமினோ
சித்தம் ஆர்தரும் சேவ டிக்கண்நம் சென்னிமன்னித்
திகழுமே !

Come ye to Him to bow down now !

10. The Muktan ! The Foremost Light ! The Three-eyed Father
and the Seed
Original ! The Siddha and the King of Sivalok ! Devotees ye—
Who sing His names and roam ! To kill our bonds, come ye
and bow down now !
'Neath His red Feet placed in hearts our heads shall bide
and brightly glow ! 584

43. திரு வார்த்தை

அறிவித்து அன்புறுதல்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. மாதுஇவர் பாகன் மறைபயின்ற வாசகன் மாமலர் மேயசோதி
கோதுஇல் பரங்கருணைஅடியார் குலாவுநீதி குணம் ஆகநல்கும்
போதுஅலர் சோலைப் பெருந்துறைஎம் புண்ணியன்
மண்ணிடை வந்துஇழிந்து
ஆதிப் பிரமம் வெளிப்படுத்த அருள்அறி வார்எம் பிரான்
ஆவாரே !

XLIII. TIRU VARTAI

OR

THE SACRED WORD

He came on earth !

1. Partner of Dame ! One versed in Vedic Word ! The Splendour
in great flower !
The Flawless Supreme Mercy ! He makes His saints' conduct
quite good !
Our virtuous Lord of Perunthurai of flower-filled groves !
He descended on earth
And thus disclosed the Primal Deity ! Our Lords are those
who know that grace ! 585

2. மால்அயன் வானவர் கோனும்வந்து வணங்க அவர்க்குஅருள்
செய்தஈசன்
ஞாலம் அதனிடை வந்துஇழிந்து நல்நெறி காட்டி நலம்
திகழும்
கோல மணிஅணி மாடநீடு குலாவும்இடவை மடநல் லாட்குச்
சீலம் மிகக் கருணைஅளிக்கும் திறம் அறிவார்எம் பிரான்
ஆவாரே!

3. அணிமுடி ஆதி அமரர்கோமான் ஆனந்தக் கூத்தன்
அறுசமயம்
பணிவகை செய்து படவுஅதுஏறிப் பாரொடு விண்ணும்
பரவிஏத்தப்
பிணிகெட நல்கும் பெருந்துறைஎம் பேர்அரு ளாளன்
பெண் பால்உகந்து
மணிவலை கொண்டுவான் மீன்விசிறும் வகைஅறிவார்எம்
பிரான் ஆவாரே!

He graced the Dame at Idaimarudu!

2. That Isan Who had graced the Mal, Ayan and Indra when they
bowed,
On earth descended and disclosed His perfect ways! To that
good Dame
Of Idaimarudu that's full of mansions set with good and brightest
gems,
In grace He gave supreme virtues! Our Lords are those who
know that grace! 586

He spread His net!

3. That Ancient and the plaited King of gods! The Rapturous
Dancer
Who made the six-fold sect worship! Getting within the Boat,
He was
By heaven and earth worshipped! He kills all ills! Our
Perunthurai's Graceful One,
Maid-mad, spread the gem-set nets for fish! Our Lords are those
who know this way! 587

4. வேடுஉருவு ஆகி மகேந்திரத்து மிகுகுறை வானவர் வந்து
தன்னைத்
தேட இருந்த சிவபெருமான் சிந்தனை செய்துஅடி யோங்கள்
உய்ய
ஆடல் அமர்ந்த பரிமாஏறி ஐயன் பெருந்துறை ஆதிஅந்நாள்
ஏடர் களைஎங்கும் ஆண்டுகொண்ட இயல்பு அறிவார்எம்
பிரான்ஆவாரே!

5. வந்துஇமை யோர்கள் வணங்கிஏத்த மாக்கரு ணைக்கடல்
ஆய்அடியார்
பந்தனை விண்டுஅற நல்கும்எங்கள் பரமன் பெருந்துறை
ஆதிஅந்நாள்
உந்து திரைக்கட லைக்கடந்துஅன்று ஓங்கு மதில்இலங்
கைஅதனில்
பந்துஅணை மெல்விர லாட்கருளும் பரிசுஅறி வார்எம்
பிரான்ஆவாரே!

He rode a sportful steed!

4. He is Lord Siva in Woodman's Form, who stayed on Mahendra
Mount,
In search of whom came needy gods! He saved us slaves who
think of Him!
That day that Sire, the First of Perunthurai did ride the sportful
steed
And made friends everywhere His own! Our Lords are those
who know His nature! 588

He graced Vandodhari of Lanka!

5. While heavenly ones do come and pray, He was like Sea of
Mercy great,
And broke His saints' old bonds in grace! That Perunthurai's
First One and our Lord
Did cross the sea of ways that day and graced the dame of
soft fingers
Of Lanka girt with lofty walls! Our Lords are those who
know His nature! 589

6. வேவத் திரிபுரம் செற்றவில்லி வேடுவ னுய்க்கடி நாய்கள்சூழ
ஏவல்செ யல்செய்யும் தேவர்முன்னே எம்பெரு மான்தான்
இயங்குகாட்டில்
ஏவுண்ட பன்றிக்கு இரங்கிஈசன் எந்தை பெருந்துறை
ஆதிஅன்று
கேவலம் கேழல்ஆய்ப் பால்கொடுத்த கிடப்புஅறி வார்எம்
பிரான்ஆவாரே !

7. நாதம் உடையதுஓர் நல்கமலப் போதினில் நண்ணிய
நல்நுதலார்
ஓதிப் பணிந்துஅலர் தூவிஏத்த ஒளிவளர் சோதிஎம்
ஈசன்மன்னும்
போதுஅலர் சோலைப் பெருந்துறைஎம் புண்ணியன்
மண்ணிடை வந்துதோன்றிப்
பேதம் கெடுத்துஅருள் செய்பெருமை அறியவல் லார்எம்
பிரான்ஆவாரே !

He suckled boars as a Sow !

6. The Bowman Who had burnt three forts ! As Hunter surrounded
by the hounds,
Our Lord went in the woods and led the gods who perform His
behests !
That day, Isan, my Sire, the First of Perunthurai pitied the boars
And suckled them as humble Sow ! Our Lords are those who
know this truth ! 590

He beamed as Light !

7. While both the Maids abiding in the lotus flowers of humming bees
Praised and bowed and worshipped pouring flowers, our Isan
beamed out light !
Our Pure One of Perunthurai did come on earth in grace and killed
The sense of diversity ! Our Lords are those who know this greatness
too ! 591

8. பூஅலர் கொன்றைய மாலைமார்பன் போர்உகிர் வன்புலி
கொன்றவீரன்
மாதுநல் லாள்உமை மங்கைபங்கன் வண்பொழில் சூழ்தென்
பெருந்துறைக்கோன்
ஏதில் பெரும்புகழ் எங்கள்ஈசன் இரும்கடல் வாணற்குத்
தீயில்தோன்றும்
ஓவிய மங்கையர் தோள்புணரும் உருவுஅறி வார்எம்
பிரான் ஆவாரே !

9. தூவெள்ளை நீறுஅணி எம்பெருமான் சோதி மகேந்திர
நாதன்வந்து
தேவர் தொழும்பதம் வைத்தஈசன் தென்னன் பெருந்துறை
ஆளிஅன்று
காதல் பெருகக் கருணைகாட்டித் தன்கழல் காட்டிக் கசிந்து
உருகக்
கேதம் கெடுத்துஎன்னை ஆண்டருளும் கிடப்புஅறி வார்எம்
பிரான்ஆவாரே !

He embraced the Sea-King's Maids !

8. His chest's adorned with garlands of the Cassia flowers !
He's the Hero
Who killed the sharp-clawed tiger ! Partner of Umai !
The King of the South,
And of grove-girt Perunthurai ! Our Pure-famed Isan Who
embraced
The Sea-king's maids from fire emerging ! Our Lords are those
who know His Form ! 592

He nipped my griefs !

9. Our Lord Who smears pure ashes white ! The Splendour-King
of Mahendiram !
Isan granting Feet worshipped by gods ! Tennan ! Perunthurai's
King
That day with love showed mercy and His Feet and melted me and
nipped
My griefs and made me His in grace ! Our Lords are those
who know His nature ! 593

10. அங்கணன் எங்கள் அமரர்பெம்மான் அடியார்க்கு அமுதன்
அவனிவந்த
எங்கள் பிரான்இரும் பாசம்தீர இகபரம் ஆயதுஓர்
இன்பம்எய்தச்
சங்கம் கவர்ந்துவண் சாத்திஞேடும் சதுரன் பெருந்துறை
ஆளிஅன்று
மங்கையர் மல்கும் மதுரைசேர்ந்த வகைஅறி வார்எம்
பிரான்ஆவாரே !

He stole the maids' bangles !

10. He of gracious eyes is our own Lord of gods and Saints' Nectar !
Our Lord Who came on earth and killed the bonds and bliss of
both worlds graced !
Perunthurai's All-Wise King of sandal-paste did steal
the conch-bangles
And reached that day the maids-ful Madurai ! Our lords are those
who know that way ! 594

44. எண்ணப் பதிகம்

ஒழியா இன்பத்துவகை

தில்லையில் அருளியது

ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பார்உருவு ஆய பிறப்புஅற வேண்டும் பத்திமை யும்பெற வேண்டும்
சீர்உருவு ஆய சிவபெரு மானே செம்கமல மலர்போலும்
ஆர்உருவு ஆயஎன் ஆர்அமு தேஉன் அடியவர் தொகைநடுவே
ஓர்உருவு ஆயநின் திருவருள்காட்டி என்னையும் உய்யக்கொண் டருளே !

XLIV. ENNAP PATIKAM

OR

DEVOUT MUSINGS

Show Thy Form !

1. I want riddance of births in forms on earth ! I want devotion too !
O Lord Siva of glorious Form ! My Rare Ambrosia of rare Form
·Resembling ruddy lotus-flower ! Right amidst Thy servants' band,
Show Thy grace of Form unique and accept me in grace and save !

2. உரியேன் அல்லேன் உனக்குஅடிமை உன்னைப் பிரிந்துஇங்கு
ஒருபொழுதும்
தரியேன் நாயேன் இன்னதுஎன்று அறியேன் சங்கரா
கருணையினால்
பெரியோன் ஒருவன் கண்டுகொள் என்றுஉன் பெய்கழல்
அடிகாட்டிப்
பிரியேன் என்றுஎன்று அருளியஅருளும் பொய்யோ எங்கள்
பெருமானே !

3. என்பே உருகநின் அருள் அளித்துஉன் இணைமலர் அடிகாட்டி
முன்பே என்னை ஆண்டுகொண்ட முனிவா முனிவர்
முழுமுதலே
இன்பே அருளி எனைஉருக்கி உயிர்உண் கின்ற எம்மானே
நண்பே அருளாய் என்உயிர் நாதா நின்அருள் நாணுமே !

Was Thy promise false ?

2. To be Thy slave I am not fit ! Yet, not a moment far from Thee
Can my dog-like self endure to live ! I know not what it is !
Great Thou showed'st in mercy Thy bejewelled Feet and said'st
"Behold" !
Our Lord, was it all false when Thou in grace said'st "I won't part !
I won't !" ? 596

Thou Swallower of soul !

3. Thou gavest grace to melt my bones and showed'st Thy pair of
flower-like Feet
And thus Thou mad'st me Thine erewhile, O Sage and Source of
all sages !
O Lord of mine Who pleasures giv'st and meltest and swallow'st
my soul !
O King of my own soul ! Shy not to grant in grace Thy
friendship too ! 597

4. பத்துஇல னேனும் பணிந்தில னேனும்உன் உயர்ந்தபைம் கழல்காணப்
பித்துஇல னேனும் பிதற்றிலனேனும் பிறப்புஅறுப் பாய்எம் பெருமானே
முத்துஅனை யானே மணிஅனையானே முதல்வ னேமுறை யோஎன்று
எத்தனை யானும் யான்தொடர்ந்து உன்னை இனிப்பிரிந்து ஆற்றேனே !

5. காணும்அது ஒழிந்தேன் நின்திருப்பாதம் கண்டுகண் களிகூரப்
பேணும்அது ஒழிந்தேன் பிதற்றும்அது ஒழிந்தேன் பின்னைஎம் பெருமானே
தாணுவே அழிந்தேன் நின்நினைந்து உருகும் தன்மைஎன் புன்மைகளால்
காணும்அது ஒழிந்தேன் நீஇனி வரினும் காணவும் நாணுவனே !

I bear not Thy separation !

4. Though void of love, and though I bowed not then, though not love-mad
To see Thy great Feet, and although I rave not, kill my births, my Lord !
" Thou art like Pearl ! Thou art like Gem ! O First One ! Is it meet ? "—Thus I
Appealed and followed ever so much ! Hence I bear not leaving Thee ! 598

I'd blush to see Thee again !

5. Thy sacred Feet I see no more and seeing them with gladdened eyes,
To Thee no more I pray ! My Lord ! Of late to madly rave I've ceased !
I've lost the virtue of melting in thought of Thee, Thanu ! I've ceased
To see Thee, since I'm mean ! Shouldst Thou come once more, e'en to see Thee I would blush ! 599

6. பால்திரு நீற்றுஎம் பரமனைப் பரம்கரு ணையொடும் எதிர்ந்து
தோற்றிமெய் அடியார்க்கு அருள்துறை அளிக்கும் சோதியை
நீதிஇலேன்
போற்றிஎன் அமுதே எனநினைந்து ஏத்திப் புகழ்ந்துஅழைத்து
அலறிஎன் உள்ளே
ஆற்றுவன் ஆக உடையவ னேஎனை ஆவஎன்று அருளாயே !

I would rave and call Him !

6. That Lord adorned with milk-white ash ! That Splendrous Light
Which came in great
Grace and gave the gracious path to truthful saints !
Though void of good,
I'd hail and think " my Ambrosia ! " and pray and praise and rave
and call
Him and thus would sate my heart ! My Lord ! Do speak in grace,
" ah, come " ! 600

45. யாத்திரைப்பத்து

அனுபவ அதீதம் உரைத்தல்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பூஆர் சென்னி மன்னன்எம் புயங்கப் பெருமான் சிறியோமை
ஓவாது உள்ளம் கலந்து உணர்வாய் உருக்கும் வெள்ளக்
கருணையினால்
ஆவா என்னப் பட்டுஅன்பாய் ஆட்பட் டீர்வந்து ஒருப்படுமின்
போவோம் காலம் வந்ததுகாண் பொய்விட்டு உடையான்
கழல்புகவே !

XLV. YATIRAIP PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF PILGRIMAGE

The Commencement of the Pilgrimage !

1. The King of flower-worn braid ! Our Lord wearing the snakes !
He would melt
The hearts of our low selves by mingling in our souls ! O ye,
who have
Been made His own by love and called 'ah come' by His
Grace-Flood ! Come with
One mind ! The time is come to leave the false and join
the Master's Feet ! 601

2. புகவே வேண்டா புலன்களில்நீர் புயங்கப் பெருமான்
பூம்கழல்கள்
மிகவே நினைமின் மிக்கஎல்லாம் வேண்டா போக விடுமின்கள்
நகவே ஞாலத்து உள்புகுந்து நாயே அனைய நமைஆண்ட
தகவே உடையான் தனைச்சாரத் தளராது இருப்பார்
தாம்தாமே !

3. தாமே தமக்குச் சுற்றமும் தாமே தமக்கு விதிவகையும்
யாம்ஆர் எமதுஆர் பாசம்ஆர் என்னமாயம் இவை போகக்
கோமான் பண்டைத் தொண்டரொடும் அவன்தன் குறிப்பே
குறிக்கொண்டு
போம்ஆறு அமைமின் பொய்நீக்கிப் புயங்கன் ஆள்வான்
பொன்அடிக்கே !

Leave off sense-world and the rest !

2. Enter ye not the senses' world ! The Feet of the Lord of snake-jewels
Ponder ye much ! Need ye not the rest of things ! All let go !
Ent'ring world which laughed at us He thralled our dog-like selves !
Those who reach the Lord of Mercy will not falter or wear out !
602

Be ready to start !

3. Those saints are their own kith and kin and they are their own laws
and ways !
What is the " we " ? What means " ours " ? What are the bonds ?
What is illusion ?
Leave these and with Lord's true saints move and cherish His sign
as goal !
Dropping all the falsehood be ye ready to reach Buyangan's Feet !
603

4. அடியார் ஆனீர் எல்லீரும் அகல விடுமின் விளையாட்டைக்
கடிசேர் அடியே வந்துஅடைந்து கடைக்கொண்டு இருமின் திருக்குறிப்பைச்
செடிசேர் உடலைச் செலநீக்கிச் சிவலோ கத்தே நமைவைப்பான்
பொடிசேர் மேனிப் புயங்கன்தன் பூஆர் கழற்கே புகவிடுமே!

5. விடுமின் வெகுளி வேட்கைநோய் மிகஓர் காலம் இனிஇல்லை
உடையான் அடிக்கீழ்ப் பெரும்சாத்தோடு உடன்போ வதற்கே ஒருப்படுமின்
அடைவோம் நாம்போய்ச் சிவபுரத்துள் அணிஆர் கதவுஅது அடையாமே
புடைபட்டு உருகிப் போற்றுவோம் புயங்கன் ஆள்வான் புகழ்களையே!

He will surely keep us in Sivalokam !

4. Leave off sports and worldly games, ye who have been made His saints !
Come ye, reach His fragrant Feet and hold fast unto His sacred Will !
This painful frame He will remove and place us all in Sivalokam !
May your minds seek refuge in the ash-worn Buyangan's flowery Feet ! 604

Follow the caravan of pilgrim-saints !

5. Leave off the scourge of wrath and lust ! Much of time there's not to lose !
Agree to follow the caravan of saints in march to the Master's Feet !
May we haste to Sivapuram and reach before the gates are closed !
Beside Him standing, let us melt and praise the glories of Buyangan King ! 605

6. புகழ்மின் தொழுமின் பூப்புனைமின் புயங்கன் தாளே
புந்திவைத்திட்டு
இகழ்மின் எல்லா அல்லலையும் இனிஓர் இடையூறு அடையாமே
திகழும் சீர்ஆர் சிவபுரத்துச் சென்று சிவன்தாள் வணங்கிநாம்
நிகழும் அடியார் முன்சென்று நெஞ்சம் உருகி நிற்போமே!

7. நிற்பார் நிற்க நில்லாஉலகில் நில்லோம் இனிநாம்
செல்வோமே
பொற்பால் ஒப்புஆம் திருமேனிப் புயங்கன் ஆள்வான்
பொன்அடிக்கே
நிற்பீர் எல்லாம் தாழாதே நிற்கும் பரிசே ஒருப்படுமின்
பிற்பால் நின்று பேழ்கணித்தால் பெறுதற்கு அரியன்
பெருமானே!

May we stand before the Sivapuram saints!

6. Praise ye! Him with flowers adorn and worship! Plant ye
Buyangan's Feet
Within the hearts! All griefs despise! That no hindrance should
come henceforth
Let's reach the bright, great Sivapuram and bow before Sivan's
Feet!
And in the gracious saints' presence let's melt in heart and stand
and bide! 606

Tarry not in this fleeting world!

7. Let those who tarry, tarry on! We tarry not in fleeting world!
Henceforth, we rush to the golden Feet of Buyangan King of
Golden Form!
Delay not, all ye who stand off! Decide on how to stand nigh Him!
If ye should lag behind and nap, hard would be access to the Lord!
607

8. பெருமான் பேர்ஆ னந்தத்துப் பிரியாது இருக்கப்
பெற்றீர்காள்
அருமால் உற்றுப் பின்னை நீர் அம்மா அழுங்கி அரற்றுதே
திருமா மணிசேர் திருக்கதவம் திறந்த போதே சிவபுரத்துத்
திருமால் அறியாத் திருப்புயங்கன் திருத்தாள் சென்று
சேர்வோமே!

9. சேரக் கருதிச் சிந்தனையைத் திருந்த வைத்துச் சிந்திமின்
போரில் பொலியும் வேல்கண்ணாள் பங்கன் புயங்கன் அருள்
அமுதம்
ஆரப் பருகி ஆராத ஆர்வம் கூர அழுந்துவீர்
போரப் புரிமின் சிவன்கழற்கே பொய்யில் கிடந்து புரளாதே!

Let's enter while the gate is open!

8. All of ye, so graced that ye shall part not from the Lord's great
bliss!
Lest ye, deluded later on should rave and rant in grief "alas",
Even while the gem-set sacred Sivapuram's door is kept open,
Let's reach and join the sacred Feet of Buyangan Mal knows not!
608

Prepare your minds to enjoy the bliss!

9. With the thought of joining Him, keep your minds prepared and
ponder
On the Partner of the Spouse of dart-like eyes! He's Buyangan!
Quench your thirst and plunge within His Grace-Nectar
with stateless love!
Bide ye beneath Sivan's own Feet and leave wallowing within
falsehood! 609

10. புரள்வார் தொழுவார் புகழ்வார்ஆய் இன்றே வந்துஆள்
ஆகாதீர்
மருள்வீர் பின்னை மதிப்பார்ஆர் மதிஉள் கலங்கி மயங்குவீர்
தெருள்வீர் ஆகில் இதுசெய்மின் சிவலோ கக்கோன்
திருப்புயங்கன்
அருள்ஆர் பெறுவார் அகலிடத்தே அந்தோ அந்தோ
அந்தோவே

Enter the Sivalokam !

10. If ye be not His today by rolling, bowing, and praising,
Later on ye'll lie in dark and confounded and lose esteem !
Hence do this to gain true vision ! Else, who'd gain in this
wide world
The grace of Buyangan and the King of Sivalok !
Alas ! Alas ! Alas ! 610

46. திருப் படைஎழுச்சி

பிரபஞ்சப் போர்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

கலி விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. ஞானவாள் ஏந்தும்ஐயர் நாதப் பறைஅறைமின் !
மானமா ஏறும் ஐயர் மதிவெண் குடைகவிமின் !
ஆனநீற் றுக்கவசம் அடையப் புகுமின்கள் !
வானஊர் கொள்வோம்நாம் மாயப்படை வாராமே !

2. தொண்டர்காள் தூசிசெல்லீர் ! பத்தர்காள் சூழப்போகீர் !
ஒண்திறல் யோகிகளே பேர்அணி உந்தீர்கள் !
திண்திறல் சித்தர்களே கடைக்கூழை செல்மின்கள்
அண்டர்நாடு ஆள்வோம்நாம் அல்லல்படை வாராமே !

XLVI. TIRUP PADAI EZHUCHI

OR

THE SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION

The Mayic hordes shall not win !

1. He's the Teacher handling Sword of Wisdom ! Beat and blast His Nadam-Drum !
He's the Teacher riding mighty Bull ! Hold aloft His bright, Moon-Umbrella !
Enter all inside the weighty Armour made of Holy ash !
Capture we the Heavenly City against the Mayic hordes ! 611

We will rule Heavens !

2. Lead the Van-guard, O ye saints ! Move on the flanks, devotees all !
Lead the main and mighty army, yogis all of shining might !
Hold ye on the rear-guard, ye Siddhars all of solid strength !
The hordes of Ill-luck shall not come and all of us shall rule Heaven ! 612

47. திரு வெண்பா

அணைந்தோர் தன்மை

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

நேரிசை வெண்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. வெய்ய வினை இரண்டும் வெந்துஅகல மெய்உருகிப்
பொய்யும் பொடிஆகாது என்செய்கேன்—செய்ய
திருவார் பெருந்துறையான் தேன்உந்து செந்தீ
மருவாது இருந்தேன் மனத்து !

2. ஆர்க்கோ அரற்றுகோ ஆடுகோ பாடுகோ
பார்க்கோ பரம்பரனே என்செய்கேன்—தீர்ப்புஅரிய
ஆனந்த மால்ஏற்றும் அத்தன் பெருந்துறையான்
தான்என்பார் ஆர்ஒருவர் தாழ்ந்து !

XLVII. TIRU VENBA

OR

THE SACRED STANZAS

My falsehood and two-fold deeds have not gone !

1. I've not borne within my heart the Ruddy Fire
That spits out honey in sacred Perunthurai !
Hence my two-fold hot " deeds " are not burnt away and gone !
My frame won't melt ; nor falsehood go to dust ! What shall I do ?
613

How shall I praise His dear ones ?

2. Shall I bow and shout in joy or rave or dance ?
Shall I sing or stare at ? O Great Lord, what shall I do
Before the one who says : " My Father is that One Who's of
Perunthurai and Who does charge us with delirious joy " ? 614

3. செய்த பிழைஅறியேன் சேவடியே கைதொழுதே
உய்யும் வகையின் உயிர்ப்புஅறியேன்—வையத்து
இருந்துஉறையுள் வேல்மடுத்துஎன் சிந்தனைக்கே கோத்தான்
பெருந்துறையில் மேய பிரான் !

4. முன்னை வினை இரண்டும் வேர்அறுத்து முன்நின்றான்
பின்னைப் பிறப்புஅறுக்கும் பேராளன்—தென்னன்
பெருந்துறையில் மேய பெரும்கருணை யாளன்
வரும்துயரம் தீர்க்கும் மருந்து !

5. அறையோ அறிவார்க்கு அனைத்துஉலகும் ஈன்ற
மறையோனும் மாலும்மால் கொள்ளும்—இறையோன்
பெருந்துறையுள் மேய பெருமான் பிரியாது
இருந்துஉறையும் என்நெஞ்சத்து இன்று !

He has darted a javelin in my heart !

3. I know not what all faults I have committed nor the way
By which I could be saved by worshipping His rosy Feet !
The Lord Who dwelt in Perunthurai, on earth did come and stay
And darted right within my heart His Javelin sharp unsheathed ! 615

He is the medicine for miseries !

4. He stood in front of me, having wiped off my twin-old deeds !
The Mighty One and Tennan Who'll cut off my future births !
He's of infinite mercy and He dwells in Perunthurai !
He's the Balm that cures the woes of all the future too ! 616

He never leaves my heart !

5. He's the Lord Whom both the Vedic Creator of all the worlds,
And Mal knew not and by Whom both of them got wildered too !
The King does bide in Perunthurai and dwells within my heart
Without parting, today ! Reward I those who know this truth ! 617

6. பித்துஎன்னை ஏற்றும் பிறப்புஅறுக்கும் பேச்சுஅரிதாம்
மத்தமே ஆக்கும்வந்து என்மனத்தை—அத்தன்
பெருந்துறையான் ஆட்கொண்டு பேர்அருளால் நோக்கும்
மருந்துஇறவாப் பேர்இன்பம் வந்து !

7. வாரா வழிஅருளி வந்துஎனக்கு மாறுஇன்றி
ஆரா அமுதாய் அமைந்துஅன்றே — சீர்ஆர்
திருத்தென் பெருந்துறையான் என்சிந்தை மேய
ஒருத்தன் பெருக்கும் ஒளி !

8. யாவர்க்கும் மேலாம் அளவுஇலாச் சீர்உடையான்
யாவர்க்கும் கீழ்ஆம் அடியேனை — யாவரும்
பெற்றுஅறியா இன்பத்துள் வைத்தாய்க்குஎன் எம்பெருமான்
மற்றுஅறியேன் செய்யும் வகை ?

He makes me crazy !

6. He makes me frenzied, kills my births and fills my heart also
With intense rapture past all speech ! He's my Father of
Perunthurai Who makes me His and views with mighty grace !
Thus came He the Ambrosia and deathless, Infinite Bliss ! 618

He spreads light !

7. The brilliance spread by One Who does abide within my heart
And within the sacred, glorious Perunthurai's shrine too
Showed me realms from where there's no return and It did come
To me and rested as the Changeless, Rare Ambrosia too ! 619

His wonderful condescension !

8. Thou of glory superior to the glory of all didst place
Me a slave who's inferior to all, in mighty bliss,
Which bliss none else has known ! My Lord, for this,
What is there that I in turn can give to Thee at all ? 620

9. மூவரும் முப்பத்து மூவரும் மற்றுஒழிந்த
தேவரும் காணாச் சிவபெருமான் — மாஏறி
வையகத்தே வந்துஇழிந்த வார்கழல்கள் வந்திக்க
மெய்அகத்தே இன்பம் மிகும் !

10. இருந்துஎன்னை ஆண்டான் இணைஅடியே சிந்தித்து
இருந்துஇரந்து கொள்நெஞ்சே எல்லாம் — தரும்காண்
பெருந்துறையில் மேய பெரும்கருணை யாளன்
மருந்துஉருவாய் என்மனத்தே வந்து !

11. இன்பம் பெருக்கி இருள்அகற்றி எஞ்ஞான்றும்
துன்பம் தொடர்வுஅறுத்துச் சோதிஆய் — அன்புஅமைத்துச்
சீர்ஆர் பெருந்துறையான் என்னுடைய சிந்தையே
ஊர்ஆகக் கொண்டான் உவந்து !

His unparalleled eminence !

9. He's the Lord Who could not be descried by all the Three,
And all the Thirty-Three and all the rest of gods also !
If we but praised His Feet which rode upon and trod the earth,
The bliss supreme will fill and swell within the frames of all ! 621

Ask and He will give !

10. He's the One of mighty mercy and of Perunthurai's shrine !
In the form of sweet Ambrosia did He reach my heart,
And biding thus, He made me His ! Do thou ponder on
His Feet only, O mind ! Do beg and take ! He'll grant Thee all !
622

My heart is his home-town !

11. He multiplied my bliss and drove off darkness and always
Cut off the bonds of griefs and in the form of lustrous light,
He planted His good love ! That Glorious One of Perunthurai
Delightfully did make my heart His own good dwelling-place ! 623

48. பண்டுஆய நான்மறை

அனுபவத்துக்கு ஐயம் இன்மை உரைத்தல்

திருப்பெருந்துறையில் அருளியது

நேரிசை வெண்பா

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. பண்டுஆய நான்மறையும் பால்அணுகா மால்அயனும்
கண்டாரும் இல்லைக் கடையேனைத் — தொண்டுஆகக்
கொண்டருளும் கோகழிஎம் கோமாற்கு நெஞ்சமே
உண்டுஆமோ கைம்மாறு உரை ?

2. உள்ள மலம்மூன்றும் மாய உகுபெருந்தேன்
வெள்ளம் தரும்பரியின் மேல்வந்த — வள்ளல்
மருவும் பெருந்துறையை வாழ்த்துமின்கள் வாழ்த்தக்
கருவும் கெடும்பிறவிக் காடு !

XLVIII. PANDAAYA NAANMARAI

OR

THE ANCIENT VEDAS FOUR

Is there a return for His grace ?

1. The ancient Vedas four and Mal and Ayan
Who couldn't approach even, didn't see Him ! To Him, my God
And Kokazhi's Lord Who has well made my lowly self
In grace His own servant, is there a just return ? O mind ! 624

Worship Him and kill your births !

2. That Bounteous King Who rode upon the Horse of Flood formed by
Trickling luscious honey has destroyed all the great bonds three !
Praise ye all His Perunthurai ! If only all ye praised,
Root and branch will vanish off the jungle of your births ! 625

3. காட்டுஅகத்து வேடன் கடலில் வலைவாணன்
நாட்டில்.பரிபாகன் நம்வினையை — வீட்டி
அருளும் பெருந்துறையான் அம்கமல பாதம்
மருளும் கெடநெஞ்சே வாழ்த்து !

4. வாழ்ந்தார்கள் ஆவாரும் வல்வினையை மாய்ப்பாரும்
தாழ்ந்துஉலகம் ஏத்தத் தகுவாரும் — சூழ்ந்துஅமரர்
சென்றுஇறைஞ்சி ஏத்தும் திருவார் பெருந்துறையை
நன்றுஇறைஞ்சி ஏத்தும் நமர் !

5. நண்ணிப் பெருந்துறையை நம்இடர்கள் போய்அகல
எண்ணி எழுகோ கழிக்குஅரசைப் — பண்ணின்
மொழியாளோடு உத்தர கோசமங்கை மன்னிக்
கழியாது இருந்தவனைக் காண் !

His manifold Forms

3. A Hunter in the forest wild ! A Fisherman on the sea !
A Horseman on the land ! He of Perunthurai's shrine
Will grace us, rooting out our "deeds" ! Praise thou, O my mind,
His fine Feet like the lotus flower, to wipe Thy darkness off ! 626

His worshippers will be saved !

4. Our kinsmen are they who worship well and pray to Him
Within the sacred Perunthurai which heavenly ones do reach
And surround and praise ! They alone are lords who have well lived
And who have their "deeds" killed off and deserve the praise of
worlds ! 627

Come and see the King of Kokazhi

5. Do approach Perunthurai to make our griefs flee off !
Do think of the lustrous King of Kokazhi and see
Him Who dwells in Uttrakosamangai's temple there,
Where He parts not but with His own sweet-tongued Spouse doth
bide ! 628

6. காணும் கரணங்கள் எல்லாம்பேர் இன்பம்எனப்
பேணும் அடியார் பிறப்புஅகலக் — காணும்
பெரியானை நெஞ்சே! பெருந்துறையில் என்றும்
பிரியானை வாய்ஆரப் பேசு!

7. பேசும் பொருளுக்கு இலக்கிதமாம் பேச்சுஇறந்த
மாசில் மணியின் மணிவார்த்தை — பேசிப்
பெருந்துறையே என்று பிறப்புஅறுத்தேன் நல்ல
மருந்தின்அடி என்மனத்தே வைத்து!

Praise the Lord of Perunthurai!

6. O mind, ceaselessly speak of that One Who would ne'er depart
From Perunthurai and Who's the Great One seen and worshipped well
By saints who cherish their sense-organs as charged with bliss divine,
And all of whom would fain be rid of their old chain of births! 629

I wipe my birth with the word "Perunthurai"!

7. The End and Aim of all the truths much honoured by the world!
Singing Gem-like words upon that Flawless Gem past words,
And with his own Feet of good Balm held within my heart,
I have cut off all my births by crying "Perunthurai"! 630

49. திருப் படைஆட்சி

சீவ உபாதி ஒழிதல்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

பன்னிரு சீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. கண்கள் இரண்டும் அவன்கழல் கண்டு களிப்பன ஆகாதே
காரிகை யார்கள்தம் வாழ்வில்என் வாழ்வு கடைப்படும் ஆகாதே
மண்களில் வந்து பிறந்திடும் ஆறு மறந்திடும் ஆகாதே
மால்அறி யாமலர்ப் பாதம் இரண்டும் வணங்குதும் ஆகாதே
பண்களி கூர்தரு பாடலொடு ஆடல் பயின்றிடும் ஆகாதே
பாண்டிநல் நாடுஉடை யான்படை ஆட்சிகள் பாடுதும் ஆகாதே
விண்களி கூர்வதொர் வேதகம் வந்து வெளிப்படும் ஆகாதே
மீன்வலை வீசிய கானவன் வந்து வெளிப்படும் ஆயிடிலே!

XLIX. TIRUP PADAIAATCHI

OR

THE SPIRITUAL EXPLOITS OF THE SACRED HORDES

1. Why shall not my twain eyes see His jewelled Feet in joy ?
Why shall my own life be worse than that of damsels coy ?
Why shall not we forget ways of being born on earth ?
Why shall not we worship pair of Feet unknown to Mal ?
Why shall not we dance perform and sing the tunes of mirth ?
Why shall not we sing exploits of good Paundi's King ?
Why shall not disclosed be mystic changes loved by heaven ?
Should the Woodman casting net for fish disclose Himself !

2. ஒன்றிஞெடு ஒன்றும்ஓர் ஐந்திஞெடு ஐந்தும் உயிர்ப்புஅறும்
ஆகாதே
உன்அடி யார்அடி யார்அடி யோம்என உய்ந்தன ஆகாதே
கன்றை நினைந்துஎழு தாய்என வந்த கணக்குஅது ஆகாதே
காரணம் ஆகும் அஞதி குணங்கள் கருத்துஉறும் ஆகாதே
நன்றுஇது தீதுஎன வந்த நடுக்கம் நடந்தன ஆகாதே
நாமும்எ லாம்அடி யாருட னேசெல நண்ணுதும் ஆகாதே
என்றும்என் அன்பு நிறைந்த பராஅமுது எய்துவது ஆகாதே
ஏறுஉடை யான்எனை ஆள்உடை நாயகன் என்னுள்
புகுந்திடிலே !

3. பந்த விகார குணங்கள் பறிந்து மறிந்திடும் ஆகாதே
பாவனை ஆய கருத்தினில் வந்த பராஅமுது ஆகாதே
அந்தம்இலாத அகண்டமும் நம்முள் அகப்படும் ஆகாதே
ஆதிமு தல்பரம் ஆய பரம்சுடர் அண்ணுவது ஆகாதே
செம்துவர் வாய்மட வார்இடர் ஆனவை சிந்திடும் ஆகாதே
சேல்அன கண்கள் அவன்திரு மேனி திளைப்பன ஆகாதே
இந்திர ஞால இடர்ப்பிற வித்துயர் ஏகுவது ஆகாதே
என்உடை நாயகன் ஆகிய ஈசன் எதிர்ப்படும் ஆயிடிலே !

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2. Why shall not cease mixing one with one and five with five ?
Why shall not we live as serfs of serfs of His own saints ?
Why shall not we move like cow that starts in thought of calf ?
Why shall sourceless causal qualities fill up our thought ?
Why shall not the trembling doubts of good and bad flee off ?
Why shall not approach we all the saints and follow them ?
Why shall not we e'er enjoy the love-filled Ambrosia ?
Should the Lord of Bull and King of myself enter me ! 632

3. Why shall not the perverse natures of the bonds flee off ?
Why shall not ambrosia high in hearts of fancy spring ?
Why shall not the Endlsss Whole be caught within our soul ?
Why shall not the First and Great Supreme Light show Itself ?
Why shall not the sorrows caused by red-lipped maidens die ?
Why shall not the fish-like eyes His sacred Form enjoy ?
Why shall not the woes of life of magic tricks leave off ?
Should Isan, my own Lord confront me with His sacred
Form ! 633

4. என்அணி ஆர்முலை ஆகம் அளைந்துடன் இன்புறும் ஆகாதே
எல்லையில் மாக்கரு ணைக்கடல் இன்றுஇனிது ஆடுதும் ஆகாதே
நன்மணி நாதம் முழங்கிஎன் உள்உற நண்ணுவது ஆகாதே
நாதன் அணித்திரு நீற்றினை நித்தலும் நண்ணுவது ஆகாதே
மன்னிய அன்பரில் என்பணி முந்துற வைகுவது ஆகாதே
மாமறை யும்அறி யாமலர்ப் பாதம் வணங்குதும் ஆகாதே
இன்னியல் செம்கழு நீர்மலர் என்தலை எய்துவது ஆகாதே
என்னை உடைப்பெரு மான்அருள் ஈசன்எ ழுந்தருளப் பெறிலே!

5. மண்ணினில் மாயை மதித்து வகுத்த மயக்குஅறும் ஆகாதே
வானவ ரும்அறி யாமலர்ப் பாதம் வணங்குதும் ஆகாதே
கண்இலி காலம் அனைத்தினும் வந்த கலக்குஅறும் ஆகாதே
காதல்செ யும்அடி யார்மனம் இன்று களித்திடும் ஆகாதே
பெண்அலி ஆண்என நாம்என வந்த பிணக்குஅறும் ஆகாதே
பேர்அறி யாதஅ னேகப வங்கள் பிழைத்தன ஆகாதே
எண்இலி ஆகிய சித்திகள் வந்துஎனை எய்துவது ஆகாதே
என்னைஉ டைப்பெரு மான்அருள் ஈசன்எ ழுந்தருளப் பெறிலே!

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4. Why shall not enjoy my jewelled breasts His Embrace-bliss ?
Why shall not we sport today in boundless Sea of Grace ?
Why shall not the peal of sweet bell reach and bide in me ?
Why shall not we daily smear the Lord-worn sacred ash ?
Why shall not my service be foremost amidst the saints ?
Why shall not we worship flow'r-Feet Mal himself knows not ?
Why shall not the sweet red Kazhuneer flow'r adorn my crown ?
Why shall not the sweet red Kazhuneer flow'r adorn my crown ?
Should gracious Isan and my Lord be pleased to visit in grace ! 634

5. Why shall not cease delusions of Maya spread on earth ?
Why shall not we bow to flow'r Feet heaven-ones too know not ?
Why shall not bewilderment of measureless age flee off ?
Why shall not the hearts of God-mad saints rejoice to-day ?
Why shall not die thoughts of male, female, neuter and 'we' ?
Why shall not we 'scape the births galore of names unknown ?
Why shall not reach me the countless mystic powers and bide ?
If only my King and Gracious Isan visits in grace ! 635

6. பொன்இய லும்திரு மேனிவெள் நீறுபொ லிந்திடும் ஆகாதே
பூமழை மாதவர் கைகள் குவிந்து பொழிந்திடும் ஆகாதே
மின்இயல் நுண்இடை யார்கள்க ருத்துவெ ளிப்படும் ஆகாதே
வீணைமு ரன்றுஎழும் ஓசையில் இன்பம் மிகுத்திடும் ஆகாதே
தன்அடி யார்அடி என்தலை மீதுத ழைப்பன ஆகாதே
தான்அடி யோம்உட னேஉய வந்து தலைப்படும் ஆகாதே
இன்இயம் எங்கும்நி றைந்துஇனிது ஆகஇ யம்பிடும் ஆகாதே
என்னைமுன் ஆள்உடை ஈசன்என் அத்தன்எ ழுந்தரு ளப்பெறிலே!

7. சொல்இய லாதுஎழு தூமணி ஓசைசு வைதரும் ஆகாதே
துண்என என்உளம் மன்னிய சோதிதொ டர்ந்துஎழும் ஆகாதே!
பல்இயல் பாய பரப்புஅற வந்த பராபரம் ஆகாதே
பண்டுஅறி யாதப ரானுப வங்கள் பரந்துஎழும் ஆகாதே
வில்இயல் நல்நுத லார்மையல் இன்று விளைந்திடும் ஆகாதே
விண்ணவ ரும்அறி யாதவி ழுப்பொருள் இப்பொருள் ஆகாதே
எல்லைஇ லாதன எண்குணம் ஆனவை எய்திடும் ஆகாதே
இந்துசி காமணி எங்களை ஆளஎ ழுந்தரு ளப்பெறிலே!

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6. Why shall not glow white ash on His sacred, golden Form?
Why shall not adoring hands of great saints rain down flow'rs?
Why shall thoughts of slender-waisted maidens be disclosed?
Why shall not delight increase from music of the lyre?
Why shall not the feet of His saints flourish upon my crown?
Why shall not to save us all He emerge along with us?
Why shall not fill organs ev'ry place with dulcet strains?
If only my Sire and ancient Master visits in grace! 636

7. Why shall not the pure and wordless peal of bells sound sweet?
Why shall not my inner light shoot up and glow for e'er?
Why shall not the Great Supreme drive off diversities?
Why shall not unfolding rise experience unknown of old?
Why shall rise the wild'ring love from bow-browed maidens good?
Why shall not this be the Supreme thing unknown to gods?
Why shall not we have the boundless Eight-fold Excellence?
If that Moon-crowned Gem to save us visited us in grace! 637

8. சங்கு திரண்டு முரன்றுஎழும் ஓசை தழைப்பன ஆகாதே
சாதவி டாதகு ணங்கள்நம் மோடுச லித்திடும் ஆகாதே
அங்குஇது நன்றுஇது நன்றுஎனும் மாயை அடங்கிடும்
ஆகாதே
ஆசைஎ லாம்அடி யார்அடி யோம்எனும் அத்தனை ஆகாதே
செம்கயல் ஒண்கண் மடந்தையர் சிந்தை திளைப்பன ஆகாதே
சீர்அடி யார்கள்சி வானுப வங்கள்தெ ரிந்திடும் ஆகாதே
எங்கும்நி றைந்துஅமுது ஊறுப ரம்சுடர் எய்துவது ஆகாதே
ஈறுஅறி யாமறை யோன்எனை ஆள எழுந்தரு
ளப்பெறிலே !

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8. Why shall not the swelling blast of conches' sound flourish ?
Why shall not we get fed up with caste-bounds qualities ?
Why shall not deluded thoughts of " this good ", " that good "
cease ?
Why shall not all desires be to be His serfs' own serfs ?
* Why shall we enjoy the hearts of fish-like, bright-eyed maids ?
Why shall not we taste Siva-bliss glorious saints enjoy ?
Why shall not we gain pervasive, great Ambrosial Light ?
Should the Endless Vedin visit in grace to make me His ! 638

50. ஆனந்த மாலை

சிவானுபவ விருப்பம்

தில்லையில் அருளியது

அறுசீர்க்கழி நெடில்அடி ஆசிரிய விருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. மின்நேர் அனைய பூம்கழல்கள் அடைந்தார் கடந்தார்
வியன்உலகம்
பொன்நேர் அனைய மலர்கொண்டு போற்றா நின்றார்
அமரர் எல்லாம்
கல்நேர் அனைய மனக்கடையாய்க் கழிப்புண்டு அவலக்
கடல்வீழ்ந்த
என்நேர் அனையேன் இனிஉன்னைக் கூடும் வண்ணம்
இயம்பாயே!

L. AANANDA MAALAI

OR

THE RAPTURE-GARLAND

Show me the way to join Thee!

1. Those who have Thy bright fair Feet approached have crossed
the mighty world!
Worshipping with golden flowers, all the heavenly ones do stand!
But, I of mean and stony heart, rejected, sank in sea of griefs!
Speak of how, I my own compare, could henceforth meet Thee!

2. என்னல் அறியாப் பதம்தந்தாய் யான்அது அறியா
தேகெட்டேன்
உன்னல் ஒன்றும் குறைவு இல்லே உடையாய் அடிமைக்கு
ஆர்என்பேன்
பன்னள் உன்னேப் பணிந்துஏத்தும் பழையஅடியா ரொடும்
கூடாது
என்நா யகமே பிற்பட்டுஇங்கு இருந்தேன் நோய்க்கு
விருந்தாயே!

3. சீலம் இன்றி நோன்பு இன்றிச் செறிவே இன்றி அறிவுஇன்றித்
தோலின் பாவைக் கூத்துஆட்டுஆய்ச் சுழன்று விழுந்து
கிடப்பேனே
மாலும் காட்டி வழிகாட்டி வாரா உலக நெறிஏறக்
கோலம் காட்டி ஆண்டானேக் கொடியேன் என்றே கூடுவதே!

Here I lie as food for disease !

2. Bliss unknown to me Thou gav'st ! I knew it not and ruined lay !
Thou art not to blame at all ! My Lord, who else would save
Thy slave !
Meeting not the perfect saints who bow before and praise Thee aye,
O Chief, I have been left behind here as feast for birth-disease !
640

He showed me wilderment as well as the way !

3. Void of virtues, austere life or love or wisdom true I was !
Like leather dolls in puppet show I whirled and fell and lay
prostrate !
But He gave the craze and ways to reach the world with no exit,
Showed His Form and made me His ! When can meet Him cruel I ?
641

4. கெடுவேன் கெடுமா கெடுகின்றேன் கேடுஇலாதாய் பழி
கொண்டாய்
படுவேன் படுவது எல்லாம்நான் பட்டால்பின்னை பயன் என்னே
கொடுமா நரகத்து அழுந்தாமே காத்துஆட் கொள்ளும்
குருமணியே
நடுவாய் நில்லாது ஒழிந்தக்கால் நன்றே எங்கள் நாயகமே ?

5. தாயாய் முலையைத் தருவானே தாராது ஒழிந்தால் சவலையாய்
நாயேன் கழிந்து போவேனே நம்பி ! இனித்தான் நல்குதியே
தாயே என்றுஉன் தாள்அடைந்தேன் தயாநீ என்பால்
இல்லையே
நாயேன் அடிமை உடன்ஆக ஆண்டாய் நான்தான்
வேண்டாவோ ?

Is it meet that Thou dost not stand amidst me ?

4. Seeking ruins, I'm ruined ! Thou the Deathless got'st the blame !
I shall suffer all that's my due, but then, of suff'ring what's the
use ?
O Teacher-Gem Who couldst prevent my fall in hell and make me
Thine !
Thou our Lord ! Would it be meet if Thou shouldst not be just
to me ? 642

Thou gavest me Thy teat !

5. O Thou Who Mother-like giv'st Thy teat ! Shouldst Thou now
refuse me that
Won't I a cur perish like weanling calf ? O Nambi, grant it hence
" Ah, Mother " said I and reached Thy Feet ! Thou hast no mercy
for me
At once didst Thou thrall me that day ! But why want'st not
me now ? 643

6. கோவே அருள வேண்டாவோ கொடியேன் கெடவே
அமையுமே
ஆவா என்று விடில்என்னை அஞ்சேல் என்பார் ஆரோதான்
சாவார் எல்லாம் என்அளவோ? தக்கஆறு அன்று என்றாரோ
தேவே தில்லை நடம்ஆடி திகைத்தேன் இனித்தான் தேற்றாயே!

7. நரியைக் குதிரைப் பரிஆக்கி ஞாலம் எல்லாம் நிகழ்வித்துப்
பெரிய தென்னன் மதுரைஎல்லாம் பிச்சுஅது ஏற்றும்
பெருந்துறையாய்
அரிய பொருளே அவிநாசி அப்பா பாண்டி வெள்ளமே
தெரிய அரிய பரஞ்சோதீ செய்வது ஒன்றும் அறியேனே!

Who else would comfort me ?

6. Shouldst Thou not grace me ? Is my cruel self's ruin but just ?
O King, if Thou wouldst not tell me "come thou" who else
would comfort me ?
Are all the dying ones like me ? Would not they say, " 'tis not
the way" ?
I am perplexed, O Dancing God at Tillai ! Comfort me, henceforth !
644

I know not what to do !

7. Thou didst convert jackals into steeds and mad'st the world
know it !
Thou of Perunthurai mad'st crazy all of Tennan's great Madurai !
Essence Rare ! Sire in Avinashi ! Flood in Paundiland !
O Splendour Great, too hard to know ! I know not aught of
what to do ! 645

51. அச்சோப் பதிகம்

அனுபவ வழி அறியாமை

தில்லையில் அருளியது

கலிவிருத்தம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

1. முத்திநெறி அறியாத மூர்க்கரொடு முயல்வேனைப்
பத்திநெறி அறிவித்துப் பழவினைகள் பாறும்வண்ணம்
சித்தமலம் அறுவித்துச் சிவம் ஆக்கி எனை ஆண்ட
அத்தன்எனக்கு அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

2. நெறிஅல்லா நெறிதன்னை நெறிஆக நினைவேனைச்
சிறுநெறிகள் சேராமே திருவருளே சேரும்வண்ணம்
குறிஒன்றும் இல்லாத கூத்தன்தன் கூத்தைஎனக்கு
அறியும்வண்ணம் அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

LI. ACHOP PATIKAM

OR

THE HYMN OF HIGHEST BLISS

He purified my soul and made me Sivam !

1. With the brutes who knew not Mukti's way I used to move !
He the path of love taught me and age-old " deeds " drove off !
He purged my mental bond and made me His own and Sivam !
Who can thus be blessed with Father's way of grace ? Amazing, eh !
646

His sign-less Self disclosed Himself !

2. Ev'ry wrongful way I mistook for the righteous way !
Off the mean ways He took me and sacred grace-ward led !
The Dancer known by no signs has well made me know His dance!
Who can thus be blessed with such a way of grace ? Amazing, eh !
647

3. பொய்எல்லாம் மெய்என்று புணர்முலையார் போகத்தே
மையல்உறக் கடவேனை மாளாமே காத்துஅருளித்
தையல்இடம் கொண்டபிரான் தன்கழலே சேரும்வண்ணம்
ஐயன்எனக்கு அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

4. மண்ணதனில் பிறந்துஎய்த்து மாண்டுவிழக் கடவேனை
எண்ணம்இலா அன்புஅருளி எனைஆண்டிட்டு என்னையும்தன்
சுண்ணவெள் நீறு அணிவித்துத் தூய்நெறியே சேரும் வண்ணம்
அண்ணல்எனக்கு அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

5. பஞ்சுஆய அடிமடவார் கடைக்கண்ணால் இடர்ப்பட்டு
நெஞ்சுஆய துயர்கூர நிற்பேன்உன் அருள்பெற்றேன்
உய்ஞ்சேன்நான் உடையானே அடியேனை வருகஎன்று
அஞ்சேல்என்று அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

He made me reach His Feet alone !

3. All the false I deemed as true and lured by charms of maids,
Crazy I would go ! He saved my soul and gave His grace !
The Lord Whose Half is Dame did make me reach His Feet alone !
Who can thus be blessed with Father's way of grace ? Amazing, eh ! 648

He adorned me with holy ash and showed the truthful Way !

4. Born on earth and wearied, I would surely fall and die !
He gave me love past all the thought and made me His and caused
Me to wear His ashes white and reach His purest ways !
Who can thus be blessed with Great One's way of grace ! Amazing, eh ! 649

He called me and said " Fear not " !

5. Assailed by the side-glance of the soft-foot maids, I was !
I stood with heart so full of griefs but got Thy grace also !
My Lord, I'm saved ! Thou toldest me Thy slave " Fear not ; do come " !
Who can thus be blessed with His own way of grace ? Amazing, eh ! 650

6. வெந்துவிழும் உடல்பிறவி மெய்என்று வினைபெருக்கிக்
கொந்துகுழல் கோல்வளையார் குவிமுலைமேல் வீழ்வேனைப்
பந்தம்அறுத்து எனைஆண்டு பரிசுஅறஎன் துரிசும்அறுத்து
அந்தம் எனக்கு அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

7. தையலார் மையலிலே தாழ்ந்துவிழக் கடவேனைப்
பையவே கொடுபோந்து பாசம்எனும் தாழ்உருவி
உய்யுநெறி காட்டுவித்திட்டு ஓங்காரத்து உட்பொருளை
ஐயன்எனக்கு அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

8. சாதல்பிறப்பு என்னும் தடம்சுழியில் தடுமாறிக்
காதலின்மிக்கு அணிஇழையார் கலவியிலே விழுவேனை
மாதுஒருகூறு உடையபிரான் தன்கழலே சேரும்வண்ணம்
ஆதிஎனக்கு அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

He rid me of bonds and taints !

6. Mistook I for truth this birth of frame that's moribund,
And multiplied my sins and I would fall on breasts of maids !
He cut off my ego, bonds and flaws and made me His !
Who can thus be blessed with gracious salvation ? Amazing, eh !
651

He taught me the meaning of ' OM ' !

7. I would fall and sink within the mania for the maids !
He did gently take and led me, rooting out all bonds !
The way of salvation He gave and taught me truth of " OM " !
Who can thus be blessed with Father's way of grace ?
Amazing, eh ! 652

He saved and graced me !

8. Wildered in the whirlpool of the deaths and births, I would
Sink within the embrace of bejewelled maids with lust !
The Lord Whose Half is Dame did make me reach His Feet only !
Who can thus be blessed with First One's way of grace !
Amazing, eh ? 653

9. செம்மைநலம் அறியாத சிதடரொடும் திரிவேனை
மும்மைமலம் அறுவித்து முதல்ஆய முதல்வன்தான்
நம்மையும்ஓர் பொருள்ஆக்கி நாய்சிவிகை ஏற்றுவித்த
அம்மைஎனக்கு அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

10. செத்திடமும் பிறந்திடமும் இனிச்சாவாது இருந்திடமும்
அத்தனையும் அறியாதார் அறியும்அறிவு எவ்அறிவோ?
ஒத்தநிலம் ஒத்தபொருள் ஒருபொருள்ஆம் பெரும்பயனை
அத்தன்எனக்கு அருளியஆறு ஆர்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே!

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

திருவாசகம்
முற்றிற்று.

He treated me as worthy and placed in palanquin !

9. I was wand'ring on with fools who knew not good supreme !
The First and Primal Lord my three-fold dirt did wash away !
He treated well and placed our dog-like selves on palanquin
Who can thus be blessed with Mother's way of grace ?
Amazing, eh ! 654

What wisdom is it which knows not Sivam ?

10. The place of births and deaths and place where there's no death at all !
What wisdom 'tis of those who cannot know these things and God ?
He gave me proper land and thing and gave the great gain too !
Who can thus be blessed with Father's way of grace ?
Amazing, eh ! 655

END OF
TIRUVACHAKAM.

TIRUCHCHITRAMBALAM

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NOTES
AND
COMMENTS

I. SIVAPURANAM

The title of this chapter Siva Puranam has a sub-title called Sivan's Ways of Old or "Sivan's Course From Everlasting" as Dr. Pope translates it. Puranam means oldness or very ancient nature. Sivapuranam means Sivan's immemorial subsistence. Oldness is of two kinds : Timeless Oldness and Oldness in Time. Sivan's oldness is obviously of the first category. Hence the whole of this chapter refers to Sivan in His Arupa or Formless State. It is significant that this chapter is refreshingly free from all references to the Puranic incidents and stories, though on the one hand the title of the chapter might lead one to expect such things and on the other, our Saint is usually given to adorning his lines with all kinds of Puranic references. Ekan, Anekan, Isan, Gurumani, Desan, and appellations of a non-historic Sivam only are found to abound in this chapter. The Old Tiruperunthurai Puranam, therefore, crisply sums up this chapter by saying that it is given to hail and praise Lord Siva by referring only to His natural nomenclatures. This chapter includes also references to the way in which God supervises the evolution of soul through its multifarious transmigrations towards the state of a Jivanmukta and Mukti.

Dr. G. U. Pope observes regarding this Hymn as follows : "This has always been considered the first of Manikka-vasagar's poems, and it has all the characteristics of a preface as enumerated in the Nannul; but its very technical completeness makes its genuineness doubtful; and it rather appears to have been added by the Tillai Assembly when the lyrics of the Saint were first collected." We feel this amusing theory need not be taken too seriously and refuted. Except the so-called technical completeness of this piece, he has cited and could have cited no other argument to support his queer theory. Tradition, the idioms, its consonance with other parts and above all the inspiring content and spiritual flavour of the poem unmistakably affirm Manickavachakar's authorship thereof. In fact, the one unique and distinguishing feature of Tiruvachakam is that no interpolator has ever tampered with even one word of this sacred work the divine nature of which has scared away the daring interpolators allthrough the ages. Hence we need have no doubt whatever regarding the genuineness of this first gem of Tiruvachakam.

L. 1. Namasivaya is the sacred name of Siva. It literally means "My obeisance to Siva." This is called the mystic formula of FIVE LETTERS. This is the veritable "Open Sesame" of the Spiritual Storehouse of Saivism.

In the Yajur Veda He is expressly called Siva by name.— 'Sivo Namasi' (Yajur. S. 3-63). Again the famous Panchakshara occurs in Tait. S. IV. 5, 1-41 in this passage : "Nama Sāmbhavē cha mayōbavē cha, nama Sankarāya cha mayaskarāya cha, Namah Sivāya cha Sivatarāya cha."

Namasivaya is born out of 'Om'. It is the latter's expanded form. Hence Tiruvachakam begins with 'Om', it may be said.

Of God's Name, Richard Crashaw sings :

"I sing the Name which none can say
But touch't with an interior Ray
... ...
The Name of all our Lives and Loves."

Tennyson also sings :

"Hallowed be Thy name — Hallelujah !
Infinite Ideality !
Immeasurable Reality !
Infinite Personality !
Hallowed be Thy name — Hallelujah."

Jesus Christ also, in the words of Thomas Ken

"in the church first Hymned His Father's Name."

Browne sings :

"Hail, infinite Creator ! With Thy praise
The Muse began, with Thee shall end my lays."

Walts says :

"None but Thy Word can speak Thy Name."

The Tamil word நாதன் easily lends itself to be interpreted either as the Lord or as One of Sound or Vibration—the Word. 'Feet' of Sivan always represent His Grace.

L 4. Kokazhi had been till lately identified with the place called Tiruvavaduthurai. But now it has been definitely established that it refers to a place of that name in the Andhra State.

Ll. 5 & 6. Agamas are of various kinds but Saivāgamas are twenty-eight in number. They contain the highly-developed metaphysics of Suddhadvaitha Saiva Siddhanta. These Agamas are not supposed to be contradictory to but they are only the completion of the Vedas.

According to the time-old simile used by the Saivites, the Vedas are the cow and the Agamas are its sweet milk. Lord Siva is the Author of the Agamas as He is of the Vedas also.

Vedas are supposed to be the general, while the Agamas are the special authority for Saivam. Siva has not only delivered the Agamas to the world. Here He is Himself said to have become the Agamas. Hence He, in the shape of Āgamas sweetens the tongue that recites and delights the heart that memorises them.

George Herbert sings similarly of God :

> " O what sweetness from the boul fills my soul,
> Such as is and makes divine. "

L 7. The three modes of God's existence which are postulated by Saiva Siddhanta are referred to here : Separateness, Togetherness and Identity respectively.

Isaac Hawkins Browne says :

> " The One grows sundry by creative power ;
> The Eternal's found in each revolving hour. "

Again he says elsewhere :

> " The system one, one Maker stands confess'd,
> The Prime, the One, the wondrous and the Bless'd
> The One in various forms of Unity express'd. "

" He is the One God (Eko Deva) hidden in all beings, all pervading, the Antarātma of all things, dwelling in all beings the only One, Nirguna. "

Swetaswatara Upanishad. VI. II.

Ll. 8 & 9. This idea seems to be the favourite one with all Faiths and various saints and writers have given expression to this identical experience.

(*a*) " There's a mutiny in's mind " — Shakespeare.

(*b*) " O Palissy ! Within my breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest. "

— Longfellow.

(c) St. Augustine who speaks of " the very soul being hushed to herself, " gives in his treatise called " De Doctrina Christiana " seven steps by which the soul comes to God. The fifth of these seven stages is called

'purgatio animae' ; 'purgat enimam tumultuantum quodammodo atque obstrepentem sibi de adpetitu inferiorum conceptis sordibus.'

This is otherwise called 'Tranquillite' — the calming of passions.

(*d*) George Herbert appeals to God thus :

" O, tame my heart !
It is the highest art
To captivate strongholds to Thee. "

(*e*) Samuel Bowden speaks of Epictetus as one

" Who gave you peace and calm'd the rising rage. "

(*f*) " He maketh the storm a calm " — The Bible.

(*g*) Mrs. Rhys Davids' Translation of the Buddhistic work called Psalms of the Sisters' has some similar lines.

" Stilled are the passions that have raged within."

" Where all distractions cease, where sense is stilled,
Where dwelleth bliss. "

" Purged of all my former lust and hate
I dwell. "

" This have I pondered, meditating still
Till every throb of lust is rooted out.
Expunged is all the fever of desire.
Cool am I now and calm. Nibbana's peace. "

" Sense of craving dried up within my heart. "

" Governance of thoughts I could not bring into captivity. "

" Cleansed by the inward spiritual bath. "

(*h*) " Peace to the soul of that inmortal Sage
Who gave you peace and calm'd the rising rage ".
— Mary Leapor.

(*j*) " Beware of the fever of the mind " — Edward Young.

(*k*) " Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end " — Tennyson.

L. 11. Pingnakan means one with an adorned head. This peculiar appellation of Siva is being used untranslated throughout this work.

Ll. 12 & 13. " Lofty and sour to those that loved him not. "

— Shakespeare.

Ll. 14 & 15. " But to those men that sought him sweet as summer."

— Shakespeare.

L. 18. Isan means one who rules over everything. The gift He confers on us is called ' Aiswaryam ' – wealth.

L. 19. தேசன் is translated by Dr. Pope as Teacher. It is interpreted by a Tamil annotator as " One who habitates the temples of all lands. " (Navaneethakrishna Bharati's Annotated Tiruvachakam).

L. 24. Sivam Which is Omkaram abides deeply in the heart of our Saint. This Sivam which is Om is the Brahman Which is Bliss. Hence the Māndukya Upanishad declares :

" That is the Self which is the nature of the syllable Om ".

Explaining the words " that is the Self ", Dr. S. Radhakrishnan remarks " it is the deepest essence of the soul, the image of Godhead ".

Hence the significance of this following passage in the 12th sloka of Māndukya Upanishad vis a vis our Saint's words will now be appreciated.

" Siva—Advaita—evam—Omkara—atma—eva ".

This is translated as :

" Sivam (Supreme Bliss)—Non-different—thus—Omkara—the Atma—verily ".

As Dr. Radhakrishnan sums up :

" May you meditate on Om as the Self ! May you be successful in crossing over the shore of darkness ".

This may be read also under lines 43 and 44.

Ll. 25 & 26. " Truly and deeply religious man, ... feels that his praying is not his own work, his own achievement, that it does not rise up out of his own heart but comes down from above, streams out of the plenitude of God. He feels instinctively that he could not pray unless God Himself put into his heart the thoughts and feelings and laid upon his lips the words and sighs of prayer .. .. Prayer

which thus springs out of fathomless depths is at the same time the divine gift of grace. The great men of prayer testify in countless places to the miracle of this inspiration" — Heiler in his book "Prayer".

(*a*) "That we pray is a divine gift" — Augustine.

(*b*) "Thou hast first entered me up that I might see Thee"

— Thomas á Kempis.

(*c*) "Wherever a Christian is there is truly the Holy Spirit who does nothing except pray always" — Martin Luther.

(*d*) "Prayer comes from God and goes to God" — Arndt.

(*e*) "Only the Spirit can lift up the soul to God in prayer. If the Spirit comes into the heart, then it is indeed prayer, otherwise it is not."

— John Bunyan.

(*f*) "Thou wouldst not seek Me, if thou hadst not already found me" — God's word to Pascal.

(*g*) "God put it into my heart to cry to Him" —Bunyan.

(*h*) The Katha Upanishad also affirms :

"........ This Atman cannot be attained by the Vedas nor by intellect, nor even by much hearing the sacred scriptures; by him it is attained whom It chooses — this his (own) Atman reveals its own (real) form".

L. 29. Siva has the Sun and Moon as His pair of eyes and Fire for His third eye which is located in the midst of His brow.

The line reminds us of the Purushasukta verse :

"Sa bhumim visvato vrtva atyatishthat dasangulam".

Ll. 34 to 40. The Master, Buddha says :

(*a*) "Countless the ways in which we meet our death,
'Mong gods and men, as demons or beasts,
Among the shades or in the haunts of hell."

See also the following lines of Henry Vaughan in his "Constellation."

(*b*) "Trees, flowers, herbs; birds, beasts and stones
That since man fell expect with groans
To see the lamb, which all at once
Lift up your heads and leave your moans."

(c) Mrs. Rhys Davids : "Rebirth in 'hell', as animal, as ghost, as demon are the four purgatorial lives; as human or as god the two ways of weal."

(d) "I tell thee that those viewless beings
Whose mansion is the smallest particles
Of the impassive atmosphere,
Think, feel and live like man ;
That their affections and antipathies,
Like his, produce the laws
Ruling their moral state ;
That through their frame diffuses
The slightest, faintest motion,
Is fixed and indispensable
As the majestic laws
That rule on rolling orbs."

— Shelley.

(e) "Whether the Sensitive Plant or that
Which, within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay
Now felt this change, I cannot say."

— Shelley.

(f) "When first the world began,
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran
And in the sixth she moulded man.
She gave him mind, the lordliest
Proportion, and above the rest
Dominion in the head and breast."

— Tennyson.

(g) "Or if thro' lower lives I came—
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—
I might forget my weaker lot ;
For is not our first year forgot ?
The haunts of memory echo not."

— Tennyson.

(*h*) " Yet how should I for certain hold
Because my memory is so cold,
That I first was in human mould ?
Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here ;
Of something done, I know not where ;
Such as no language may declare. "

— Tennyson.

(*j*) " Ages past the soul existed,
Here an age 'tis resting merely,
And hence fleets again for ages. "

— Robert Browning.

(*k*) " Within my deepest sentient self the knowledge hides
Aspirations, reminiscences, plausibilities of trust. "

— R. Browning.

(*l*) " And as yon tapers dwindle and strange thoughts
Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I lived this life
And this life too, popes, cardinals and priests. "

— The Bishop of St. Praxed on his death-bed.

(*m*) " Hints and previsions of which faculties
Are strewn confusedly everywhere about
The inferior natures and all lead up higher,
All shape out dimly the superior race,
The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false,
And man appears at last. "

— R. Browning.

(*n*) " Do I ring the changes right ?
Deformed, transformed, reformed, informed, conformed. "

— R. Browning.

(*o*) " Created half to rise and half to fall ;
Great Lord of all things, yet a pray to all.
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;
The glory, jest and riddle of the world. "

— Alexander Pope about Man.

(p) " In all men love and loath
One God at growth. "

— Swinburne.

The order of enumeration herein of the innumerable births through which a soul repeatedly reincarnates is not the natural or logical order. A soul can from a very high birth fall into a very low one as much as a soul in a low birth can by-pass its immediately higher orders and take the birth of a superior being. Thus it will be seen that the resemblence this theory of rebirths has to the Darwinian theory of evolution is only apparent and superficial. But then both Manickavachakar and Darwin seem to be agreed on the finality of the human birth, each from his own respective point of view.

L. 41 & 42. " I think I have understood Brahman "

— Kena Upanishad.

44. Omkaram. 'Many mysteries are hidden in this Sanskrit word' — Pope. This monosyllable 'Om' is the root of all creation and the parent of the Panchaksharan, the Mystic Mantra. With this sacred and 'seed-like' sound only the Veda itself is recited.

Lord Siva conceived as the Supreme Being is said to be in the form of Pranava or Om.

" Om ityekasharam Brahma ".

A Gita verse says :

" Pitahamasya jagato mata dahata pitamaha,
Vedyam pavitram Omkarah Rk Sama Yajurevacha ".

The significance of 'Om' is explained in the following Upanishadic passages :

(a) " All this is the letter Om. It is explained thus
All that was, that is, and that will be is the Om.
And also what is beyond all time is verily the Om.
All this assuredly is Brahman "

— Māndukya Upanishad.

(b) " That word which all the Vedas declare, which all the austerities proclaim, desiring which (people) live the life of a religious saint, that word to thee I shall tell in brief, that is Om. This syllable verily is the everlasting Spirit (Brahman)

— Kathá Upanishad.

(*c*) This is the 'Word' of the Vedic schools to which the Gospel of St. John's opening passage can aptly apply :

"In the beginning was the Word,
The Word was with God
And the Word was God".

45. This line denotes that the basis of Śiva or His conveyance is Dharma — Righteousness. The immaculate Bull represents and signifies Dharma. Hence it is that St. Sékkizhar commences his Lives of the Saiva Saints called Peria Puranam with the story of a cow whose calf's death by his own and only son is avenged by the Manu Neethi Chozhan by killing that guilty son. This unparalleled dharma or Justice even to an animal is the logical starting point of the loving Saivism Which is all Justice and Equity.

(*a*) "For Bull in the first place is the Word of Almighty God"

— Christopher Smart.

(*b*) Mr. G. Vanmikinathan interprets the word (விடை) as meaning Om in his article entitled "Manickavachakópanishad" in the Quarterly called "Tamil Culture" in its October issue of the year 1954. In view of the scriptural authority he cites for his view, the following passage from his article is reproduced here.

"Chandasam rsabho is the word in the Taittiriya Upanishad. (I. 4. I.) Sankara, commenting on this word says, "the syllable 'Om' is pre-eminent among the Vedic hymns. It is 'of all forms' as the whole universe in its manifestation"

"Swami Sharavanandā, commenting on this word in an extensive and exhaustive note, observes as follows : "The epithet 'Rsabha' according to the traditional Advaitic interpretation refers to Om, the symbol and designation of Brahman". Hence Vidaippāgá (விடைப்பாகா) is translated here as 'O Rider astride Om'."

Ll. 46 to 49. The inability of the Vedas to comprehend and convey the complete nature of Siva is referred to herein.

(*a*) See Saint Paul's statement : "How deep are the riches and the knowledge of God ; how unsearchable are his judgements ; his ways past finding out !"

(*b*) And Job comments: "Perchance thou canst comprehend the foot-prints of God or take refuge in the perfection of the Omnipotent? He is higher than the sky and who shall find Him? He is lower than the depths; whence shall He be known?"

(*c*) "For deep indeed Eternal Founder lies,
And high above His work the Maker flies;
Yet infinite that work, beyond our soar;
Beyond what clarkes can prove or Newtons can explore"

— Browne.

(*d*) "The Atman cannot be attained by the Vedas"

— Prasna Upanishad.

L. 52. "Whose Wisdom is omniscience" — Joshua Sylvester.

L. 57. "Whose Being is All Sovereign Bliss" — Joshua Sylvester.

L. 60. "Creator Uncreate" — Rev. Christopher Pitt.

Ll. 62 & 63. The five-fold work of Siva, called 'Pancha-Krityam' is spoken of here.

L. 66. (*a*) "There's not a wind can stir
Or beam pass by
But strait I think (though far)
Thy hand is nigh"

— Henry Vaughan.

(*b*) "Durat sudure tadihantike cha" — Sanskrit text.

L. 67. (*a*) "How scant the speech and how faint for my conception".

— Dante in 'Paradiso'.

(*b*) "That from which all speech recoil along with mind, being unable to reach It" — Taittiriya Upanishad.

Ll. 68 & 69. (*a*) "I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine.
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine"

— Thomas Traherne.

(*b*) "God's sacred Temple's every good man's heart
Where His choice gifts He freely does impart."

— Toland.

L. 70. "The round of births is vanquished,
Ne'er shall I be again"

— Psalms of the Sisters.

L. 71. Since God is deemed to become all the five elements, all their respective five colours are also attributed to Him.

Hence "Unmai Vilakkam" says :

"Earth in colour is golden ;
Water is white ; Fire, the all-pervasive is red ;
The mighty Wind is black ;
The Ether is smoke-coloured."

Ll. 72 & 73. The reference may perhaps be to the form of a Yaksha Siva had assumed in heaven with which He demonstrated the impotence of Agni and Vayu in burning or blowing away a blade of grass placed before each of them by Him. To Indra who helplessly asked of Uma Haimávathi who this Yaksha was, she replied "that is the Brahman". This occurs in the Kenopanishad.

L. 74. "The wildering gloom that long had closed me in"

— Psalms of the Sisters.

Ll. 75 to 78. (*a*) "Oh, I have seen it—a puppet well-painted with new wooden spindles
Cunningly fastened with strings and with pins.."

— Subha in Psalms of the Sisters.

(*b*) "... ... this body foul, unclean,
Emitting odours, source of fears, oozing impure
The while ... ...
Repulsive carcass, plastered o'er with flesh
And blood, the haunt of worms, dinner of birds,
... ..."

— Sumedha in Psalms of the Sisters.

L. 86. "In the pure Splendour of Substantial Light" — Nugent.

L. 96. (*a*) "A ray of divine darkness" — Pseudo Dionysius.

(*b*) "Light-from whose Ray all beauty springs,
Darkness-whose wide expanded wings
Involve the dusky globe"

— Christopher Smart.

(*c*) "Hooded and helmed with mystery, girt and shod
With light and darkness, unapparent God."

— Swinburne.

Ll. 99 & 100. "Thou Sight too rare for rare insight" — J. Thomson.

Ll. 99 to 101. This is one of the most difficult passages to translate. The present Translator's version of it may be compared with two other versions cited below :

(*a*) " Eye of the minds that see by keenest glance of wisdom true,
Hard to be eyed ! Subtle understanding, none can scrutinise "

— Dr. G. U. Pope.

(*b*) " O Vision, rare to be viewed. O Vision of the inner vision of those who intuit (Thee) with pointed wisdom true. O Subtle Intuition, unsurpassedly subtile "

— Mr. G. Vanmikinathan, in the " *Tamil Culture.*"
(October 1954. Page 245)

The following are the parallel passages from the Katha Upanishad (III. 11.)

(*c*) " This Atman hidden in all beings, reveals (Itself) not (to all), but is seen (only) by the subtle seers through their pointed and subtle intellect ".

(*d*) " The invisible conspicuous to our mind
And Deity in every atom shrined "

— James Thomson.

L. 104. (*a*) " Down from His Throne, as light does from the sun,
Rivers of fresh delight for ever run. "

— Blackmore.

(*b*) " Hail, Universal Goodness ! With full stream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne "

— Mallet.

Ll. 106 & 107. " The Immense appears in every point of space ;
The unchangeable in Nature's varying face. "

— I. H. Browne.

L. 110. " How long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lye ? "

— Norris.

L 117. Please read the translation of this line by two other scholars and compare it with the translation herein.

(*a*) " Lord Who dost dance, trampling dense darkness down ! "

— Dr. Pope.

(*b*) " O Vibration (Omkara) stepping to dance in the Dark Night of my soul

O Dancer in Tillai "

—Mr. G. Vanmikinathan in the "*Tamil Culture*".

His explanation for this mystic interpretation may also be noted. He says :

" Tillai here is not a town in the South Arcot District. It is the place in the heart where 'dhi' — the intellect 'lie' (fusion, extention, a place of rest, the supreme being) — merges *i.e.* where the intellect merges." This sounds ingenious but far-fetched.

L. 121. The Saint himself gives us an assurance that an emotional as opposed to an intellectual atonement with these lines shall take us to the Lord's sacred Feet.

II. KEERTHI TIRU AHAVAL

The sub-heading of this chapter is explanatory of its title, as is the case in the first chapter also. Keerthi Tiru Ahaval means " SACRED SONG OF SIVAN'S RENOWNED ACTS ". It is an enumeration or listing of all the innumerable acts of grace performed by Lord Siva from time immemorial for the sake of His diverse devotees. In contrast with the age-less and pre-historic oldness of Sivam and His natural epithets and nomenclatures which characterise the first chapter, this chapter deals with the historic and time-bound acts of Sivan Who appears on earth in varied forms to succour and celebrate His sincere devotees in the towns and cities of Tamilnad.

" The objective, historical character of Prophetic as distinguished from mystical devotion appears in this citing of the former deeds, commands and promises of God. This historical feature of this type of prayer becomes clearer when God is reminded of divine occurrences connected with sacred places. Old Testament petitioners rested upon the covenent of Sinai, through which Jahve and His people were indissolubly united. Jeremiah prays: ' Break not Thy covenent with us '. Christian suppliants make mention of the sacrificial atonement of God's Son on Golgotha."

— Heiler.

Ll. 1 to 5. The Lord's Mystic Dance at Chidhambaram which is considered to be the heart-centre of the world may be said to be symbolical of His dance within the hearts of His creatures.

" .. .. And God renews
His ancient rapture. Thus He dwells in all
From life's minute beginnings, up at last
To man — the consummation of this scheme
Of being, the completion of this sphere
Of life "

— Robert Browning.

L. 5. See the Sanskrit expression " anantagunaganah ".

L. 9. " Scattered all the gloom of ignorance "

— Psalms of the Sisters.

L. 13. The work called Sivadarmōttaram mentions that the Mahendra Mountain had existed to the south of the Pothigai Hills, in the neighbourhood of Cape Comerin (Kanyakumari). Now there seems to survive only a remnant of it with the same nomenclature.

There is also another view that the Mahendra Mount is or was situate to the south-west of Berhampore in the Telugu-speaking State.

Ll. 14 to 16. This refers to the second revelation of the same Agamas which had been once taught to Uma Devi. See Notes under lines 27 to 33.

Ll. 17 to 19. Kallādam is a place name, as it is also the title of a Tamil work. But its identity is not definitely established so far. Possibly the wedding of Sivan (as Fisherman) with Uma Devi, (the Fisherwoman) had taken place at Kallādam (?).

Ll. 20 to 23. Panchapalli is the name of a place in Tamilnadu. Nor is the identity of this place still known.

But Dr. Pope translates it as " five-fold couch." !

Ll. 24 to 26. Reference here is to the episode of Arjuna's Penance in the Maha Bharata. When Arjuna, one of the Pancha Pándavas was doing austere penance in the forest on the Himalayas in order to get the Pāsupata Astram from Siva, an asura in the guise of a wild boar attempted to kill him. To save His sincere devotee Arjuna, Lord Siva appeared on the scene in the guise of a hunter accompanied by Uma Devi as a huntress. The divine hunter shot an arrow at the dangerous boar what time Arjuna too who had awakened to his danger aimed and shot an arrow at the self-same boar. A dispute arose between the Hunter and the Archer as to who had really killed the boar. Arjuna, in anger hit on the Hunter's crown with his bow and after the fight was over to the discomfiture of Arjuna, he realised his rival had been none but the Lord. The pranks of love between the hunter and huntress are referred to here.

Ll. 27 to 30. These lines refer to Sport No. 57 of Tiruvilayadal Puranam.

Lord Siva was once reciting and explaining the Sivagamas to His Spouse Umadevi whose inattention to the instruction landed her in a curse that she must be born as the daughter of a fisherman-king. But their indignant son Muruga tore the Agama leaves and threw them into the sea. He too was cursed by the Lord to be born on earth as a dumb child. Nandi, the Chamberlain, as a punishment for his negligence, was ordered to be born as a shark in the sea and carry and preserve those Agama leaves till the proper time came.

Sometime after, the Lord appeared on the scene as a Royal Fisherman, and rescued the shark of a Nandi from his plight and released the Agamas from his custody. As a prize for this gallantry, the fisherman's daughter Umai was given in marriage to the youthful hero, Lord Siva.

L. 30. The sweetness of the Agamas is referred to herein.

Ll. 31 to 33. These lines refer to the teaching of the 'Agamas on the Mount Mahendra for the second time. This is the story of the initiation into the Agamantic mysteries by Lord Siva (after the Agamas had been recovered from the shark — lines 27 to 30) with His five faces of the five different founders of the Adi-Saiva families namely Agasṭhyar, Kásiappar, Gautamar, Bharatwajar and Kausikar. Each of them received instruction through each of the respective face of Siva worshipped and contemplated on by that Rishi.

Ll. 34 to 37. Nandambādi is obviously a place name, though again we cannot locate it anywhere for certain.

It may possibly refer to Tiruperunthurai in the light of the reference to the appearance of the Lord as a Vedic Brahmin sage. But one is not sure.

Dr. Pope translates it as " In our abode ".

Ll. 43 to 45. These lines refer to Lord Siva's appearance in Madurai as the Arabic Horse-dealer at the head of an imposing fleet of well-trained horses. This is an internal evidence of biographical importance.

Ll. 46 to 48. I have followed Marai Malai Adigal in translating these lines.

There is another possible reference to Sport No. 12 according to which Lord Siva as Sundara Pandya gave a javelin, a disc and a whip to his son Ugra Kumara Pandya who was no other than an incarnation of Lord Muruga.

Ll. 49 to 51. Sāntamputtur is a place name. The reference is to the grace shown by Lord Siva to a bowman who had undergone intense penance. In response to his prayer, the Lord showed him His Form as reflected in a mirror and presented him with a sword.

Ll. 52 to 54. The obvious reference is to the Lord's appearance at Madurai as an equestrian trader and feeding his horse with horse-gram from out of a bag. This is an incident in the life of our Saint.

But the Dharmapuram edition tries to interpret it as a reference to yet another edifying story, of course not found in the Sacred Sports of Siva. Verse 24 of a Tamil Poetical work called the Kongu Mandala Satakam has the following version :

A certain merchant was so sincere a devotee of Lord Siva that he would not even touch his food without performing his daily Siva Puja.

One day, his brother-in-law, just for the sake of jesting, adorned with flower and sandal paste a horse-gram bag filled with sand and got the merchant devotee to offer his worship to this 'Siva-linga'. After the God-mad devotee had offered his soul-ful worship to this camouflaged 'linga', the jesting brother-in-law with a view to disillusion the merchant shook the gram-bag from out of its position. But, lo and behold! the erewhile gram-bag had turned into an immobile and true Siva-linga! He who wanted to laugh remained there to pray! Since then the Lord of that place has come to be called Mokkaṇeeshwarar — the Lord of the Horse-grambag!

Ll. 55 to 57. These lines refer to the story of the Linga Purana which speaks of the avowed inability of Vishnu and Brahmman to reach the foot and head respectively of Lord Siva's imponderable Flame-Form. This is one of the most favourite and off-cited episodes of our Saint.

Ll. 57 & 58. This is also an obvious reference to the episode in our Saint's life namely the metamorphosis of the wild jackals into cavalry horses by Lord Siva and the Lord's appearance at Madurai before the Pandyan King.

Ll. 59 to 64. These lines also refer to the episode of Lord Siva appearing as an equestrian Dealer and concluding the bargain with the Pandyan King over the sale of his invaluable fleet of war-horses and His characteristic and non-chalant declining to accept the presents of gold offered to Him by the much-gratified king. This again is a reference of biographical importance.

Ll. 68 to 70. The reference here is to the Lord's enthralling our Saint, appearing as a Brahmin Guru and then His dis-appearance from the scene, as if by magic. Yet another piece of internal evidence for our Saint's biography.

Ll. 71 to 72. The reference here is to Sport No. 30 of Tiruvilayadal Puranam.

A Pandya king by name Kulabhūshaṇa. apprehending an impending invasion of his kingdom by a hunter-chief, ordered his Commander of the forces called Sundara Sāmandan to reinforce and strengthen the city's defences by enlisting a large army of both men and horses. But the Commander more devout than daring, spent away all the funds entrusted by the King for this specific purpose, on the temple and devotees of Lord Siva (An anticipation of our Saint!). Suddenly when the threatening invasion did materialise, the pious commander could do nothing but pray

to God, Who appeared as the Commander of a huge Cavalry force and saved his devotee Sundara Samandan from the enemy's attack as well as the Pandyan's wrath. The moment He appeared on the scene, news came that the hunter-chief had died. When the exultant king was about to award presents to the army, the Commander and the army all vanished.

Ll. 73 to 75. This is a reference to Sport No. 61.

When our Saint was severely punished and tortured by the disappointed Pandyan who saw that all the horses purchased by him had turned into jackals and fled the city overnight, the Lord inundated the local river Vaigai which began to overflow its banks and threaten the safety of the city. The king ordered at once the whole population of the city to strengthen the river bank, each family being allotted a particular share of work. There was an old woman, a devotee of Siva who maintained herself by selling sweet-puddings. Physically unable to do the manual labour allotted to her, she prayed to Lord Somasundara to save her from that predicament. Soon appeared before her a buxom country youth, a professional day-labourer and he offered his services to that crone who gladly engaged him to do her share of work in reinforcing the river bank for no better recompense than the sweet-puddings she had. The labourer plunged into the work of carrying earth in the basket on his head and throwing it on the breach in the bank. But he was not very earnest or conscientious in his work. He used to throw earth, then whistle and sport and then sleep and thus he was wasting the time. Then he went to sleep, as if he had overworked himself. The king, finding that the only portion of work left undone was that of the old woman and that the labourer who did her job was a trickster and a truant, summoned that youth to his presence and got him caned by his officer. Lo and behold! The youth thus beaten who was Siva in disguise was not there; instead, every creation in the world received and felt the impact of that blow. The king then realised his folly and ordered the release of Saint Manickavachakar and begged his pardon.

Ll. 76 & 77. Uttarakosamangai is one of the most celebrated Saiva shrines which is intimately connected with the life of Saint Manickavachakar. It is called by our Saint himself as the capital city of the Royal Sivan's Pandi-kingdom. He also mentions that this place is celebrated by the saints all over the land as Sivapuram itself.

It is situate about seven miles to the south-west of Ramanathapuram. The name is derived from the words 'Uttara - Agama - Kosas' *i.e.* the books of Agamas given in answer to Uma's request. After the incidents of Sport No. 57, the Lord repaired with Uma to Uttarakosamangai and there

He taught her the Agamas once again as requested by her. Thus the Uttara - Agama- Kosas expounded there at the request of the mangai (lady *i. e.* Uma) gave to the place the name of Uttara-Agama-Kosa-Mangai, which, with the dropping of 'Agama' has come to be called Uttara Kosamangai.

The Lord's Wisdom-Form was shown to the sixty-four ascetics (இயக்கிமார்) who were taught the mystic truths directly by Him at their special request. (See. Stanza 470.)

Ll. 78 to 81. These lines refer to Sport No. 36 of Tiruvilayadal Puranam.

Poovaṇam is situate 12 miles to the south-east of Madurai. In this place lived an expert danseuse who was an efficient exponent of Bharata - Natya. Her devotion to Lord Siva was as deep and intense as her poverty was chronic and painful. Her one great ambition in life, her all-consuming passion was to have for her daily worship a golden image of Lord Somasundara. One day, the Lord appeared in her house as a Siddha — an alchemist and asking all her household iron articles to be placed before him, he converted them into solid and pure gold and then he disappeared. Ponnanaiyāl, that was her name, was now able to have a gold image of the Lord for her worship and thus achieve her life-long objective !

Ll. 82 to 85. This might have been meant by the Saint to refer to his having listened to the anklet-sound of the Lord which He might have been pleased to disclose to him at Tiruvādavur.

Ll. 86 to 89. This passage refers to the disappearance of Lord Siva into the sacred flame, after having enthralled and initiated our Saint at Tirupperunthurai.

Ll. 90 to 92. Poovalam is a town. But the reference in these lines is not clear.

Ll. 93 to 95. The story referred to herein is contained in Sport No. 35.

A Chozha king by name Kāduvetti invaded the Pandya kingdom to defeat and dethrone the reigning Pandyan, on behalf of his brother who had also become the Chozha king's son in law. The Pandyan king whose name was Rajēndra prayed to Lord Somasundara for succour. When the contending forces were arrayed against each other, an unbearable wave of thirst swept over all of them. But the Lord caused a water-booth of

cool water to spring up near the Pandyan army and Himself acting as an Attendant, He served water and quenched the thirst of the Pandyan forces which gave them an easy victory over the thirsty and wearied hordes of the Chozha king.

Ll. 96 to 99. Veṇkādu refers to the Saiva shrine of Tiruveṇkādu in Tanjore district. This is the famous birth-place of Meikanda Devar the great Saiva Theologian and the author of Sivagnana Bodham.

The reference in these lines may possibly be to the story of St. Siruthoṇdar, the peerless contemporary of Saints Gnanasambandar and Appar.

Except for slight differences regarding place and the tree, the description on the whole reminds us of the Bhairāgi Saint who visited Siruthoṇdar as a rare guest and awaited his arrival under the Aathi tree.

Since Saint Manickavachakar belonged to the ninth century, as has now been conclusively proved, it is quite reasonable to suppose that the reference is to Siruthoṇdar of the seventh century.

Ll. 100 to 103. This is a reference to Sport No. 33.

When the Lord was instructing the six yakkhinis on Mount Kailās about the Eight - fold Potency or Ashtamā Siddhi, their inattentive behaviour earned a curse from the former that those six should become stones. After a thousand years, the Lord appeared at the shrine of Pattamangai and revived the souls of the petrified yakkinis and then He taught them the eight mystic powers. These yakkhinis were no other than those maids who had suckled the babe of Muruga in his six-faced form.

Pattamangai is a place situate in the neighbourhood of Sivaganga in Ramanathapuram district.

The following are the Eight miraculous Powers :

(1) Aṇima — minuteness (2) Mahima — greatness (3) Laghima — lightness (4) Garima — gravity (5) Isitvam — suzerainty (6) Vasitwam — universal control (7) Prapti — Pervasiveness and (8) Prakamyan — irresistible will.

Ll. 104 to 107. This is a reference to Sport No. 37 of Tiruviḷayadal Puranam.

A Pandyan king by name Sundarasēkhara was a great devotee of Lord Siva and his revenues were more ardently pressed into the service of

Siva than into the strengthening of the defences of his kingdom. A Chozha king having a scent of this military weakness of this Pandyan invaded the latter's kingdom. What else could the devout Pandyan do except to appeal to the Lord for succour ? Immediately Lord Somasundara appeared on the battle-field in the guise of a Spearman on horse-back and put the Chozha hordes to flight. Then he darted a javelin at the Chozha, enraged by which the latter hotly pursued this equestrian warrior who, pretending to be really in flight rushed into the dark woods and suddenly jumped into a deep pond and disappeared. The hotly-pursuing Chozha king also fell into that pond and died.

Even to-day there is a pool of water called *கொண்டாழி* (The consuming depth) to the west of Madurai.

Ll. 108 & 109. The word '*மெய்க்காட்டிட்டு*' is interpreted by a critic as meaning 'To establish the truth'. Unfortunately the translation of this word has been omitted by us in these lines. The word *தக்கான்* means the Proper One or the Dispenser of Justice.

These lines refer to Sport No. 27 of Tiruvilayadal Puranam.

An old Teacher of swordsmanship with a beautiful wife had settled down at Madurai. Among his numerous pupils one Siddha alone proved jealous and disloyal to this Guru and he set up a rival school of wrestling. Nay, he was even bent upon disgracing him and driving him out of the city. After many an unsuccessful attempt, he one day tried to violate the chastity of the Guru's wife when her husband was absent in the temple. She however, resisted his dastardly attempt and prayed to the Lord Somasundara who at once appeared on the spot in the disguise of the old teacher, her husband and chopped off all the limbs like hands and tongue of the cowardly assailant, and finally chopping off his head, killed him and vanished into thin air.

Ll. 110 to 113. Ōriyur is a place name. It is translated by Dr. Pope as "Jackal-town." But it is difficult now to identify this place.

The reference here is to Sport No. 23.

A Siva-Brahmin by name Virupāksha living in Madurai had an only daughter whom he, thoughtlessly and in a moment of weakness gave away in marriage to a Vaishnava youth who had by chance come abegging to his door. But the fanatical parents of the groom ill-treated her and tyrannised over her because of her Saivite parentage and inclinations. One day, the inmates of the house had locked the doors and left for a marriage, leaving this daughter-in-law to guard it from without. Now appeared an old man

at her house begging for alms. Gowri, that was her name, paid her respects to him but could not do anything for him. But at the old man's bidding she touched the lock which opened and then he heartily ate the food prepared by Gowri and stayed there for some time. Then suddenly he got himself transformed into a bewitching youth which terrified the innocent, young Gowri and before she could recover from this bewilderment the door was knocked by the parents-in-law of the girl. By the time they entered the house the youth was found lying like a baby and crying and kicking his legs. They were enraged at this and turned her out of the house along with the crying babe. When the poor and persecuted Gowri sent up her prayer to Lord Somasundara the babe disappeared and the Lord appeared in His real form and took His Gowri to His Sivalok.

The Purana does not give out the name of the place of this episode. Since these lines mention Ōriyur, we may safely premise that it might have taken place here.

There is also another reference to this incident in Tiruvachakam in Stanza 289. (p. 170).

L. 114. Pāṇdur is situate in the Pandi Nadu.

Ll. 115 & 116. Tēvūr also is a place in Pandi Nadu.

There is sea beyond Tevur and there might have been the isle referred to in these lines.

The reference is not known.

L. 121. Idaimarudu refers to Tiruvidaimarudur near Kumbakonam in Tanjore district.

L. 123. Ēkambam means the modern Kānchipuram in Chingleput district.

Ll. 123 to 126. In Kānchipuram once upon a time Uma Devi was performing Agamic puja to a Siva Linga under a mango tree when suddenly the river began to inundate and wash away her idol. To prevent the Linga being washed away, Uma Devi crouched and pressed it to her breast in anxious embrace and Lord Siva in the Linga, touched by the warmth of her love and breast, softened and melted and took her to His side to abide there for ever.

Ll. 127 to 130. Tiruvānjiam is a place in Tanjore district wherein once upon a time a Nāga maid - devotee of Lord Siva was living steeped in deep devotion to Him. One day when she was performing her puja to the

Lord she became so much seized with an irrepressible emotion of intensive infatuation that she embraced the Lord ; and the Lord also reciprocated her loving embrace and made her His own.

This account is found in a Sanskrit Sthala Puranam of Tiruvānjiam. (Navaneethakrishna Bharati's Annotation of Tiruvachakam)

Ll. 131 to 133. Nambi's Tiruvilayadal Puranam speaks of the sport referred to herein. To destroy the Pandyan king and his capital city of Madurai a Chozha king, the former's sworn enemy, sent forth into the city a mount-like, mighty tusker with the help of a Jain magician. The helpless Pandyan appealed to his Guardian - God Siva who, assuming the form of a warrior-bowman aimed an arrow and shot at the wild tusker, which instantly fell dead in the neighbourhood of Madurai, and became changed into a hill. It is to be seen even to-day as an elephant-shaped hill and it goes by the name of ' Elephant-Hill '.

L. 134. Kadambur is a place in Chozha Nadu.

Ll. 136 & 137. The Siva-linga idol on the Ingōi-hills (situate near Musiri a town in Tiruchirapalli district) is one of the most beautiful idols ever seen in this country. The Lord is called Maragathāchalar (the Lord of the Emerald hills). Both the Siva Linga and Parvathi glitter with the dazzling green colour of the heap of emeralds and they constitute a marvellous and enchanting picture of beauty even to-day. But the temple on the Īngōi hills is in a miserable state of ruin.

The present translator has, after worshipping that Lord written and published a hundred Veṇbās called ' Ingōi Malai Antādi '.

Ll. 138 to 140. Reference here is to the Sanskrit Purana about Tiru Ayyāru, a celebrated shrine in Tanjore district. The story goes that Sivan assumed the form of an Ādi-Saiva priest who had gone on a pilgrimage to Kasi (Banares) and who had been given up for dead by his fellow priests at Tiru Ayyāru. Siva appeared in the guise of the absentee and was officiating as the absentēe-priest till the real incombent returned home.

Ll. 140 to 142. Turuththi refers to the place commonly called Kuttālam (Kutrālam) situate near Kumbakonam in Tanjore district.

Lord Siva is supposed to be imparting lessons on the Saivagamas to the saints all day long, with His Spouse by His side.

Ll. 142 & 143. Tirupanayūr is in Chozha Nadu. Dr. Pope translates it as the ' Town of the sacred Palm. '

Ll. 144 & 145. There is reason to presume that the Saint makes a reference herein to the vision of Sivan shown at Seekāzhi to St. Gnanasambandar in his third year or to the vision shown to St. Sundaramurthi at the outskirts of Seekāzhi town wherein he had stayed for the night, fearing to tread the sacred soil sanctified by Saint Gnanasambandar's birth.

St. Sēkkizhār's description of this incident is quite reminiscent of this Tiruvachakam expression :

" .. ..
.. ..
வள்ளலார் வலமாக வரும்பொழுது, மங்கை இடம்
கொள்ளுமால் விடையானும் எதிர்காட்சி கொடுத்தருள. "

— Periapuranam (Stanza 258).

Ll. 146 & 147. Tirukazhukunram is a hill-shrine in Chingleput district, in between Chingleput town and Mahābalipuram.

Sivan had granted here His vision to Saint Manickavachakar who devotes a whole chapter of 7 stanzas to this incident in his life. (Chap. XXX of Tiruvachakam)

Ll. 148 to 149. Purambayam is in Tanjore district.

Possibly the reference herein may be to the last Sport (No. 64) of Tiruvilayadal Puranam. A lover and his fiancee on their way to Madurai before getting married halted for the might at Tiru Purambayam and while they were asleep, the lover was bitten by a snake which made the maid cry aloud and weep. St. Gnanasambandar who was in the temple of that place for worship took pity on her, sang the dead man back into life and got them married then and there and sent them home. For the rest of the story, see the Sport in Tiruvilayadal.

L. 150. Kuttrālam is the famous Summer resort and Hill station 36 miles to the north-west of Tirunelveli.

Reference to the Dancing Lord of Kuttrālam is made by our Saint elsewhere in this Work.

The Stalapuranam speaks of Vishnu the original Deity of this shrine having got himself changed into Siva-linga at the instance of Agasthya. 'A Sign He was'—is of significance in the light of this legend.

Ll. 161 to 166. Chandradeepam is undoubtedly the name of a place but no commentator has so far succeeded in fixing its location and identity.

Dr. G. U. Pope translates it as 'moonlight bright'! and the word 'Pālai' into "the beauteous Land"!

The late Navaneethakrishna Bharati in his learned annotation has interpreted the lines as follows :

"Chandradeepam is supposed to refer to one of the nine orbs high above the earth. It is very near the Orb of Guru. The Lord assumed the form of a Spiritual Teacher belonging to Chandradeepam and sliding down on earth, settled down in the beautiful Pālai which again means Tirupperunthurai."

The Madras University Tamil Lexicon refers to சந்திரத் தீவு supposed to be "an island to the north of Kuruvarutam" somewhere in the Arctic regions.

The Pālai cannot refer to a desert, nor even to Tirupperunthurai, we think.

As the Dharmapuram edition interprets, it may mean திருக்கழிப்பாலை, a shrine in Tanjore district.

Line 235 of Chapter IV speaks of the Beautiful Lord of the Sandal paste which is taken to be a reference to the Dancing Lord at Uttarakōsamangai. Hence the identity between சுந்தர there and சுந்தரத் தன்மை here in these lines lends some support to the interpretation of these lines as referring to Uttarakosamangai. But this is only a surmise.

Ll. 172 to 174. The three stripes of white ashes worn by the Lord all over his body are compared to the white banner of white bull.

Ll. 175 to 177. One of the tenfold Royal Insignia is the River. Here the River of the Imperial Sivan is said to be the Rapture-bliss. It is significant that the Jivan-Muktas are transported with supreme joy and are, even while embodied, enabled to have visions of God through their intensely enraptured state of mind. Hence the Rapture is compared to a flood on the crest of whose waves the souls float to eternal bliss of Sivan.

Ll. 180 & 181. Sivan's Nāda-tatwa, which in its sūkshma aspect is eternally vibrant and enlivening the univese, is here compared to the Drum and its noise, the drum being yet another Royal Insignia.

Ll. 182 to 184. The Royal Insignia of Weapon belonging to Lord Siva is the Trident which is three-pronged. The three spears in it purify and prevent the three-fold 'dirt' or Mala called Aṉava, Karma and Maya.

Lt. 189 to 191. Two of Sivan's favourite garlands are those of Kazhuneer flowers and those of Tāḷi Aruhu. This Royal Insignia is therefore two-fold in the case of Sivan.

Here the Garland of Kazhuneer flowers is mentioned and in the later Chapter XIX called 'Tiru Tasāngam' His Tāḷi Aruhu garland is referred to.

Ll. 194 & 195. These lines refer to the skill in horsemanship demonstrated by Sivan in his disguised form of the horse-dealer at Madurai in the presence of the Pandyan King.

L. 198. The domain or the State of this Lord is the whole of Pandi Nadu. Since Lord Siva had made thralls of devotees from Pandinadu and dispensed enviable grace to all of them earlier than to the devotees of all other regions, to the best of our knowledge of our religious history, the Saint gives that privilege of being His ancient Kingdom unto Pandiland.

Ll. 202 & 203. Uttarakosamangai, a celebrated place near Ramanathapuram is said by our Saint to be the capital city of Siva's Kingdom of Pandiland.

L. 207. The Royal Conveyance or Carrier for Sivan is the horse of delight. He rides on delight and bliss before which all the darkness of our souls flees away.

Ll. 210 & 211. Another Royal Insignia is the Mountain. In the case of Lord Siva the very greatness of His in granting us all His supreme grace is that Mountain.

Ll. 172 to 211. These lines contain references to the ten insignia of Siva's royalty :

(1) கொடி — Banner (*L.* 173) ; (2) ஆறு — River (*L.* 177) ; (3) பறை — Drum (*L.* 181) ; (4) படை — Weapon (*L.* 184) ; (5) மாலை — Garland (*L.* 190) ; (6) ஊர்தி — Conveyance (*L.* 207) ; (7) நாடு — Domain (*L.* 198) ; (8) ஊர் — Capital City (*L.* 202) ; (9) பெயர் — Name (*L.* 206) ; (10) மலை — Mountain (*L.* 211).

These ten forms of insignia are given variously in different works. See also Chapter XIX Tiru Tasāngam of Tiruvachakam.

Ll. 217 to 221. Reference here is to the command of the Lord that our Saint should reach Tillai and abide there for sometime more till the proper time arrived for his exit.

Ll. 219 to 224. " They are all gone into the world of Light !
And I alone sit, lingering here. "

— Henry Vaughan.

Ll. 222 to 238. A description of the various ways in which the host of saints left behind by Siva at Tirupperunthurai tried to contrive an exit from this life and reach their Lord's Feet.

Ll. 235 to 236. Patanjali refers to the Saint who had the form of half-man and half-serpent. He was the incarnation of Aadi Sēsha who took this form in order to see and enjoy the mystic dance of Sri Nataraja at Tillai. It was for the pleasure and perpetual adoration of this saint and his companion Vyāghrapāda that Lord Nataraja is performing His Ānanda Tāndava at the Golden Hall or Ponnambalam at Chidambaram.

But some commentators opine that the lines may have reference also to the Velliambalam or Silver Hall Dance of the Lord mentioned in Sport No. 6. Saints Patanjali and Vyaghrapāda who attended the Mīnākshi-Sundarēshwara wedding at Madurai wanted to return at once to Chidambaram so as to have darshan of the Lord's dance and then their food. But the Lord, lest He should be denied the pleasure of having these saints as the guests in His wedding feast, performed His dance specially at Madurai in the Velliambalam and feasted the pair with His dance-darshan and delightful dishes.

Ll. 241. The name of Tiger-Town was given to Chidambaram because Saint Vyaghrapāda worshipped at that shrine.

Ll. 244 & 245. " A smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red. "

— Milton.

III. TIRU ANDAP PAHUTI

The very first phrase in the first line of this hymn has given it its heading or nomenclature.

" This poem has an introduction of twenty-eight lines, after which the praises of Sivan are intermingled with somewhat intricate but ingenious allegories. The whole partakes of the nature of a rhapsody,—not without some sublimity,—and can be fully appreciated by those only who have studied the whole Saiva system. It is an imitation, it would seem, of the Sanskrit Satarudriya, or Hymn to Rudra. Yet Sivan the Auspicious is imagined by the Tamil Saivites quite otherwise than by the northern and more ancient authorities. Sivan in the south is the Guru, the friend, almost the familiar companion of His votaries, and is addressed with a mixture of awe and of simple affection that has a peculiar effect. Through all Manikka-vachagar's poems this personal relation of the God as manifested Guru to His devotees or disciples is, of course, most prominent. I am not aware of anything quite like this in the mythology of the North, though among the worshippers of Vishnu in his various incarnations something analogous may exist. "

— Dr. G. U. Pope.

" The divine creation, its profound wisdom in the smallest things, and its majesty in great things, has been contemplated by man from the remotest ages, but in modern times its wonder has been greatly enlarged. It has power to transport the mind not only into the mood which annihilates man in his own eyes but exalts his soul with a sense of his own destiny ... "

— Kant.

Ll. 1 to 7. They show the accurate and scientific idea of the myriads of sidereal systems constituting the universe, which our Saint had.

Ll. 4. " The vivid beauties of the Globe " — Lemuel Abbot.

Ll. 6 & 7.

(*a*) " Ten thousand suns blaze forth with each its train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye,
And equal rule of one eternal Lord. "

— Mallet.

(*b*) " Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer,
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense
While I survey the works of Providence . "

— Gay.

Ll. 8 to 12. The incalculable and imponderable magnitute of God is in a way indicated. All these millions of worlds are but the tiniest speck of an atom in comparison with the infinite personality of God.

Ll. 8 to 12. " Even the minutest molecule of light,
That in an April sunbeam's fleeting glow. "

— Shelley

Ll. 14 to 25. All those things mentioned here are compared to the gentle breeze which is contained in and blows along with the mighty whirlwind which is God Almighty.

(*a*) " O, could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the Universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds."

— Gay.

(*b*) " Newton ! Vast Mind ! Whose piercing pow'rs apply'd
The secret cause of motion first descried ;
Found gravitation was the primal spring
That wheeled the planets round their eternal King ".

— Browne.

Ll. 20 & 21.

(*a*) " Simplicity divine ! By this sole rule,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love ".

— Mallet.

(*b*) " Since you the spring of motion cannot show,
Be just and faultless ignorance allow.
Say 'tis obedience to th' Almighty Nod
That 'tis the will, the pow'r, the hand of God. "

— Blackmore.

Ll. 26.

(*a*) " Hail Infinite Creator ! With Thy praise
The Muse began, with Thee shall end my lays.
These are Thy works, blest Architect divine !
This earth and all this beauteous offspring Thine. "

— Browne.

(*b*) " God by whom each atom stirs, the planets roll,
Who fills, surrounds, informs and agitates the whole. "

— James Thomson.

(*c*) " Architect of countless worlds " — Christopher Smart.

L. 27. " The Lord of all, Himself, through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives. "

— William Cowper.

Ll. 25 to 30. Lord Siva's unrivalled supremacy and control over the subordinate agencies engaged in creation, sustentation and dissolution are referred to herein. He is the " Creator uncreate " in the words of Christopher Pitt.

Ll. 31 to 33. Lord Siva is not one of the Triod or Tirumurthis. He is the Only God and is called the God of gods or Deva Devan. In metaphysical parlance He is called Turiyam or Chaturtam. " Sāntam, Sivam, Advaitam, Chaturtam ". All the gods of the six-fold creed are no better than worms and insects in comparison with Him. He is so supreme and strong ! As Lord Tennyson says :

" What is it all but the trouble of ants in the gleam
Of a million million suns ? "

But Dr. Pope translates these lines thus " He is the Possessor of all, Who resembles an insect. " He adds in his F.N. " Hiding Himself, as a worm lies concealed in the core ".

L. 34.

(*a*) " If thou (God) wert absent, the Material Mass
Would without motion lie in boundless space,
The sun, arrested in his Spiral way
No longer would dispense alternate day. "

— Needler.

Ll. 34 & 35.

(*a*) " How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,
Who Light himself ! .. ..
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Filled, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven ?
But, should He hide His face, the astonished sun
And all the extinguished stars would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres and chaos come again. "

— James Thomson.

(*b*) Dante speaks of " love that moves the sun and the stars. "

Ll. 34 to 40.

(*a*) " Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God. "

— William Cowper.

(*b*) " All matter lives and shows its Maker's Power. "

— Mary Leaper.

(*c*) " Nature compelled by a superior cause,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now seems to break them and obeys
Her sovereign King in different ways.
Father, how bright Thy glories shine !
How broad Thy Kingdom, how divine !
Nature and Miracle and Fate and Chance are Thine. "

— Watts.

(*d*) " Whether amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence. "

— Gay.

(*e*) " How can I gaze upon the yon sparkling vault,
And view the planets rolling in their spheres,
Yet be an atheist ? Can I see those stars,
And think of others far beyond my ken,
Yet want conviction of creating power ? "

— James Thomson.

Ll. 41 to 43. " Our life is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power ".

— Wordsworth.

L. 45. " O First and Best " — Mallet.

47. Once upon a time one Hiraṇyāksha had folded this earth in his hands and gone into the deep and dark regions. Sri Mahā Vishṇu assumed the form of a mighty boar and pursuing that Hiraṇyan, tore him to pieces and drank his blood so much that he became frenzied and mad. Seeing that the mad boar was running amuck and working ruin everywhere, Siva destroyed it and wore its tusk on his chest as an ornament. This myth is spoken of in a work called ' Sivarahasyam '.

48. Siva flayed the skin of a ferocious tiger sent against Him by the enraged and indignant rishis of Tārukāvanam and wore it around His loin.

L. 51. It may also perhaps have a reference to the episode of Rāvaṇa placating Lord Siva on the Mount Kailas with his Sāma Veda ghāna sung on the Veeṇa, after he had been crushed down the Mount which Ravaṇa at the height of his arrogance had attempted to lift up. The music of the Veeṇa played on by a wiser and repentent Ravaṇa pleased the Lord Who gave him some precious boons also.

St. Sundarar describes Sivan as being the Seven Notes of the Sweet Music and their melodious effect too.

L. 52. Siva Himself is an expert player on the musical instrument of Veeṇa. He is said to be playing on it to relieve the loneliness and tedium during the inter regnum between the deluge and re-creation of the universe. St. Appar also speaks of it. In this aspect He is called Veeṇa-Dhakshiṇāmurthi.

L. 58. (*a*) "The Eternal Love ! who bounds in ev'ry breast"

— Isaac Hawkins Browne.

(*b*) "He's firmly mine by oath ; I his by love.

.. ..

I'm his by purchase ; he is mine by blood"

— Francis Quarles.

(*c*) "And yet, when I did call
Thou heardst my call, and more"

— George Herbert.

(*d*) "God is great and therefore He will be sought,
He is good and therefore He will be found."

— John Jay.

Ll. 77 & 78. Our Saint refers to his darshan of Siva-Guru in flesh and blood at Tirupperunthurai.

Ll. 82 to 120. "These lines are well-nigh untranslatable, for they contain a subtle and intricate allegory, by means of which the grace of the manifested Sivan, who is praised under the title of the 'Cloud', is set forth. The idea is that the Infinite sea of rapturous supreme felicity is Sivan, but, as the Cloud in the monsoon season sucks up water from the sea, and rises in black masses that cover the sky, while all the phenomena of the wonderful outburst of the beneficent, but also fearful, monsoon are exhibited, so

does the Supreme manifest Himself as the Guru, the object of love, and Giver of grace to worshippers. In the monsoon season, lightnings flash from one end of the sky to the other, crested torrents sweep down over the hills bearing with them uprooted plants and trees, and not unseldom huge snakes that have been disturbed from their rocky-mountain hiding-places. The various kinds of 'Gloriosa' spread forth their beautiful flowers like supplicating hands, while every valley and hollow is filled with water. Meanwhile, as the heat is most intense just before the burst of the monsoon, the poet pictures a troop of thirsty antelopes, deluded by the mirage which seems to offer them refreshing streams and shade; disappointed, they are left to die of thirst in the wilderness. Meanwhile the pain of the fierce heat has ceased. Down the gorges of the hills the torrent rushes, and is received into tanks prepared for it by the expectant husbandmen. These lakes are fragrant with beautiful flowers, and on their banks the maidens have kindled fires with aromatic woods at which they dry their hair and garments after the refreshing bath. The cultivators may now sow their seed and expect a rich harvest. All this is the work of the black clouds which draw water from the sea to fertilise the earth. In these lines, every particular of the description has its mystical meaning, which hardly needs illustration."

— Dr. G. U. Pope.

L. 86. The five senses are compared to the snakes in the hills which emerge from their caves and crevices and flee in fear of the lightning and thunder.

L. 87. The distress of the souls is compared to the draught which is now going to leave the place due to the impending showers of His grace.

L. 88. The flower called 'Thōnri' is called Hibiscus in English.

L. 89. The flies called கோபம் are Indragopam which abound during the rainy season are called "Scarlet flies" in English. They are also technically known as Cochineal or Coccus Coeti.

L. 90. The thundering in the sky is compared to God's mercy.

L. 91. The sight of Kānthal flowers resembles the sight of saints in prayer to God with up-raised palms. The Kanthal flower is called the Malabar glory lily or Gloriosa Superba.

Ll. 96 to 100. This is a comparison between the vain act of the votaries of the six-fold creed reaching their false doctrines only to be disappointed on the one hand and the miserable plight of the antelopes

eagerly reaching the empty ponds only to return disappointed with unquenched thirst on the other, since the water of the pond turns out to be but mirage-water.

L. 106. The mighty trees on the way of the flood are but the trees of our two-fold deed of virtues and vices. They are mercilessly uprooted and washed away.

To enable a clearer understanding and appreciation of this superb imagery of our Saint, the following explanation also is added.

God's devotees (தொண்டர்) are described as farmers. (உழவர்). They cultivate the field called worship (அர்ச்சனை), in which they sow the seeds of devotion (அன்பு). The water needed by them is furnished by the great, dark cloud (கருமாமுகில்) This cloud sucks up the water from the ancient ocean of supreme bliss (பரமானந்தப் பழம் கடல்). Then it scales the heights of the sacred mountain called Perunthurai—the place where our Saint had been indoctrinated and enthralled—and sends out the flashes of lightning called grace (திருத்தகுமின்னொளி) Then the thunder of God's mercy rolls and on hearing it the cruel serpent called the bondage of five senses (ஐம்புலப் பந்தனை வாளரவு) shrinks in fear and flees while the severe draught called distress suppresses itself (வெந்துயர்க் கோடைமாத்தலை கரப்ப). Then the beautiful thōnri flower of God's brightness appears (நீடெழில் தோன்றி வாளொளி மிளிர) and the millions of scarlet flies resembling numberless births swarm round the place (எந்தம் பிறவியிற் கோபம் மிகுத்து). Then the cloud yields the rain of sweet grace in small drops (எஞ்சா இன்னருள் நுண்துளி கொள்ள).These drops of rain develop and swell into the heavy shower of divine wisdom (செஞ்சுடர் வெள்ளம் திசை திசை தெவிட்ட). But, in the midst of this plenty the antelopes of a few erring and misled souls rush to the mirage-water of the false creeds and return disappointed with their thirst still unquenched.

In the meanwhile, the heavy shower of divine wisdom rushes down, tearing the skies and is gathered into a river in floods. As it flows it forms eddies and whirlpools of bliss, strikes against the bank of our bondage, uproots the mighty trees of our two-fold deed on its route and runs through the mountain-cleft, called tranquillity. Then a dam across it is built and the water is led into the tank called the mind whose banks are filled with the delightful smoke of incense. There the water swells and the delighted farmer-saints take that water and irrigate their fields called worship wherein they sow the seeds of love or devotion. Of course, the precious yield of this holy husbandry is Sivappēru or the Bliss of Sivan.

It will be seen that the lines mix up the mental and physical acts and the spiritual and material ingredients that together constitute divine worship.

L. 132. The reference here may be to the part of a snake-charmer played by Lord Śiva at Tiruppurambayam in Tanjore District.

L. 136. (*a*) He is "the First Unmoved Mover" of all things.
— Aristotle.

(*b*) "No Atom of this turbulence fulfils
A vague and unnecessitated task
Or acts but as it must and ought to act.
Even the minutest molecule of light
That in an April sunbeam's shooting glow
Fulfils its destined, though invisible work,
The Universal Spirit guides."
— Shelley.

Ll. 154 and 155.

"So quickly they feel the mighty influx come,
The most capacious, thirsty souls want room;
They widen and extend themselves to hold
Those floods of joy which to their breasts are rolled"
— Blackmore.

L. 158. "A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded line."
— Tennyson.

Emeralds green and Rubies red refer to the respective colour of Sakti and Sivan.

Ll. 161 & 162. That mere book-learning will never lead one to God is the universal truth accepted by all religious systems.

(*a*) The Brihadāranyaka Upanishad asks the learned pundit to unlearn his learning and assume the attitude of a child. "Tasmāt Brāhmaṇa Pāndityam Nirvidya Balyēna Tishtāsēt" says the Upanishad.

(*b*) Our own Saint declares elsewhere that "sacred lore His secrets cannot penetrate." (Stanza 244.)

(*c*) Says Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa: "What is there in mere scholarship? There is no need to know many things."

(*d*) "For what are all contrivings
And the wisdom of your books?"
— Longfellow.

Ll. 167 to 169. The Vedic lore, though it is of higher worth than the merely mundane learning, is by itself of no unfailing efficacy in taking one to Siva. A mere performance of the Vedic rituals and sacrifices as prescribed by the Karma-Kānda or a mere scholarship in the Aupanishadic truths of the Vēdānta will lead one nowhere. The Lord's grace is more indispensable without which He is unattainable.

Many are called but few only are chosen.

The Kathōpanishad was the first to adumbrate this theory of grace. It says: "This Self is unattainable by means of Vedic lore, talent or abundant learning. Him whom this self chooses, by him it is to be won. To him this Self unfolds its own person."

Ll. 170 to 172. This Tamil word 'Tantram' used in the text may mean a trick as well as the tantra or Āgamic lore. But it will not be proper to discredit the Agamas along with the ordinary tricks, in view of the acknowledged sanctity of the Agamas as preached by the Lord Himself.

Ll. 175 to 177. Though Siva is sex-less from one point of view, yet it is equally true that He is of all the three genders, from another point of view. He is male, female, and neuter.

The Bhagavat Gita speaks of His sex-less nature: "Na Stri, na shandho, na puman."

Ll. 178 to 181. This is mere ஐயுணர்வு - the control over senses which by itself without மெய்யுணர்வு is of no use. The same idea had been expressed by the couplet of Kural:

"ஐயுணர்வு எய்தியக் கண்ணும் பயமின்றே
மெய்யுணர்வு இல்லாதவர்க்கு." (354)

"But the released,
Who all their bonds have snapt in twain,
With thoughts elsewhere intent, forsake the world,
And all delight in sense put far away."

— Psalms of the Sisters.

Ll. 182 to 184. Mere philosophy without religion will land one in the region of doubts and ignorance.

"A learned ignorance is the end of philosophy and the beginning of religion"

— Hamilton.

Ll. 185 to 196. The saints or devotees can never by themselves alone bind down or hold in their grip the mighty Lord, unless He suffers Himself to be done so, out of His abundant grace and love for the former.

Our own Saint says in Stanza 7 of XXXI called Kaṇda Pathu as follows: "He had His Feet bound by my mental chord lest He should part."

The Bhāgavatha speaks of the sudden disappearance of Lord Krishna from amidst the Gopīs who were too arrogantly conscious of having enslaved Him. All their frantic attempts to get at Him having proved a failure, they had no other go except to break into tears which weapon at last conquered Him for them.

Ll. 199 & 200. This is of auto-biographical interest.

Ll. 202 to 211. These lines give us a vivid description of the bodily and mental reactions the saint experienced after His vision of the Lord and initiation by the latter.

(*a*) " Come in a troop, ye Passions all."

(*b*) " Does the Flame kindle ? Fan the kindling Flame.
Strive—struggle—labour—put forth all your might—
Push—eager, forward—force victorious way—
And sigh and pant—and shriek—and tear your breasts—
For thus Regeneration is obtained "

— Armstrong.

Ll. 208 to 211.

(*a*) " O how often shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain
Of intolerable joys ?"

— Richard Crashaw.

(*b*) " How strongly thou, my panting heart dost move
With all the holy ecstasies of love ?"

— Mrs. Rowe.

Ll. 212 to 214. These lines refer to the burning of the triple forts of three Asuras. After all the divine hordes had arrayed themselves in battle array, Lord Siva ascended the chariot and with a bow and arrow in his hand which He never used, He simply smiled His cherubic smile and lo and behold ! the triple forts of the foes were burnt to ashes in an instant. This story is referred to by our Saint again and again in his Tiruvachakam, particularly in the Chapter entitled " Tiru Wunthiar." This episode is one of the most ancient in the Hindu mythology which is as old as the Krishṇa Yajurveda.

Ll. 214 to 217. " In these sweet flames let me expire and see
Unveiled the sweetness of the Deity "

— Mrs. Rowe.

L. 218. Nelli fruit is called "*Emblic Myrobalan*" in the Western countries.

The expression of "a Nelli fruit on one's palm" is a proverbial one meaning either that a thing is as patent and plain as possible or that the truth is as transparent and clear as the fruit is. Dr. Pope adopts the latter meaning.

Ll. 219 & 220. "He was beyond himself for ecstasy"

— Tennyson.

L. 222. "I dy in Love's delicious Fire"

— Richard Crashaw.

Ll. 224 & 225. "The soul quaffs the liquor of its Heaven"

— I. H. Browne.

Ll. 226 to 228.

(*a*) "I gush and feel my mass of blood
Like boiling billows roll,
And something swift as lightning would
Shoot thro' my very soul"

— Stogdon.

(*b*) "I felt a sugared strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedewe, embalme, and over-run my heart,
And take it in"

— George Herbert.

(*c*) "I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life like wine.
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine"

— Thomas Traherne.

Ll. 237 to 239.

"Immortal fountain of my life.
.. ..
The spring of all my flowing joys,
My ever-lasting bliss."

Ll. 242 & 243.

"Oh, that sweet solace, that unmixt wine
Which Thou the Lord art pleased to give to Thine'

— Bockett.

IV. POTRI TIRU AHAVAL

This is a hymn in the Ahavalpa metre in which nearly 135 lines out of 225 end in the word 'Pōtri' or Praise. Hence this Hymn is called "Pōtri Tiru Ahaval."

The sub-heading of this Chapter is "THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE". This refers to the obtaining of the rarest human birth by a soul, its survival of the embryonic life and its many dangers in the mother's womb, its passing through the painful gamut of all possible dangers from childhood to adult life and its final realization of the greatness of Siva and the way of attaining Him. A more appropriate title, perhaps would be "The Pilgrim's Progress." It depicts in vivid and picturesque detail the innumerable pitfalls and painful tests which a soul from its ante-natal state to its avowed discipleship of God has to pass through, very much like the Pilgrim in John Bunyan's immortal work "The Pilgrim's Progress." It is regretted that we have to resist here the temptation of embarking upon a fascinating comparison between these two works.

In the latter half of this Hymn, our Saint narrates the countless qualities, the enchanting nomenclatures and the gracious sports of Lord Siva and he ends with a fervent appeal to Him to accept and acknowledge the humble tribute of a heartily-wreathed garland of soft and mellowed words which the Saint is placing at His sacred Feet. This in fact is a Hymn of Praise—a Hallelujah in the full sense of the word.

Dr. Pope notes in his Translation of Tiruvachakam: "This (Hymn) seems to the translator to read more like a work of Umāpathi than of our Sage." Why he should fancy thus, he does not explain; he assigns not even a single reason. But those who have studied this work completely and for a long time and who therefore are in a position to trace the similarity of expressions and ideas between this Hymn and the other portions of Tiruvachakam and above all, those who could sense the inward charm and emotional elegance of this Hymn would not have the least doubt regarding our Saint's authorship of this Hymn. Saint Umāpathy is incapable of not only producing such a piece, but also of the sacrilegious impudence of tampering with Tiruvachakam.

Hence Dr. Pope's conjecture or fancy need not be taken seriously.

Ll. 1 to 6. These lines refer to Vishnu's exploit as Trivikrama referred to in the Rig Veda itself and mixed up later on with his exploit as Vāmana or Dwarf. Mahā Vishnu appeared as a dwarf and having got the

boon of three feet length of earth from the King Bali he measured out all the three worlds as two feet of earth and for the third he placed his feet on the crown of Bali himself. This is the reference here.

The beauty of the successive words of two feet, three worlds, four directions and five senses used in these lines may be noted.

Ll. 6 to 13. These lines deal with the Puranic episode of Maha Vishnu's search in the guise of a wild boar for the Feet of Siva and his failure to reach them. This is the story of Aruṇāchala.

Ll. 14 to 29. These lines deal with the embryonic development of the human body from month to month.

" The antenatal prime experience - what know I ? "

— R. Browning.

L. 19. Thānri is *belleric myrobalan* or *terminalia belerica.* The Madras University's Tamil Lexicon's meaning for Tānri is " Limit, period, duration : எல்லை ". It is not acceptable to us.

Ll. 18 & 19. These lines refer to the danger of the Tanri-sized child not becoming one with the womb but remaining separate. Hence the words ' dual state ' are used.

L. 21. This line refers to the danger of the ichor (மதம்) - the fluid which gathers in the womb during pregnancy becoming too excessive in quantity.

L. 22. This line refers to the utter darkness that might be caused by the excessive secretion of the ichor in the womb.

L. 23. This is interpreted as meaning abnormal development by some. But we prefer K. S. Pillai's interpretation that it refers to death or destruction due to excessive ichor and darkness in the fifth month.

L. 26. This line refers to the insufficiency of moving space for the well-developed child in the womb and the consequent congestion.

L. 35. " Travelling is the saddest of pleasures "

— Mad. De Stāel.

Ll. 36 to 44. These lines deal with the voluptuous attractions of damsels which a youth has to encounter and survive. This is a favourite conceit of all the Eastern poets.

Dr. Pope speaks of these lines as follows :

" These lines are full of pretty conceits but hardly reproducible ". And he has avoided translating them !

But truth has constrained us to render them into readable English.

Dr. Pope, however, in the two or three lines he has devoted to this passage has misconstrued the idea, for he says :

" Into love's sea I plunged ".

The real idea is that the souls " survived the banditry of sharp-eyed damsels sweet ".

In fact, his translating the word ' *பிழைத்தும்* ' into " I lived " from line 11 of the text onwards has misled him into misconstruing the whole trend and tenor of these passages.

The Saint has no reference in these lines to the first person singular at all.

The subject of all these predicates is *தழைப்பவர்* in line 86 of the text. Hence it is the third person plural that the Saint has used in these lines.

L. 37. " Glossy and black as the down of the bee my curls once clustered "—Psalms of the Sisters.

Ll. 45 & 46. " Leading to madness, hysteric
To ferment of the mind are worldly lusts,
Fell traps by Mara laid to ruin man."

—Pslams of the Sisters.

L. 47.

(*a*) Bacon speaks of " the cob-webs of learning."

(*b*) " We see in Authors, too stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an Ant ;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes and sweats
To know but catechisms and Alphabets,
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact "

— Donne.

" To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance ".

— Bishop Taylor.

(c) " Out of too much learning become mad "
— Burton.

(d) " O this learning, what a thing it is "
— Shakespeare.

(e) Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin as to be utterly void of use " — Shenstone.

(f) " We should ask not who is the most learned but who is the best learned " — Montaigne.

(g) " Your learning like the lunar beam, affords
Light but not heat ; it leaves you in doubt,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines "
— Young.

(h) " .... But great cleverness and much learning, if they be accompanied by a bad training, are a much greater misfortune." — Plato.

(j) " Many persons, after they become learned cease to be good "
— Montaigne.

(k) " Learning itself, received into a mind
By nature weak or viciously inclined,
Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way."
— Cowper.

(l) " Learning is a dangerous weapon and apt to wound its master, if it be wielded by a feeble hand."
— Montaigne.

(m) " ...... lost in learning's maze,
Religion's flame resign "
— Mary Leapor.

L. 48.

(a) " A great fortune is a great servitude " — Seneca.

(b) " We all covet wealth but not its perils " — Bruyēre.

(c) " I envy none the gilding of their woe " — Young.

(d) " Worldly wealth is the devil's bait " — Robert Burton.

(e) " Golden roofs break men's rest " — Seneca.

(f) " Poverty treads close upon the heals of great and unexpected wealth " — Rivarol.

(*g*) " Can wealth give happiness ? Look round and see. What gay distress ? What splendid misery ? " — Young.

(*h*) " Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves " — Cotton.

(*j*) " The million covet wealth, but how few dream of its perils ? " — John Neal.

(*k*) " Wealth is the smallest thing on earth, the least gift that God has bestowed on mankind " — Martin Luther.

(*l*) " Less coin, less care " — Reynard.

(*m*) " Wealth hath never given happiness but often hastened misery " — Tupper.

(*n*) " The accumulation of wealth is followed by an increase of care." — Horace.

(*p*) " Much learning shows how little mortals know, much wealth how little worldings can enjoy " — Young.

(*q*) " Let none admire
That riches grow in hell ; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane "
— Milton.

(*r*) " Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care and lost with grief " — L'Estrange.

(*s*) " Wealth in the gross is death " — Pope.

(*t*) " The rich man's son inherits cares " — Lowel.

L. 49.

(*a*) " Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue "
— Benjamin Franklin.

(*b*) Poverty snatches the reins out of the hand of piety "
— Saadi.

(*c*) " Poverty possesses this desease ; through want it teaches a man evil " — Euripides.

(*d*) " They do not easily rise whose abilities are repressed by poverty at home " — Juvenal.

(e) "Nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty." — Goldsmith.

(f) "Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul"

— Gray.

(g) "Morality and religion are but words to him who fishes in gutters for the means of sustaining life .... "

— Horace Greely.

(h) "Poverty is a disreputation that drowns all the other good parts that are up in man; it is a disposition to all kind of evil; it is man's greatest foe." — Alfarache.

L. 52.

(a) See what Sri Ramakrishṇa Paramahamsa observes regarding the beginning of a longing in a soul for God.

"Most people don't feel any longing for God unless they have once passed through the experience of wealth, name, fame, creature - comforts and the like, that is to say, unless they have seen through these enjoyments." How aptly it sums up the lines of our Saint!

(b) In the soul within the sense began
The manlike passion of a God-like man. — Swinburne.

L. 55. 'Sixty millions' are actually called Six Crores in the text (ஆறு கோடி). Literally the words mean "having the numeral six at the end or as the limit." These six Māya forces are enlisted in the following stanza of Tirumantra of Tirumular:

"மாமாயை மாயை வைந்தவம் வைகரி
ஓமாயை உள்ளொளி ஓராறு கோடியில்
தாமான மந்திரம் சத்திதன் மூர்த்திகள்
ஆமாய் அலவாம் திரிபுரை யாங்கே." (*1045*)

The diverse phases of these six kinds of Māyās are called six crores or "sixty million forces of illusion" in the translation. They are "the apparatus of illusion" in the words of Asquith.

L. 58. In Hindu scriptures an atheist is defined as one who despises the Vedas (Nāstikō Vēdanindakah).

The following remarks on atheism will be of interest to our readers, we trust.

(*a*) " The three great apostates of practical atheism that make converts without persecuting and retain them without preaching are health, wealth and power " — Cotton.

(*b*) " Atheism, if it exists, is the result of ignorance and pride, of strong sense and feeble reason, of good eating and ill-living. It is the plague of society, the corruptor of morals and the underminer of property."

— Jeremy Collier.

(*c*) " A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism ......"

— Bacon.

(*d*) " Virtue in distress and vice in triumph make atheists of mankind." — Dryden.

(*e*) " In agony and danger no nature is atheist." — H. More.

(*f*) " Atheism is a disease of the soul before it becomes an error of understanding. " — Plato.

(*g*) " Whoever considers the study of anatomy can never be an atheist " — Lord Herbert.

Ll. 64 to 66.

(*a*) " The entangling labyrinth of Schooles " — Donne.

(*b*) " O Wrangling Schooles that search what fire
Shall burn this world "

— Donne.

(*c*) " Each zealot thus, elate with ghostly pride
Adores his god and hates the world beside "

— Langhorne.

(*d*) " For modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight "

— Alexander Pope.

Ll. 67 & 68. Reference here is to the Māyāvāda or Ekānmavāda School of Sankara. Some commentators believe that the word Māyāvāda refers to the Buddhistic School. Since our Saint calls elsewhere the Buddhistic School by that name only, Mayavada could have been meant by our Saint to refer only to the Ekanmavada. All the erewhile doubts and confusions regarding the dates of Sankara and Manickavachakar have become clarified

Sankara had preceded Manickavachakar who lived in the middle of the 9th Century A. D. and hence the reference is quite obvious. It was only a few decades prior to our Saint's days that the dynamic Sankara had stalked this land like a colossus, north, south, east and west and after annihilating all opposition to the Vedic creed had established his Mutts in all the eight centres of this sub-continent. His success was the talk of the town and the despair of his foes. The words used by our Saint - ‘ whirling, whipping up and making blasting noise ’ - most accurately and poetically echo the impression Sankara had created in his contemporary Bhārat.

Ll. 69 & 70. The Lōkāyata is an Epicurean. He is called a Chārvākan because the founder of his School of materialistic philosophy was one Charvaka. The philosophy of this School is rank atheism and nihilism and materialism. There is neither soul nor God according to it. There is no life beyond. Perception is the only source of knowledge. Earth, water, fire and air are the only elements which by their own combination and dissolution constitute the world and life. Bestial, full-fledged sensuous enjoyment in this life is alone the goal of this School.

This School has many a variation. Hence this philosophy is called ‘multiphased’. It is attractive to normal beings ; hence it is described as ‘glist'ning and mighty’. Acceptance of this philosophy means swallowing poison ; hence this snake is said to spit its venomous poison which spells instantaneous death and eternal damnation of the soul !

Ll. 74 to 116. These lines vividly describe the various kinds of physical and mental reactions that set in on the souls who have, after undergoing all those trials detailed above, got themselves firmly anchored under the Feet of Lord Siva. The tiring and tedious dangers, pitfalls and delays which the Pilgrim soul has been confronting and conquering on its narrow way to the House of God have only heightened and highlighted the sense of relief and rapture which it now enjoys with unspeakable relish and gusto at the sacred Feet of its Lord. As Will Carleton truly observes, “ to appreciate Heaven well, it is good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.”

Ll. 88 to 93. Out of the eight bonds of a human being the last and strongest is the sense of shame or self-respect. It is only when this last grip loosens the soul that it can be said to have become fully dead unto the world and reborn in spirit.

The episode of Lord Krishṇa concealing the clothes of the Gōpis and not returning them till they helplessly surrendered their sense of honour or chastity unto the Lord is an instance in point.

The Asura Sūrapadman whose hands were eager to raise themselves and pray, whose legs were itching to circum-ambulate and whose head was ready to droop down in obeisance to Lord Subramania, still found it impossible to do all these acts since his sense of self-respect stood in the way. " தடுத்தது மானம் ஒன்றே ! ". This monstrous egoity was later on shot out of existence by the Lord and he was accepted as a devotee-carrier.

Finally, let us take the case of Lord Jesus himself. If there were still any vestige or even a lingering trace of sense of shame in him, it was thoroughly washed away by the incidents of adorning his head with a Crown of Thorn in jest, spitting on his face, placing his Cross in between the crosses of two notorious thiefs etc. A silent acquiescence was the only reaction the Lord had to these vandalistic acts of the vilest dye !

So also, our Saint says that the worldings jeered at the godly men and called them ghosts and ghouls which words were never resented by the latter ; nay, far from that, they wore them all as ornaments of their souls !

Why ? They have lost their sense of agency and have become God-centred. They have become possessed of God-mania."

Ll. 94 & 95. " In praise and dispraise the same
A man of well-attempered frame "
— Tennyson.

Ll. 101 to 104. These lines might as well be read with reference to Lord Jesus, the Son of God.

But our Saint refers to Lord Siva appearing before him in the form of a human Guru or Teacher.

L. 114. See the beauty of this imagery. The flower of palms closed in worship while the flower of heart opens wide, simultaneously.

Ll. 74 to 78 and *Ll.* 108 to 116.

The experiences of the God-intoxicated souls as described herein by Saint Manickavachakar might well be compared with the experiences as described below :—

" He (God) comes ! He comes ! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes !
His near approach the suddenly starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild, dejected air,
The softened feature and the bleating heart,

Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang declare.
O'er all the soul His sacred influence breathes ;
Inflames imagination ; through the breast,
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
.. ..
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied and as high — devotion raised
To rapture and divine astonishment."

— Thomson.

Again, here is yet another poet's experience :

" My tender heart within its seat,
Dissolves before the scorching heat,
As softening wax is taught to run
Before the warmness of the sun.
O my flame, my pleasing pain,
Burn and purify my stain ;
Warm me, burn me, day by day
Till you purge my earth away,
Till at last I thoroughly shine,
And turn a torch of love divine."

— Parnell.

L. 116. This line concludes the Pilgrim's Progress. The uncertain life of the soul in the embryo has been surviving a series of risks and dangers until at last it has reached the City of God and become enfranchised as its valid citizen, enjoying all the celestial privileges of an annointed saint.

The series of mystic changes through which the progressing soul has thus passed through are best summed up by Robert Browning in the following lines :

" Do I ring the changes right ?
Deformed, transformed, reformed, informed and conformed ! "

This development of the soul from darkness to light and from imperfection to perfection is described thus by another poet —

" Nature revolves but man advances, both
Eternal, that a circle, this a line,
That gravitates, this soars."

— Edward Young.

L. 121. Koodal also cannot refer to Madurai. It refers to a separate shrine and according to Mr. N. Narayanan, a commentator, it refers to Tirupperunthurai where Lord Siva appeared to our Saint as his Teacher-Gem.

L. 122. The word தென் may mean 'beautiful' also, besides its straight meaning of 'south'.

L. 123. The word மூவா, 'undying' qualifies God only and not the Four Vedas, as Mr. Narayanan interprets. Please see Stanza 443 on page 243 in which the expression "மூப்பாய் மூவா முதலாய் நின்ற முதல்வா" lends support to the former interpretation.

L. 126. The word விசித்தா means One of varied forms or Proteus. The meaning that Mr. Narayanan attributes to it namely 'One who is not of this world' seems to be untenable. The Lord's Ashtamūrtham and expressions like Ekan, Anekan, Iraivan etc. point to the accuracy of the interpretation of the word as meaning a Proteus only i. e. one of diverse forms.

L. 127. Pealing fibre from a hard stone is one of the favourite similes of our Saint. He makes use of it in a number of places in this work. See the following passages : (1) P. 88 ; 94. (*ll.* 3 & 4). (2) P. 125 ; 175. (*l.* 3). (3) P. 153 ; 239. (*l.* 2).

A fruit alone can be pealed. But here in this line the fruit itself as the Lord peals a stone, its very opposite i.e. the soul. The antithesis between the stone and the fruit is of singular beauty. Please read "*Thou Fruit*" instead of *Thou First*, as it is a mistake.

L. 137. Wisdom. The Lord is of the form of Wisdom. "Satyam, Gnānam, Anantam, Brahma."

Ll. 148 to 150. The expression 'three-fold seven generation' (மூவேழ் சுற்றம்) has two possible meanings : (1) Relationship extending to three times seven i.e. twenty-one generations and (2) Relationship of three kinds extending to seven generations. The three kinds of relations are those of (1) One's father, Pitrubandhūs (2) One's mother, Mātrubandhūs and (3) One's own self, Ātmabandhūs.

L. 153. முத்தா means Nitya Mukta i.e. Ever-Free.

Ll. 155 & 156.

"How scanty the speech and how faint for my conception !"
— Dante.

L. 157. " The Eternal Spring whence streaming bounty flows "

— I. H. Browne.

L. 160. " The Eternal Depth of Condescending Grace "

— I. H. Browne.

Ll. 161 & 162. This is an auto-biographical reference to the enthralling of the Saint by Lord Siva Who at the time of initiation planted His sacred Feet on the crown of the former.

Ll. 169 to 173. These lines refer to the immanence or presence of the five kinds of Tanmātras in the five Mahābhūtas. The Tanmātras are five namely Sound, Touch, Colour, Taste and Smell and the Mahabhutas are Ether, Air, Fire, Water and Earth. What the Saint means is that God pervades in Ether as its sound, or Sabda ; in Air as its touch or sparsa and the sound ; in Fire as its colour or rupa besides the sound and touch ; in water as its taste or rasa in addition to the three other qualities of sound, touch and colour and finally in the Earth as its smell or gandha and all the other four qualities of sound, touch, colour, and taste. Thus the Earth has five Tanmātras, the Fire has four, the Water has three, the Air has two and Ether has one only.

L. 174. Dr. Pope translates this line as :

" Ambrosia of the troubled mind ".

L. 177. Idaimarudu is a celebrated shrine near Kumbakoṇam and the Deity's name is Mahālingam. The place is popularly called Tiruvidaimarudūr. It has added importance due to its past association with the celebrated Royal-Saint called Varaguṇa Pandyan.

L. 179. Ārur refers to Tiruvārur in Tanjore district.

L. 180. Ayyāru means Tiruvayaru situate seven miles to the north of Tanjore.

L. 181. Annāmalai refers to the famous hill-shrine of Tiruvannamalai in North-Arcot district. It has of late assumed a world-renown due to its recent association with Sri Ramaṇa Maharishi.

L. 183. Ēkambam refers to Kāncheepuram, the famous Siva-Vishnu Sthalam situate in Chingleput district. The Deity therein is called Ekambarēshwar and His Spouse is the famous Kamākshi celebrated much by Ādi Sankara Baghavat-Pādāl. The Puraṇa mentions that when Umai was performing puja to the Sivalinga under a Mango tree, a sudden and unexpected inundation of the river threatened to wash off the Sivalingam.

The love-mad Devi forgot herself and leaning on it she embraced it so devoutly and warmly to save it that the Sivalingam at once softened and melted by her impact. Hence the Lord of that place is called 'One who softened at the embrace' — தழுவக் குழைந்தவர்.

L. 185. The shrine referred to is Tiru Parāithurai, a place situate on the Tiruchi - Karur Railway line to the west of Tiruchi. It is popularly called Tirupaḷāthurai.

It has now become more celebrated due to the various educational institutions of the Ramakrishṇa Mission ably conducted therein by Swami Chitbhavānanda.

L. 186. Sirāpalli is Tiruchirāpalli of to-day which had been during the days of the British rule called Trichinopoly. Its Rock Fort Temple is a very famous one, the Rock-cave on it having been hewn by King Narasimha Pallavan of the 7th century, the contemporary of St. Thirunavukarasar. The highlight of this Rock is the Uchhi Pillaiyar temple on the top of it.

Lord Curzon one of the world-famous visitors to this Rock has admiringly christened it as "the Acropolis of South India." The Deity's name is Tāyumānavar — "One who became a Mother too."

L. 188. Kuttrālam refers to the hill-station in Tirunelveli district, which had been known as Courtallam by the Britishers. It is a celebrated Health Resort besides being a Siva - Shrine. The water-falls is its highlight. This is one of Lord Nataraja's favourite Dancing Sabhas or Theatres called Chitra Sabha. Our Saint refers to the Dancer at Kuttralam in Chapter XXXIX on P. 300. St. Appar also makes a touching reference to Him.

L. 189. See remarks under *l.* 4 of Chapter I.

L. 190. The Ingōi Hills are situate in Tiruchy District. See Notes under *ll.* 136 and 137 in Chapter II.

L. 191. Pazhanam means the shrine of Tirupazhanam near Tiruvayyaru in Tanjore District. It is popularly called Tirupayaṇam.

L. 192. Kadambūr refers to the town Tirukadambur.

Ll. 194 and 195. The six ones referred to are the six Yakkhinis who had suckled the Baby-Muruga of yore. When they were being taught the Ashtamāsittis by Lord Siva on the Mount Kailas they became inattentive which brought forth a curse from the offended Lord that they should become stones. Then after a thousand years the appearance of the

Lord at the shrine of Pattamangai (near Sivaganga in Ramanathapuram District) made these Yakkhinis reemerge from the stone and they duly received the Lord's instruction on the eight miraculous powers.

The reference to the elephant is a reference to Sport No. 2 of Tiruvilayadal.

Durvāsa Rishi offered a flower fallen from the Sivalinga at Banaras to Indra in Swargalōka who was having his royal and triumphant procession on his famous State elephant Airāvata. Drunk with victory as he was, Indra non-chalantly received that holy gift and placed it on the crown of his elephant, which in its turn, equally intoxicated lifted that flower irreverently and trampled it under its foot. Cursed by the enraged Rishi, the elephant and its master were both born on earth and this elephant got its release from the curse and earthly life after it had worshipped Lord Somasundara in Kadambavanam which is the modern Madurai.

Ll. 196 & 197. Siva is the specific name under which the Supreme Lord of every other country is being worshipped in Tamilnad. This reiterates the truth of the Rig Veda " Ekam Sat Vipro Bahudā Vadanti ". This is the most famous chorus refrain that enlivens and enraptures the spiritual gatherings in the temples of Tamil Nadu.

L. 198. Reference is to Sacred Sport No. 45. The story is as follows :

Twelve young men who disturbed a Rishi doing penance got cursed into being born as pigs. In their next birth the twelve young pigs lost their mother immediately after their birth and they were motherless and milkless. The compassionate Lord Somasundara at once assumed the form of a Sow and gave the teats to those baby-pigs who were thus saved. Nay, by virtue of their unique privilege of having sucked the Sow of Siva, all those twelve pigs, in their next birth were made as ministers of the land.

Ll. 219 & 220. Kavaithalai and Kuvaipathi are obviously two place names. But Dr. Pope translates these lines thus :

" Eye apprehending forms diverse — praise !
King dwelling in the circling, sacred town, I praise ! "

L. 221. Please read the word ' land ' in the place of the word 'band'

L. 222. Again Dr. Pope has failed to interpret this line correctly. His translation of it as " Thou in whose locks is the crescent moon " seems to be wide of the mark, with all respect to him.

Arikēsari is certainly the name of a place, apparently in the Pandiland.

L. 223. Tirukazhukunram called the Eagle-Mount is in Chingleput District. Here also our Saint had a darshan of Siva. A whole chapter called Tirukazhukunra Patikam is devoted to this shrine.

L. 224. Poovaṇam is the place called Tirupoovaṇam near Madurai.

L. 227. Turiyam is the fourth of the five avasthas or states of consciousness the soul is undergoing. The orders of the five avasthas from below is Jākra, Swapna, Sushupti, Turiyam and Turiyāthītham and the operation of the senses and antakaraṇas is dwindling with every ascent of the soul into the higher avastha and in the last Turiyāthītha the soul subsists all by itself. It is in this state of Turiyāthitha transcending the fourth i.e. Turiya, that the soul is in communion with God Who is an effulgent Light.

L. 230. "The Eternal Love! Who bounds in every breast."

— I. H. Browne.

L. 233. Tāḷi Aruhu is a favourite adornment of Lord Siva just as Kazhuneer flower is.

Tāḷi — *Ipomeea Sepiaria*
Aruhu — *Harialli grass.*

L. 234. "The Eternal Light whence every radiance flows"

— I. H. Browne.

L. 235. This line denotes the Lord Nataraja at Uttarakōsamangai Who is always kept coated in sandal-paste. The darshan of this Lord on the Ārudrā festival is delightfully divine.

L. 239. Reference here is to Sacred Sport No. 43 in Nambi Tiruvilayadal.

A doe left her young one in a bush and went to a neighbouring pool to quench her thirst. But unfortunately it was killed by the arrow of a hunter and it died full of melting thought about her orphaned baby. But Lord Siva of Madurai ordained, out of pity, that a wild tigress should suckle the young fawn and thus He saved its life.

L. 240. Reference is to Sacred Sport No. 57. While catching the fish of Nandi from the sea the fisherman Siva walked on the water of the sea.

See Notes under lines 27 to 30 of Chapter II.

"And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them, *walking on the sea*"

— St. Mathew's Gospel.

L. 241. The allusion contained here is to Sacred Sport No. 47. A கருக்குருவி or Dicrurus Macrocercus which was much persecuted by other kinds of birds was living a secluded life in a far away forest when one day, it overheard from above a tree the description of the unrivalled sacredness and superiority of the holy city of Madurai by a wayfarer. It at once repaired to Madurai and was carrying on worship of Sri Somasundara after a bath in the holy golden-lotus tank for three consecutive days. Pleased with its piety the Lord imparted to the bird the Mrityunjaya Mantra whereupon it acquired wisdom and capacity to resist the other birds. This boon it bequeathed to its whole species and made the succeeding generations of கருக்குருவி strong and got them renamed as வலியான்குருவி (the strong bird).

L. 244. " Supreme ! And Midst ! And principle and End "

— I. H. Browne.

Ll. 245 & 246. Mōksha is neither Swarga, World nor the Hades. It is a state of endless bliss transcending all these. It is becoming one with Sivan.

The Pāndyan referred to here was Malayathwajan, the father of Tadātakai Pirātiyar — the wife of Lord Siva. But it is equally probable that the saintliest of Pandiyas — Varaguṇa Pandyan II is referred to by our Saint. He is referred to by name in Tiru Kōvayār also, it may be mentioned here.

Ll. 251 & 252.

(*a*) " I give Him songs ; He gives me length of days.
With wreaths of grace He crowns my conquering brows,
And I His temples with a Crown of Praise
Which He accepts, as an everlasting sign
That I my best-beloved's am ; that he is mine. "

— Francis Quarles.

(*b*) "That my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's Glory ; and I beg you receive this as one Testimony. " — George Herbert.

(*c*) " But a turned wreath of grief and praise,
Praise soiled with tears and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all Thy pain. "

— Henry Vaughan.

(*d*) Solomon " couched celestial love in Past'ral sweet. "

L. 256. Bhuyangan means Serpent - wearing One. We use the word Bhuyangan itself untranslated, to preserve its beauty.

V. TIRUCHATAKAM

OR

THE SACRED CENTO

Satakam means a composition of one hundred stanzas, the last word of each stanza constituting the beginning of the subsequent stanza.

The sub heading of this chapter is - Wondrous Spiritual Steadfastness. One Annotator says that this Chapter describes the ten-fold method of dispensing grace to our Saint by Lord Siva.

Bakti Vairāgya Vichitram - these words mean the wonderfulness of the rejection of the world and realisation of God by the initiated soul. This may also be described as the soul's death unto the world and the birth of 'Christ' in it. The ten-fold nature of this experience is explained in the ten decads of this Chapter under the following sub-titles; (1) Cognition of Truth (2) Indoctrination (3) Dying to sense and self (4) Soul Purified (5) Gratitude (6) Mystic Experience Purified (7) Compassionate Mercy (8) Revelling in Bliss (9) Rapture-Bliss (10) Self-forgetting ecstasy.

Dr. Pope in his introductory note to this Chapter says: "This remarkable poem contains a hundred especially flowing and harmonious verses of varying meters ...... The Cento is intended to exhibit the progress of the soul through the successive stages of religious experience till it loses itself in the rapture of complete union with the Supreme. The general title given by one editor is equivalent to "The Varying Phases of Religious Enthusiasm;" at least this is the nearest expression for it that I can find in English. The poem is supposed to have been composed in Tirupperunthurai .... He surveys his past experiences, contemplates the work assigned him ...... he never ceases to complain in most touching language that he is not permitted at once to follow his Master and brothren into the rest and glory of Paradise. This is indeed the burthen of much of his poetry."

He then proceeds to make some observations regarding the mental state of our Saint as reflected in some of his poems. "The titles of the ten decads, into which the poem is divided indicate in some measure the course of his thoughts and the character of his mental conflicts. There is a most pathetic alternation of rapturous and realising devotion with coldness and apathy and even, it seems, *of temporary abandonment to gross sensuality.*"

However bona fide may be this interpretation by the late Doctor, we very much regret that such an irreverent and unfounded aspersion should

have been cast on the character of Saint Manickavachakar. Unfortunately for us, space does not permit us here to embark on any elaborate argumentation to refute this unhappy kind of literary criticism by the Doctor. Therefore, we will content ourselves here for the nonce with what Lord Macaulay has said in reply to a similar criticism against John Bunyan and his character.

In his Essay on Bunyan, Lord Macaulay remarks as follows :

It has long been an ordinary practice with pious writers to cite Bunyan as an instance of the supernatural power of divine grace to rescue the human soul from the lowest depths of wickedness.

" There cannot be a greater mistake than to infer from the strong expressions in which a devout man bemoans his exceeding sinfulness, that he has led a worse life than his neighbours. Many excellent persons whose moral character from boyhood to old age has been free from any stain discernible to their fellow creatures, have in their auto-biographies and diaries applied to themselves and doubtless with sincerity, epithets as severe as could be applied to Titus Oates or Mrs. Brownrig. "

If entries in auto-biographies and diaries written in prose are to be taken with such reservations, how much more of caution is to be exercised in the case of saints who, standing in the divine presence burst forth into spontaneous lyrics, fully saturated with humility and self-depreciation as a contrast to the immaculate nature and infinite goodness of God ? The spectacles of self-condemnation put on by the saints basking in the lustrous light of divine brilliance so magnify their minutest mistakes that they are aghast at their " Himalayan blunders. " If, therefore, we of the mundane life and self-centred minds were to take those words literally from the standpoint of our own plane, we are apt to do injustice to them.

It is actually recorded in Butler's Lives of the Saints that when one Blessed Joseph E. Tommasi had, in the self-humiliating style of the saints of his days written to Maria Crocifissa describing himself as 'tristo' meaning a scoundrel, the latter curtly replied to him saying that she must decline to correspond with such a character. Is this not an instance which should warn us against the sort of criticism indulged in by Dr. Pope ?

The other piece of criticism by Dr. Pope is this :

"It is to be doubted whether the whole of these verses are of one period, and I should prefer to think that they really embody his meditations and soliloquies upto the period of his final settlement in Chithambaram."

With all respect to the Doctor, we would venture to point out that the Tamil composition of Satakam is an integral piece with an unity of purpose and emotion and therefore it will not, in its very nature permit of a piece-meal preparation and parenthetical treatment.

Stanza 3.

(*a*) "Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil .. .. .. Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy ; for behold, your reward is great in heaven ; for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets".

— St. Luke. (6 : 22 & 23)

(*b*) " Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake ".

— St. Mathew.

Stanza 4. Our Saint pities the sinful arrogance and self-conceit of the ordinary dēvas who consider Lord Siva as one of the Trinity consisting of Brahmman, Vishṇu and Rudra. These three are equally inferior to Siva Who is the Ēkam Sat of the Rig Veda. As distinguished from the members of the Trinity, Lord Siva is specifically referred to in all scriptures as Turiyam or the Fourth. The Sanskrit text is " Sāntam, Sivam, Advaitam, Chaturtham." This unique and correct position of Siva vis a vis the Trinity has been consistently adhered to in Tiruvachakam.

Hence, those impotent gods who fled at the emergence of the diabolical poison from out of the churned-up ocean and who had taken refuge at the Feet of Lord Siva Who saved their lives by swallowing the deadly poison, are quilty of a grave sin in bracketting the Supreme Siva with the petty gods, their kinsmen.

Stanza 7. The first two lines refer to the well-known episode of the fruitless search by Brahmman of the endless Crown of Siva.

The latter half refers to the frenzied and fanciful sports and dances Lord Siva indulges in on the burning-ghat, in the dreadful company of His hosts and ghouls. The attire of his - the tiger's skin is in keeping with the atmosphere of the place and time !

Stanza 8. At the end of each aeon all the elements, after one getting involved into another, will finally involve into the Lord who as the only

surviving Being dances His Aeon Dance called ஊழிக்கூத்து. This is referred to in the first three lines.

Stanza 10. Our Saint himself is astonished at the unmerited elevation and annointed sainthood he has been graced with by Lord Siva.

" God can change the lowest to the highest, abase the proud and raise the humble ".

— Horace.

Stanza 11. The remarkable resemblance between this stanza and the following lines may be noted.

" Still warm me with thy true, Religious flame,
Benevolence and It are sure the same ;
Let me not form instead of substance court,
The idiot-actor of a holy sport "

— Perceival Stockdale.

Stanza 12. *L* 1.

(*a*) " No man who is fit to live need fear to die " — Fuller.

(*b*) " Death's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God "

— Parnell.

L. 2. " Enough for me. I want no heaven of gods "

— Psalms of the Sisters.

Stanza 14. *L*. 4. The words " சதுராலே சார்வானே " can also be more appropriately translated as referring to the Saint himself. In that case the line will read thus :

" But haste towards my death, I who'd reach through skill ! "

This interpretation would be philosophically better, though requirements of strict grammar may not be satisfied. Dr. Pope translates it thus :

" Thou Whom true wisdom bringeth nigh "

Stanza 21. *Ll*. 6 to 10. Here is a marvellously similar passage :

" My God, could I weep blood, gladly I would.
Or if Thou wilt give me that art,
Which through the eyes pours out the heart,
I will exhaust it all and make
Myself all tears, a weeping lake. "

— Henry Vaughan.

Stanza 25. *Ll.* 1 to 5.

"How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,
Who, Light Himself ! in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
From mortal eye, or *angels' power of Ken* ?

— James Thomson.

Stanza 26. *Ll.* 2 & 3.

"There's not an Eye that's framed by Thee
But ought Thy Life and Love to see"

— Thomas Traherne.

L. 5. "That my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory ; and I beg you receive this as one testimony."

— George Herbert.

Stanza 27. The imagery contained in this stanza may be closely studied and enjoyed.

The birth is the sea.
Sorrows are the waves thereof.
The maids are the violent storm which tosses the soul.
The lust for them is the dangerous shark which might swallow it.
The Sacred Panchākshara is the Raft on which the soul tries to float alive to save itself,
The Feet of the Lord shown by Him are the Haven of safety reached by the soul.

Ll. 6 to 8. This may be compared with a song of Saint Appar which mentions of the surest aid afforded by the Sacred Mantra of "Namasivāya" even to a man who has been tied up to a millstone and cast into the sea.

Stanza 28. *Ll.* 7 & 8. The followiug parallel passages will be found very interesting.

(*a*) And clearly shines the Eye Celestial,
.. .. and hear
With sublimated sense the sound of things
Ineffable."

— Psalms of the Sisters.

(*b*) "Clear too I heard the sounds ineffable"

— Psalms.

(c) " .. .. There grew
A power within me of enormous ken
To see as a god sees and take the depth
Of things as nimbly as the outward eye
Can size and shape pervade"

— Keats.

" .. .. to his capable ears
Silence was music from the holy spheres"

— Keats.

(d) "The visioning powers of souls who dare
To pierce the material scene"

— Thomas Hardy.

(e) " Where living things inanimate
Do speak at Heaven's command to eye and ear,
.. ..
With inarticulate language"

— Abercrombie.

(*f*) "The inner perception of God in prayer which takes the form now of hearing, now of seeing, is sometimes so powerful that it carries all before it and calls forth pseudo-hallucinatory sensations. The spiritual experience of direct intercourse with God is accompanied by stimulation of the visual and auditory organs of sense. The confessions of the Old Testament prophets as well as of the great Christian and non-Christian mystics are full of such marvellous visions and auditions in which God reveals Himself. We find them also, though much less frequently in the great men of the New Testament. Sometimes these experiences appear very suddenly and unexpectedly in the consciousness of the religious man; generally, however, they arise out of prolonged prayer, forming its crown and culmination"

— Heiler.

(*g*) "For, verily, I say unto you, That many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which you see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear and have not heard them".

— St. Mathews (13 : 17)

Stanza 37. *L*. 1. "Thou my Lord hast not". Please read this line as "Though my Lord has not"

Stanza 41. This is one of the problematical stanzas not only for translation but also for the correct interpretation. Various are the

meanings attributed to the words "I a twain-trunked Tusker", not one of which is quite convincing. Still the general tenor of the meaning is rather clear. "Instead of looking inward into my soul at the central recess of which subtly abides the divine Soul, I have only the dull and obtuse vision of a wild elephant which shows me only the distress of the body. On account of this I can only wallow in the woes of the worldly life but not reach the Sacred Lord". This in short is its essence.

Dr. Pope says: "An elephant with two trunks would be utterly lost; so, I serving two masters, the heavenly Master and the sense-world".

> "So, through sham
> And outside, I arrive at inmost real, probe
> And prove how the nude form obtained the chequred robe"
>
> — R. Browning.

Stanza 42. *Ll.* 1 & 2.

> "That there's a God, we all do know,
> But what God is, we cannot show"
>
> — Robert Herrick.

Stanza 44. *Ll.* 3 & 4.

> "As the soul on the lips of the dead
> Stands poising her wings for flight,
> A bird scarce quit of her prison"
>
> — Swinburne.

Stanza 45, Reference here is to the story of Saint Mārkaṇḍēyar—a Brahmin devotee of sixteen who took refuge under Siva's Feet as against the hotly-pursuing god of Death called Yama on the ordained day of his death.

But Yama dharma boldly trespassed into the holy presence of Siva and dared to cast his strangulating noose around the body of Mārkaṇḍēyar who held Sivan in his desperate embrace. This kind of haughty and high-handed way of confronting a favourite devotee-refugee in full surrender to God Siva enraged the Lord so much that He kicked with His Foot the god of death into death! Later on, in response to the entreatics of the dēvas and in the interests of the operation of the universe, Siva revived the dead Yama into life. St. Mārkaṇdar was given a charter of eternal immortality. This story finds a place in the Sanskrit Skāndam.

Now, Dr. G. U. Pope remarks in his footnote regarding this story, that, "we may say by the way that Yaman seems to us to have been badly treated, since he was after all only doing Sivan's will." Though we have

not space enough to reply to this judgement by the Doctor on Sivans's act, yet we would like to remind such of our readers as would be inclined to endorse this view that, though Yama was within his rights in his trying to discharge his appointed duty in accordance with the divine decree, yet in this special case he was guilty of the grave offence of boldly and disrespectfully trespassing into the Sanctuary of Siva's holy Shrine and what was worse, of taking the life of a refugee in the Sanctum Sanctorum ! If we could realise the gravity and heinous nature of killing a man within the Sanctuary of a holy place, even by one who is clothed with legal authority, then we would not justify his 'ultra vires' act. Secondly, when once a soul surrenders itself to God, no power on earth can and should dare to deprive it of its life without God's permission. See also Sri Rama's swearing about the sacredness of a refugee's life.

But the most important point to note is that Mārkaṇdar had got a boon from Lord Siva that he need not fear anything at the hands of the death-god. Yama had either been ignorant of it (which is highly improbable) or had arrogantly put on a Nelson's eye over it and thus flouted the Lord and His boon. Hence he deserved that fatal kick.

Then, explaining the lines regarding our Saint's action which, has been compared with Yama's act, Dr. Pope observes as follows. "He (the Saint) says in effect : 'I am as dead in soul as yaman was, but thy touch brings even death to life'." Now, with all respect to the late revered Doctor, we must disagree with this - his interpretation of this stanza. A complete grasp of the stanza will enable one to extract the following interpretation only : 'I am incapable of calling to Thee with the force of mighty love and by hailing, rolling and praising Thee. But my creed or way of approach to Thy Feet is the self-same way adopted by Yama who daringly confronted Thy lotus-Feet in defiance of Thy authority.' In other words, it means that I will contact Thy holy Feet not through the delicious act of loving but through the dangerous act of defiance ! Now, may the readers choose whatever view appeals to them.

Stanza 48.

"In vain our hearty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But Boundless Inconceivables
And Vast Eternity"

— Walts.

Stanza 49. "Eight and Two."

In Tamil the letters indicative of 8 and 2 are அ and உ respectively. But to-gether these two letters அ and உ along with 'ம்' constitute 'Om'. "I do not know the meaning of Om". This is one of its meanings.

The ideal saint is deemed to possess ten noble and divine qualities the knowledge and possession of which our Saint here may be taken to disown. This is another possible meaning.

Dr. Pope says that the Tamil letter 'ய' stands for 10. i.e. 8 and 2. In the Panchākshəram–நமசிவய - the letter ய stands for the soul. Hence it means 'I know not my soul.'

Any number of similar meanings may be developed.

Stanza 50. This confession by our Saint of his knowledge of his ignorance reminds us of the classical confession of Socrates who is said to have exclaimed; "I know, I know that *I know nothing*!"

Stanza 57. This imagery of a maiden whose acts of love-making like the movement of her lips, loosening of her clothes, and perspiration on her face, are said to have tipped the balance of mind of our Saint, should not be taken too literally. Really enlightened annotators are agreed on the view that holds this maiden as a symbol and statue of the Force of Māyā which bewitches and then betrays the unwary souls.

Stanza 60. *L.* 2. Dr. Pope translates it as follows:

" .. ..
Shall laugh, glad as I gaze on the well-known form!
shameless dog tho' I am!"

Stanza 64. *L.* 2.

"Empty me of all sinful love of the creature" — Arndt.

L. 4. This is what Dr. Pope writes in his foot-note under this line.

"The ancestors of a certain king of the solar race named Bhagīrathan owing to a curse of the ancient sage Kabilar, were consumed to ashes, and to restore them to life he obtained by severe penances the favour from the gods that the heavenly Ganges should be sent down to this world; but Sivan, fearing that the rush of the celestial flood would destroy the earth, caught the river on his head and kept it among the twines of his braided locks—so saved the world. The legend seems to have no possible meaning but the most popular epithets of Sivan are founded upon it. One may fancy that the god is a personification of the Himalāyas, whose tangled

forests are his hair, from the midst of which, as from the very heavens, flows down the mighty Ganges, while the crescent moon gleams brightly on the mountain's brow".

Stanza 71. This also is one of the problem-stanzas the exact meaning of which is hard to be extracted even by the shrewdest of critics. This Translator cannot but confess to a sense of dissatisfaction with his translation of this stanza.

The following passages may be of some interest to the readers :

(*a*) " Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me "

— John Donne.

(*b*) " Thou hast wounded my inmost heart by Thy form and beauty. If I am not united to thee, I shall be for ever unhappy " — Gertrude of Helfta.

(*c*) " Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek Thy face,
Thy Blessed eyes breed such desire
I dy in love's delicious Fire "

— Richard Crashaw.

(*d*) " Me Lord ! Canst Thou mispend
One word, misplace one look on me ?
Call'st me thy Love, thy Friend ?
Can this poor soul the object be
Of these love-glances, those life-kindling eyes ?
What ? I the centre of thy arms' embraces ?
Of all thy labour I the prize ?
.. ..
.. .. such wondrous love amazes ! "

— Phineas Fletcher.

Stanza 72. *Ll.* 1 & 2.

" I have a soul was made to pity kings
And all their little glittering things ;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires "

— Walts.

Stanza 76. *L.* 4.

" We know God easily, if we do not constrain ourselves to define Him. "

Stanza 82.

"Let me not be put to shame nor become a scorn and laughing stock to my enemies" — Martin Luther.

Stanza 83. *L.* 1.

"Art Thou not He, O Jahve, our God" — Jacob.

Stanza 84. *L.* 2.

This is yet another puzzling line.

Dr. Pope had completely misunderstord it when he translated it thus:

"Speak Thou,
In music say what 'tis that weighs my spirit down -
O Light Superne!"

The present Translator has so translated the line as to make the words 'பாணேபேசி' qualify either the Saint or Siva. If the word பேசி is taken to be an adverb, it may refer to Siva. If on the other hand, பேசி is taken to mean "one who speaks" it may refer to the Saint.

The word பாண் may be taken to mean 'guileful words.' In the translation here, the words "speaking guileful words' may qualify either 'me' or 'Thou.'

Stanza 90. This is one of the oft-quoted stanzas of Tiruvachakam; it is supposed to give us the philosophy of weeping as a potent instrument of prayer. Our Saint himself is always referred to as "the Saint who attained salvation through tears." The quintessence of this stanza is: "Cry and thou shalt win Him"

That this pragmatic theory of tears is an accepted doctrine in all other theistic faiths as well is found fully demonstrated by the following parallel passages.

(*a*) "All the organs of my body and soul I have stained with sin from my birth onwards; I am wholly sin"
— Symeon, "the New Theologian."

(*b*) "I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for Thou wilt hear"
— Byron.

(*c*) "Tearse, though th' are here below the sinner's brine,
Above, they are the Angel's spiced wine"
— Robert Herrick.

(*d*) " I am corrupt in every part ;
My words, my thoughts and ways ;
My pow'rs, performances and heart,
Full of corruption lyes.
Is not my nature and my will,
All enmity within ?
I'm forward unto evil still
My heart's a sink of sin "
— Alexander Nicol.

(*e*) " The real Altar is made of a heart and cemmented with tears " — Palmer.

(*f*) " My love, my sweetnesse heare !
And heal my troubled breast which cryes,
Which dyes "
— Palmer.

(*g*) " But groans are quick and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be ;
And ever as they mount, like barks they sing :
The note is sad, yet musick for a King "
— Palmer.

(*h*) " Tearse most prevaile ; with tearse thou may'st move
Rocks to relent and coyest minds to love "
— Robert Herrick.

(*j*) " My God, could I weep blood, gladly I would.
Or if Thou wilt give me that art
Which through the eyes pours out the heart.
I will exhaust it all and make
My self all tears, a weeping lake "
— Henry Vaughan.

(*k*) " They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy "
— Edward Young.

(*l*) " I looked for God - He was not there. Begging for light
I cried in prayer. Then turning back with many a tear
I felt my shoulder touched : Behold I'm here ;
I looked for thee, I am with thee !
And the great God went home with me "
— Jalāl-ed-dīn Rūmi.

(*m*) " This is the peculiar work of our Lord ; that he hears prayer and helps those who cry to him " — Luther.

(*n*) " In still loneliness God lets me weep, since I weep my pain out again and again before Him " — Kierkegāard.

(*o*) " What is there in mere scholarship ? God can be attained by crying to Him with a longing heart "
— Ramakrishṇa Paramahamsa.

(*p*) " It is said that in the Kali Yuga if a man can weep for God one day and one night, he sees Him "
— Ramakrishṇa Paramahamsa.

(*q*) " Blessed are ye that weep now for ye shall laugh "
— Jesus (St. Luke).

Please see the Note under stanza 165 (P. 119) also.

Stanza 93.

(*a*) " They are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit lingering here "
— Henry Vaughan.

(*b*) " Bethink Thee, Lord, while Thou and all the saints
Enjoy themselves in heaven ....
I 'twixt the Spring and the downfall of the light
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times "
— St. Simeon, the Stylites.

Stanza 96. *L.* 1.

" You'll see that God, Who by His powerful call,
From empty nothing drew this spacious all "
— James Thomson.

Stanza 98. *L.* 5.

(*a*) " My soul's bright food " — Henry Vaughan.

(*b*) " *Thou alone art my food and drink,* my love and my joy, my delight and my perfect good. " — Thomas A Kempis.

Ll. 4 & 5.

(*c*) " And when they all are fed and have
Drunk of Thy living stream,
Bid Thy poor ass, with tears I crave,
Drink after them "
— Henry Vaughan.

VI. NEETHAL VINNAPPAM

OR

" FORSAKE ME NOT "

'Forsake Me Not' is the sub-title of this poem consisting of fifty quatrains of Antādi type and it forms the burden of the song. This hymn is deemed as one of the Sage's most interesting compositions. "The Poem" says Dr. Pope in his Introductory Note to this chapter " throughout is a genuine human cry for Divine help in the midst of a terrible struggle and is full of the most vivid emotion. It was composed, according to tradition, immediately after the wonderful cento that forms the fifth poem, and gives expression to the youthful devotee's feelings after his guru had finally departed and the company of the 999 (?) saints who attended him had thrown themselves into the fire. He is said to have gone round the Sivan shrines in the Pāṇdian kingdom, and first of all to have spent some considerable time in the ancient city of Tiru-Uttara-Kocha-Mangai......"

Again, as usual, the learned Doctor indulges in two pieces of criticism which we must needs meet as briefly as possible. The first is regarding the Saint himself. " Meanwhile the circumstances in which he finds himself placed, the lives of his companions, the whole environment of the temple, are not favourable to pure and high devotion. The lofty ideal is not realised here. Then, as now, the influences surrounding and emanating from the shrine itself were in many ways deteriorating. From the evidence of these verses, we conclude that there were two things from which he suffered. One of these was the allurements of the female attendants, who in bands pertained to the temple. We have noticed this elsewhere. Hindu commentators will often find mystic meanings, which are harmless — if unfounded. *Again and again in this and other poems he deplores the way in which he has been led to violate his vow*. (Italics ours). The other difficulty, often referred to, was the way in which mere ceremonial acts had to be performed, affording no relief to his conscience. He thus fell into a desponding and well-nigh despairing state of mind, and sent forth his cry, like that heard in the Psalter and reiterated by the greatest Being that ever trod the pathway of this human life. Few things in literature have such a genuine ring as some of the verses in which the young noble bewails his apparent desertion by his Master. Yet he never quite lost his confidence and love ; and afterwards, as many of the lyrics show, exchanged for the ' spirit of heaviness the garment of praise '. "

In spite of the few roses and jasmines the Doctor has showered on our Saint, the fact still remains that he has repeated here also his previous

view in the fifth chapter regarding Manickavachakar's moral slips and violation of vows. We need not now enter into any detailed examination of the correctness or otherwise of his opinion regarding the deteriorating and depraving influences in the Siva shrines of the days of our Saint. Over-emphasis on the formalism and the letter of the law might have endangered the spirit; superstitions might have shrouded the simple doctrines with confounding doubts and clashing dogmas. To some of them our Saint has himself referred. Again, the institution of Dēva Dāsis might equally have tended to disturb the mental peace of some weak souls. But, what we are concerned with here is - how did all these factors have any deleterious effect on our Saint and his morality ? It is most painful and humiliating for us to even pose such questions, even if it be to defend (?) our Saint. Yet, the interests of truth compel us to face the criticism boldly and contradict it conclusively. " From the evidence of these verses " our Doctor arrives at the conclusion about our Saint. But, save those singular words of general confessions of sinfulness which our Saint uses here as elsewhere, is there any single evidence to prove the actual victimisation of our Saint by any of the evil forces around him ? We dare say, 'no.'

Please see our Introductory Note to Chapter V wherein this charge has been discussed and refuted. Such 'confessions' of sinfulness is not a peculiar feature of the writings of the Eastern and Hindu saints alone. The christian saints, both of a prophetic type and of a mystic character have been vying with one another in dying their respective characters with the bloodiest colours of the most diabolical sins. They have done so not because they are really so but because this exercise in humiliations and self-condemnation is the surest way of perfecting themselves in that princely virtue of humility which alone will win over God.

We will now quote a few sentences from Allan Butler's Lives of the Saints to prove what we have stated above, " A spirit of sincere humility is the foundation of the most sublime and heroic degree of christian perfection. As the great work of the sanctification of our souls is to be begun by humility, so must it be completed by the same. Humility invites the holy ghost into the soul and prepares her to receive His graces; and from the most perfect charity which He infuses she derives a new interior light and an experimental knowledge of God and herself, with infused humility far clearer in the light of the understanding in which she sees God's infinity and her own total insufficiency, baseness and nothingness after quite a manner and in which she conceives a relish of contempt and humiliations as her due, feels a secret sentiment of joy in suffering them, sincerely loves her own abjection and dependence, dreads the esteem and praise of others; ... ... she always places herself below all creatures, is

almost sunk in the deep abyss of her own nothingness ... ... glories only in her infirmities, pleasing herself in her own weakness and nothingness, rejoicing that God is the great all in her and in all creatures".

Doctor Pope's second criticism is with reference to the difference in style and beauty between the first twenty stanzas on the one hand and the latter thirty stanzas on the other. He says:

"It may be noticed ... ... that there is a great difference, as it seems to be between the style of the first twenty stanzas (where indeed it may be conjectured that the poem originally ended) and those that follow. Notably in verses 21 to 50 there is only one reference to Uttarakosamangai, which city in verses 1 to 20 is a part of the perpetual refrain. These latter verses, too, are more ingenious and subtle, and are more full of poetic fancies. Sometimes, indeed, they seem to be even more beautiful than those that are the undoubted composition of the Sage. Their language, rhythm and manner seem to me, however, to be different."

It looks as though the Doctor had been from the beginning obsessed with a feeling of suspecting the genuineness of many of the passages in Tiruvachakam. Starting with this suspicious attitude he had been doubting here and doubting there but with no valid ground or palpable reason. It is therefore a vain attempt to set about refuting his opinions. After all he was a foreigner and with all his magnanimous sympathy and mighty knowledge, it is too much to expect from him unerring judgements of taste and style of a work like Tiruvachakam. Without in the least being uncharitable to him, let us reiterate once for all that the whole of the poem consisting of fifty quatrains is the genuine and authentic production of our Saint. For after all, Dr. Pope's opinion is but a guess and that too by a foreigner. He himself is aware of this drawback and confesses thus: "But I readily acknowledge the difficulty that lies in the way of all merely subjective criticism, *especially by a foreigner.*"

An old commentary says that the meanig of this chapter is Prapancha Vairāghyam or being dead unto the flesh and the world. K. S. Pillai remarks that the content of this chapter consists in appealing for God's aid to give up the worldly attachment and entreating Him not to forsake one.

Though Dr. Pope correctly gives the nature of the meaning of the words விடுதிகண்டாய் as 'Forsake me not' which he gives as the sub-title of this poem, he does not adhere to it in the translation of the stanzas. He translates the word as 'Thou hast forsaken me.' This, we venture to point out is not correct.

விடுதி is a word which normally means ‘leave’ or ‘forsake.’ But here it is used in the negative sense ‘don’t leave.’

There is a couplet in Kural :

> பயனில் சொல் பாராட்டுவானை மகன் எனல்
> மக்கட் பதடி எனல். (196.)

Here the same word எனல் is used in the first place in its negative and in the latter place in its positive meaning respectively. So also விடுதி is capable of a negative meaning, as found in this poem.

Stanza 1. *l.* 4.

“And prop this self of me” — Psalms of the Sisters.

Stanza 10. *l.* 4.

The reference is to the burning of the three forts of three Asuras, called Tiripurasamhara.

The Mount Mēru was used by Lord Siva as His Bow. The same word சிலை means a bow and a mountain.

Stanza 20. *L.* 1.

“He’s my supporting elm and I his vine” — Francis Quarles.

Stanza 33. *Ll.* 1 & 2.

“My soul is drunk with joy, her new desire
In far forbidden places wanders away”.

Stanza 39.

“The proud precipitance of my soul”.

Stanza 41.

“Rioting in the luxury of baseness”

Stanza 45. *Ll.* 3 & 4.

(*a*) “The watchmen that do wander in
The city saw me there,
To whom I said, have ye saw him
Whom my soul loveth dear ?”

— Nathaniel Cotton.

(*b*) " Ye, pure inhabitants of light
.. ..
And mighty force of love,
By all your boundless joys, by all
Your love to human kind
I charge you to instruct me where
My absent Lord to find ! "

Stanza 50. *L*. 4. The words 'அமுதுண்ணக் கடையவனே' are not without difficulty in translating.

It is translated by Dr. Pope as :

" That I might Thine ambrosia taste — I, meanest one ". Still, no commentary or translation seems to be completely satisfactory.

VII. TIRU EMBAVAI

Here is what Dr. Pope in his Introduction to this chapter says:

"The mystic 'Song of the Maidens' forms a pendent to the Morning Hymn (XX). It has always been attributed to Māṇikka-vāchagar without any hesitation, *though in many respects it is certainly unlike most of his other lyrics*. (Here, of course, we must again beg to differ from the Doctor's unwarranted and unacceptable judgement on the genuineness of certain portions of this poem).

"It is said to have been composed for the use of the women at Aruṇāchalam (Annamalai) among whom it is and was the custom to celebrate with great demonstrations of joy a festival in honour of the god Sivan and the goddess Satti in the month of Mārgazhi, which corresponds to the second-half of December and the first-half of January. At that time the females of the city of all ages for ten successive days rise before dawn and perambulate the precincts, arousing their companions from house to house, and proceeding to bathe (in rigidly decorous manner) in the sacred tank. There are passages in this poem which I have been obliged somewhat to veil, and modify, carefully preserving, however, the full and exact meaning of the original, as I conceive it".

After this he indulges in one of his wonted 'asides' which is not worth mentioning here.

Then he continues:

"In one edition of these poems there is an introduction to the lyric. According to this author, from the month of Ādi to the month of Mārgazhi (*i.e.* from July 15th to January 15th) is the night season; the other half of the year being the daytime; the whole year forming *a single day of the gods*. The former half of the year, in which there is rain with black clouds, is the representative of the secular period of involution or destruction, when all things have been reinvolved in the triple veils of darkness, which period precedes that of the re-creation, or evolution. The other half of the year represents the period of creation *i.e.* the time during which the phenomenal Universe is re-evolved from its eternal elements, as the sphere of the activities of all things that have life. The month of Mārgazhi is then the symbol of the awaking of the universe from its slumber of involution. It is the dawn of the new creation of secular evolution.

"Now, this creation is the work of Satti, the manifested energy of Sivan — his wife, who is the author, not of life indeed, but of the whole phenomenal system in which and by which life exerts its energies and achieves its destinies. Sivan Himself can come into no personal relation with matter and its veiling delusions and darkness. It is therefore, Satti that accomplishes the work: she is an energy of activity, of knowledge and of desire; and through her alone the Supreme evolves all things. But this tantric system, like the gnostic systems of old, does not permit Satti, as the Partner of the Supreme, to accomplish directly the work of evolution. This would be far too simple and direct for Hindu philosophy. There is a long chain of feminine manifestations (aeons) evolved in succession, each coming into a relation to the Supreme that constitutes a distinct stage in the process; and it is only at last that Brahmā and Vishṇu are evolved, to be respectively the fashioner and the maintainer of cosmic world. The writer here enumerates nine of these Sattis, amongst whom are numbered the chief female divinities, that under various names and epithets, are worshipped or propitiated in various parts of India. Among them is the dreaded Kāḷi. No doubt there are hints of all this in this poem, but its plain and obvious interpretation is the only one known to the majority of those that use it, *and I imagine the composer himself was innocent of anything like the gnosticism and mysticism that his interpreters have given him credit for.* As the hymn stands, it is a beautiful composition, but in some parts, it will seem to be somewhat obscure. I have tried to give a version that shall be as literal as possible, but only the Tamil reader can feel how great a poet its author was; and only the student of the South Indian Saiva philosophy can expect to enter into its spirit." (All Italics ours).

This rather elaborate account of the origin and import of Tiruvembavai has been more succinctly given by K. Subramania Pillai in his edition of Tiruvachakam. The Saint composed this poem at Tiruvannāmalai during the month of Mārgazhi to enable the maidens of the place to sing it every early morning in their usual march in groups from one house to another rousing the maid of each house from her sleep until at last all of them reach the sacred tank and plunge and bathe. This poem has stanzas connected with each stage of their morning ceremony.

But a new theory of mystical interpretation has sprung up which says that this poem sings of the precosmic process of each one of the nine Saktis waking up the other. The nine Saktis are Manōnmaṉi, Sarva Bhūtadamani, Palapramadani, Palavikaraṉi, Kalavikaraṉi, Kāḷi, Rowdri, Sēttai, and Vāmai. The process starts with Manōnmaṉi first waking up Sarvabhutadamani and continues till Sēttai wakes up Vāmai. Then all of them sing in chorus in praise of Siva in his presence. As a result of this

awakening of Saktis, creation of the world below Asuddha Māyā tatwa will take place under the direction of Anandar.

But, we feel that the mystic interpretation is too tall an order and an ingenius after-thought of later critics fathered on our Saint who, as Dr. Pope rightly observes, must have been quite innocent of any such theory. The origin of the world as depicted in the above-cited account might be metaphysically correct. But the question is, was it meant to be the purport of this poem ? We feel, it was not.

The immediate provocation for the Saint to compose this poem was the sight of maidens in batches marching in the early morning of Mārgazhi month in the streets of Tiruvannāmalai.

Secondly, the ideas and words used by the various rousing maids and sleeping maids reveal quite a worldly type of beings and not the mighty Saktis divine. The nature too of the prayers and petitions contained in these stanzas belongs to the human maidens only. These and other considerations make it highly improbable that the mystic theory could have influenced our Saint.

Stanza 1. All the maidens go and wake up the first maid from her sleep. They exclaim in surprise that there is no response from her to all their chaunting of the Lord's praises.

Stanza 2. There is a dialogue in this stanza between the second maid who had been reached by the band and the latter. The hyphen marks — distinguish their respective words.

Stanza 3. There is a dialogue between the rousing band of maidens and the third maid just awakened.

Stanza 4. Again a dialogue, more interesting between the team of marching maidens and the fourth maid still lolling in her bed, though awakened.

With this the dialogue stanzas cease.

Stanza 5. From this stanza to stanza 8 the campaign of rousing another four maidens is carried on, each stanza being addressed to a maid, by the visiting maidens but there is no more of dialogue in them.

Stanza 9. This is the first of a series of petitioning songs sung in chorus by all the nine maidens, (or more). Their specific prayer in this stanza is for the hands of husbands who are the sincerest devotees of Lord Siva.

Stanza 10. Possibly they have all got into a temple in the heart of the town, en route to the holy tank. In Tiruvannamalai • the tank is within the temple precincts. So they come across the temple's dedicated devotees of the fair sex. Knowing that they are better-qualified than themselves, the maidens put the former such questions as are found in this stanza.

Ll. 4 & 5. " If I make the seven oceans ink, if I make the trees my pen, if I make the earth my paper, the glory of God cannot be written "

— Kabīr.

Stanza 11. According to this stanza, the maidens who have reached the tank take their first plunge in its water, all the while singing the lines found herein.

Stanza 12. The same bath in the tank continues.

Stanza 13. The maidens' or rather our Saint's description of the tank with its varied contents is one of the finest imageries in Tiruvachakam.

The presence of plentiful lotus-flowers side by side with blue lilies in the water constitutes the picture of Siva-Sakti. The kindred birds remind us of the white ashes on Sivan's Form and the intertwining snakes look like the ornamental snakes on Siva's body as well as the plaitted-tresses of His Sakti. The fact that people or devotees throng to that tank to have their bodily dirt washed off is symbolical also of their going to the Lord and His Spouse for getting their triple bonds or Malās washed or removed.

Stanza 15. *L.* 1. Dr. Pope says in his foot-note to this Stanza :

" The word ' time ' is Kāl, so there is a play on the word Kāraikāl. " Then he continues to narrate the story of Kāraikāl Ammayār.

Now, with all respect to the learned Doctor, we want to point out that his interpretation or conjecture is entirely wrong. The play on the word Kāl that the Doctor fancies is not really there.

In fact, this stanza is cast in the mould of a nuptial mystic poem. This is the description of a maid, one among themselves, whose love is not of the normal and formal type but whose infatuation for the Lord borders on madness and whose behaviour is strange and out of place. This is indeed the pattern behaviour of a love-mad maiden. It is very much akin to a stanza (7 : 72) in Tiruvāimozhi which is the description of a love-mad maid's condition by her mother. This stanza also may be taken as the version of the mother of the maid.

L. 3. (*a*) " Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water. "

(*b*) " Mine eye trickleth down and ceaseth not, without any intermission "
— Lamentations 3. (48 & 49).

(*c*) " Grant me tears of penitence, tears of yearning, tears of salvation, tears which purify the very dregs of my soul and make me wholly pure "
— Symeon ' the New Theologian '.

(*d*) " Lord, reckon up my flight, hold my tears in Thy vessels ! Doubtless Thou numberest them .... and forgettest none of the tears which I shed ; but I know that Thou inscribest them all in Thy book. "

— Luther.

(*e*) " Cleanse, O Lord, my heart to-day from all earthy love and pour down Thy heavenly water into my thirsty soul that I may weep for Thy humiliation and the pitifulness of my sins. "

-- Mechthild of Magdeburg.

(*f*) St- Veronica De Binasco (Virgin) of Milan. (A. D. 1497) Her biographer declares that after she had been praying long in any place, the floor looked as if a jug of water had been upset there. When she was in ecstasy, they sometimes held a dish beneath her face and the tears that flowed into it, so it is stated, amounted to nearly a quart ! .

(*g*) St. Ethymius (Abbot). He seemed to surpass the great Arsenius in the gift of perpetual tears.

(*h*) Louise Albertoni's contemplation of the Passion was so uninterrupted and the tender devotion with which she called to mind so intense that she is said to have nearly lost her sight by the floods of tears in which these hours of prayer were spent.

(*j*) John Moschus in the " Spiritual Meadow " relates that St. Thalelaeus, the Cicilian Hermit spent sixty years in the ascetic life, weeping almost without intermission. He was surnamed the " *Weeping Much.* "

Stanza 16. The imagery of this stanza is also a rare and brilliant one.

This is an address to the Cloud.

The Cloud which had impregnated itself with the sea-water and shines ln the sky is here compared to Umā Devi, first of all in respect of its colour. The lightning of the cloud is compared to the thin and glittering

waist of Umai. The bolt of thunder that blasts is the sound of her feet-anklet. The beautiful rainbow cast in the sky is the curved eye-brow of Umai.

Dr. Pope in his foot-note says:

" Here there is a subtle comparison between Sivan, Satti and a Cloud that in the monsoon season rises from the sea. The cloud drinks the waters of the sea, gleams in the sky with lightning fires, sends forth the voice of the thunder, is sometimes made beautiful with a rainbow, and then, spreading itself over the heavens pours down fertilising showers on all the earth below. So Sivan drank the poison from the sea; dances in Chithambaram while His golden anklets sound; wears a form of dazzling splendour, is renowned for the victories He gained with His bow; and pours forth blessings over all the earth ".

This simile is an original contribution by the Doctor. " The comparison to Uma or Satti is obvious ",—he says.

Stanza 19. This is practically similar to Stanza 9. Both of them describe the nature of husbands the maidens would like to be wedded to.

Stanza 20. This stanza speaks of the five-fold function or Panchakritya performed by the Lord.

VIII. TIRU AMMANAI

This poem also is supposed to have been composed by our Saint at the sacred shrine of Annāmalai.

Ammānai is one of the sixty-four kinds of Tamil Prabandas, It is a play of balls in which three maidens usually partake. The renown of a hero or God will be sung by the first one in the shape of a query. The second maid will answer the query in song and the third one will sing the reason therefor — all the while each one of them casting the ball up and catching and passing it on to the other.

In this poem only one maid is the singer cum player. Since the last line of the song is "Let's sing the rapture great" — the sub-title of this piece is given as Rapturous Joy.

In the poem, the Saint recounts his own experiences in some verses while he puts words into the mouth of the playing-maid, in some other verses.

Stanza 2. *L.* 6. This is a reference to Sivan's casting a net in the sea as a fisherman. Please see note under *Ll.* 27 to 30 in chapter II.

May we also remind ourselves here about Lord Jesus taking away Peter and Andrew who were casting a net in the sea? The Lord said unto them: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men". (St. Mathew 4: 18 & 19.)

Stanza 3. *Ll.* 1 to 3. "Who is like Thee who hast founded heaven and earth, to whom thrones and dominions do service and yet who seekest Thy bliss among the children of men? How great art Thou, King of kings and Lord of lords, who rulest the stars and givest Thy hearts to men?"

— Gertrude of Helfta.

Stanza 5. *L.* 3. "Wring water from a flint".

Stanza 6. *L.* 5. "Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep"
— Jesus Christ.

Stanza 7. *L.* 1. "The heart of a good man is the sanctuary of God in this world"
— Mad. Neckar.

Stanza 8. *L.* 1. The line may refer to the rewards and gold Lord Siva used to give to Saints Gnanasambandar and Sundaramurthi in response to their entreaties in musical pieces called Paṇ (பண்).

The reference in the latter half is to a Sport of Siva. Please see Note under Lines 73 to 75 in Chapter II.

The cadence of the original verse produced by the repetition of the same word *சுமந்த* in all the six lines is sought to be conveyed and maintained in the translation also by repeating the word 'carry' in all the six lines.

Stanza 11. The Saint glorifies Pāṇdinādu here, as elsewhere. It is Sivalōk itself, he says.

Stanza 12. The last three lines are a faithful echo of the philosophical truths enshrined in the couplet of the Sacred Kural.

> "*எப்பொருள் எத்தன்மைத்தாயினும் அப்பொருள்*
> *மெய்ப்பொருள் காண்பது அறிவு.*" (355.)

Stanza 15. All these incidents took place in the God-denying Yāga of Dakshan who performed it without inviting Siva thereto. Hence that Yagnya was destroyed and all the petty dēvas who attended it were severally punished by Veerabadra at the behest of Siva. This is an ancient story which is referred to by our Saint in a number of places.

Stanza 17. This verse is written in the tradition of the school of saints called Nuptial Mystics. In fact, our Saint himself has written a whole book of 400 verses on this pattern called *Tiru Kōvayār*. The Saint assumes the attitude of a lady love and addresses these lines in the bewitching and beatific presence of Lord Siva, the Eternal Bridegroom.

The following passages of a similar nature will be found to be exceedingly interesting.

(*a*) "Through Contemplation's Optics I have seen
Him Who's "fairer than the sons of men";
The source of good, the light archtypall,
.. .. Beauty in the original.
.. ..
To Thee, Thou only fair, my soul aspires
With holy breathings, languishing desires,
To Thee my inamoured, panting heart does move
.. .. .. By efforts of ecstatic love"

— Norris.

(b) "Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor even chaste, except you ravish me"

— John Donne.

(c) "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth"

— St. Bernard.

(d) "And thus in His dear Embrace
Entwined, to rival Angles in their bliss"

— Samuel Codrington.

(e) "How strongly thou, my panting heart dost move
With all the holy ecstasies of love!

In these sweet flames let me expire and see
Unveiled the brightness of the deity"

— Mrs. Rowe.

(f) "The bed-chamber is closed on our intimacy, our love-couch is bedecked with flowers. Come, O my Beloved! Nothing remains now but for you to take me in the arms of Thy boundless love to let me fall into a blissful sleep"

— Suso.

The word வாடுவேன் may be translaled as 'amorous languishments'.

The word உள்ளுருகி may be translated as 'luminous trances'.

Stanza 20. The idea of detaching oneself from the world and attaching oneself to God is not only an echo but a faithful reproduction and expansion of the Kural Verse.

"பற்றுக பற்றற்றான் பற்றினை அப்பற்றைப்
பற்றுக பற்று விடற்கு". 349.

IX. TIRU PORCHUNNAM

OR

THE SACRED GOLD DUST

In the Vādavūr Purāṇam we are told that the Sage saw in Tillai maidens pounding the Gold dust, which mixed with perfumes, is strewn on the heads of distinguished visitors to the shrine, and on great occasions is lavishly thrown over all things and persons connected with the worship. As they were pounding, they were seen to be singing meaningless songs; so he composed these twenty verses, in a somewhat loose metre, to be sung in time with the pestles.

" The song is much admired, " says Dr. Pope, "but is a little obscure and almost colloquial. "

The inner meaning of this poem is said to be Manōlayam or the merging of the soul in rapture. It is again explained as ' standing sans the self. ' The soul that has been submerged in bliss can have no self-conscious existence ; it is beside itself. The Old Purāṇam says that this signified the act of pounding the materials of Māyā as gold dust by the Nava Saktis.

Stanza 3. Indra's Karpaga is a sacred and mysterious tree which yields any and every fruit desired by the worshipper. A symbolic branch is placed on auspicious occasions as a sign of luck.

Stanza 5. ' And the motley crew of heavenly ones.' A more literal and better translation would be " The motley crowd of rattling gods."

Stanza 7. *Ll.* 3 & 4. Here the Saint is a little more jubilant and self-assertive, than in 1,) Lines 88 to 93 in Chapt. IV. and in 2) St. 3 in Chapt. V.

Stanza 10. The beauty and rhythm of the original with its musical repetition of ஆட ஆட in every line have been attempted to be maintained in the translation also.

Stanza 12. Line 5 states one of the fundamental principles of religion.

Stanza 13. Ll. 4 & 5. This passage contains one of the fundamental tenets of Saiva Siddhanta philosophy, describing the various phases of the relationship between Sakti and Siva.

(1) When Sivan and Sakti combine together for purposes of world creation, He becomes her husband.

(2) When Sivan in the form of Sādākya Tatwa is born as Sadāsivam out of Sakti, He becomes her son.

(3) When Sivan gives birth to Sakti as the very first act of cosmic movement, He becomes her father.

(4) When Sivan emerges as Siva Tatwa at the instance of Gnāna-Sakti, prior to the emergence of Sakti Tatwa at the instance of Kriyā Sakti, He becomes the Elder brother of Umai.

Of course, these positions may not be easily understood by the lay reader.

Stanza 18.

Sivan nipped Brahmman's head and played it like a ball.
He broke the teeth of the Sun at Dhakshan's sacrifice.
He flayed the wild Tusker called Gajamukāsuran and wore it as His cloak.
He kicked the death-god of Yama into death when the latter sought to take away the life of St. Mārkandar.

Stanza 20. This mentions that the Lord subsists as a number of opposite things simultaneously.

These two passages will be found to be of a similar nature :

(*a*) " Thou art wholly immovable, yet ever moving ; Thou art wholly outside all creatures yet in all creatures ; Thou fillest the universe, yet art Thou wholly outside the universe "

— Symeon, " the New Theologian. "

(*b*) " Most merciful yet most just, most hidden yet most present, most beautiful yet most strong, stable yet incomprehensible, unchangeable yet all changing, never new, never old, ever working, yet ever at rest. "

— St. Augustine.

X. TIRU KOTHTHUMBI

OR

THE BUMBLE BEE

This is what Dr. Pope says in his Introduction to this chapter. "Our Poet-Sage, like S. Anthony of Padua and some other mediaeval saints had a great sympathy with the irrational creation. Comp. the Kuyil Decad (XVIII.) and the Parrot Decad (XIX). This poem is addressed to the humming-bees or winged beetles, which abound in all the topes and glades of South India, and are especially numerous in the shady groves that surround the temples; having a great preference for the fragrant and beautiful trees which are sacred to the Hindu deities".

"The insect, here called Gōttumbi, is probably the dragon-fly, *Euplaea splendens*.

"Here the Soul is really addressed and exhorted to seek Sivan's feet".

Kōthumbi means the King-Bee or the Bumble-Bee. This Bee is usually importuned by poets and lovers to carry the message of their respects and love to their beloved ones and big patrons respectively.

An old Note says that the inner meaning of this poem is சிவகேஐ ஐக்கியம் or Identity with Sivan. Here, in so far as one addresses the bee of one's own mind to go to the Lord and blow, this is considered as identity with Sivam. Another commentator would call this 'abiding in Sivam uninterruptedly'. The author of the Old Purāṇam says this poem is entitled Kōthumbi because a soul which feels the pangs of separation from Sivan sends forth the bee as a messenger of her love.

Indeed, the bee seems to be a favourite creature with poets of all countries.

Here is what Henry Vaughan sings:

> "Give me the wisdom of the bee
> And her unwearied industrie:
> That from the wild gourds of these days
> I may extract health and Thy praise".

God and the beetle seem to have an equally intimate connection even in the poetry of the West.

For, Christopher Smart sings :

" Let Chalcol praise (God) with the Beetle, whose life is precious in the sight of God, though his appearance is against him ".

Whatever might have been the real reason which induced our fore-fathers to pitch upon the Bumble-Bee as an intelligent agency for conveying our ideas and prayers to Almighty God, this choice of the bee stands now perfectly justified and proved as highly scientific.

In the course of his Patel Memorial Lectures delivered recently (in December 1957) in the All India Radio, New Delhi on the subject of " *Unity and Diversity of Life,* " Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, the famous British Scientist has made the following observations on the bees, which are quite revealing and refreshing. Presenting a possible " Bee's eye view of human beings ", the learned Scientist remarked :

" If bees observed human beings, they might well say, 'these large creatures are clearly very stupid and have no real language. Many of their dances are crudely erotic. However, in Southern India some precision has been reached. But even here the *Mudrās* appear to signal emotions rather than facts. There is not the faintest evidence that they can communicate either direction or distance.' "

Prof. Haldane was explaining the biological discovery that bees had the best-developed language of dance gestures to communicate even distances and directions to other bees. (*The Hindu,* dated 18–12–57).

Now, the significant facts to be remembered by us in the light of this remarkable and re-assuring biological discovery of to-day are that (1) the bees are the best of singers-on-wings which could fly easily anywhere and to the Lord and blow its music pleasantly, as Saint Manickavachakar says, and that (2) they are possessed of the best-developed language of dance which makes them the fittest and best-qualified communicators with Lord Nataraja Who is the Master-Dancer of the universe ! The language of the bees, unlike that of human beings, is capable of subtler varieties of expression and communication and that too with Lord Nataraja whose enchantingly divine art of dance is one in which, according to Prof. Haldane, the bees are the greatest experts, among all living beings, including mankind. Hence, our poetic tradition and Saint Manickavachakar alike stand justified by the latest biological discoveries !

Stanza 1.

'The flower-borne god' is Brahmman
Purandaran is Indra
'The blessed tongue-borne maid' is Goddess Saraswathi
'The horse-borne Light' refers to the Sun.

It will be seen that the rhythm and beauty of the original produced by the four-fold repetition of the word 'ஏறு,' have been attempted to be reproduced in this translation also by the repeated use of the corresponding expression 'borne'.

Stanza 2.

"What am I, how produc'd and for what end?
Whence drew I being? To what period tend?"

— Dr. John Arbuthnot.

Stanza 3 is one of the oft-quoted passages of Tiruvachakam. It gives a vivid and verifiable definition of Siva-bliss.

(*a*) "Last night, when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame"

— Lord Tennyson.

(*b*) "If I but say, 'Think, Oh, my heart
The joys of His embrace',
I gush and feel my mass of blood
Like boiling billows roll,
And something swift as lightning would
Shoot thro' my very soul"

— Stogdon.

Stanza 4 is equally important. In fact, it is one of the characteristic pieces of Manickavachakar which illustrates his enchanting humility. Though a Brahmin by caste and beatified as a chosen thrall of Lord Siva, he had the greatness of soul to concede the immeasurable superiority of Saint Kannappar who had been illiterate and uncultured and born of an uncivilised and 'low' tribe - a class in the lowest rung of the caste-ladder of our Land! Our Saint had no faith in the caste-system, at any rate in matters pertaining to the soul and God. (See Stanzas 475 and 638).

This high-souled humility of the Saint at once highlights and magnifies the indescribable love and condescention of Lord Siva Who, having once tasted the unequalled devotion and sacrifice of the highest magnitude of Saint Kannappar, could still agree to enjoy the love of Saint Manickavachakar which, according to him is the very opposite of the former's love!

For a detailed account of St. Kannappar please refer to Periapurānam.

The story in brief is as follows:

Kannappar was the only son and heir-apparent of a Mountain Chief near Tirukāḷahasti in the present Andhra State. Once, while he went ahunting in the forest he aimed at and killed a wild pig. Before the game could be cooked and got ready for his lunch, the Hunter-Prince went up the hill of Kalahasti by chance and lighted upon the Siva-linga on the top. He was suddenly seized with a frenzied love for Siva and became anxious to feed 'the starving Lord.' He went down the hill, roasted every bit of the pork of the hunted pig and by the test of his tasting with his tongue he chose the best and the sweetest bits and ascending the hill, fed the Lord with them. Thus he was attending on the Lord for five days, while his attendants and members of his hunting expedition had left him and gone home. On the sixth day, while he returned to the Lord with his carefully-prepared dishes of pork he saw that one of the latter's eyes was bleeding and he fell down stricken with grief. But, recovering himself soon, he tried all kinds of mountain weeds and plants but failed to cure the eye. Then, finally he dug out his own eye and placed it on the bleeding eye of the Lord and instantly the bleeding stopped. He jumped with joy and congratulated himself. But his jubilation proved short-lived! The other eye of the Lord now began to bleed. But Kannappar was not to be daunted. He still had another eye left with him. He was ready to pluck out his other eye when God Siva, brooking no more, appeared from the Linga and caught hold of his hand and cried thrice "Stop, Kannappa, my beloved son!" Ever since then, the Saint is abiding by the side of the Lord in eternal bliss.

Thus Kannappar had the most enviable privilege of operating on the eye of the greatest Surgeon of the universe! No wonder then that saints of the calibre and sanctity of Gnanasambandar and Manickavachakar have extolled him so much.

Stanza 7.

"If I but hear Thy name,
.. .. I start!
Oh, how must be Thy face?"

— Stogdon.

Stanza 8.

In studying Nature, we
" trace her maze of complicated schemes
When differing parts identity compose.
Yet, endless how, from One each varying essence flows.
Each vegetable set in bed of bliss,
Their sap exhaling from the Prime abyss.
.. ..
The One grows sundry by creative power "

— I. H. Browne.

Stanza 18. This is a ravishing picture of Ardanāreeswarar who is half-male and half-female.

The Lord	*The Mother*
The Skin (of Tiger)	The silk
Pendents of the ear	Round ear-rings
The milk-white ash	Yellow sandal-paste and parrot
The Trident	The bunch of wristlets.

This is the pair of opposites pictured in One God. This is His Ancient Form.

XI. TIRU TELLENAM

All the commentators are agreed that Tellēnam is a kind of maidens' game. This seems to be a play in which a number of maidens beat their palms, standing in a circle or in opposite rows, to the tune of songs sung by all of them in chorus. This is proved by the words of our Saint like " Let's sing and let's beat Tellēnam. " Its inner meaning is stated to be ' joining Sivan. ' Lines in this poem, like

" our selves
We lost and became Sivam ! .... " (234)
" I became divine " (237)
" Died too my acts of will " (241)
" I died too " (248)

do amply justify this interpretation.

The Old Purāṇam says the purport of this poem is - crying Tenna and O Tenna and beating Tellēnam in the plenary fullness of Siva-bliss !

This again is a case of a mundane instrument of innocent delight in the hands of the maidens being magnified and sublimated by our Saint into a medium of soul-culture and mighty bliss !

Stanza 1. *L.* 1. The reference in the first line is to the story of Linga-Purāṇam speaking of the inability of Vishṇu to locate the foot of a colossal flame i.e. Sivan, which sprang up.

L. 2. This contrasts the impossibility of access to Sivan in the case of Vishṇu and His easy affability to our Saint.

Ll. 3 & 4. " O under various sacred names adored.
— Alexander Pope.

Stanza 3. *L.* 1. The inaccessibility of Sivan not only to Vishṇu but also Brahmman is referred to hero. Brahmman too could not fly up and reach the top of that flame which was Sivan. (See Linga-Puranam).

L. 4. If such a rare God is said to have spontaneously entharlled a human being like Manickavachakar, will not the world laugh at this incredible tale ?

Our Saint is always fond of referring to this aspect of his life. (See St. 10 : Page 53 and St. 174 : P. 125).

Stanza 4. *L.* 1. "E'en with the gods is no eternal home"

— Psalms of the Sisters.

Stanza 11.

"O happy Spirit home! O wondrous soul!
.. ..
For never since thy griefs and woes began
Hast thou felt so content; a grievous fend
Hath led thee to this Cave of Quietude"

— Keats.

Stanza 12. *L.* 2. See Note under *l.* 195, Chapter IV.

Stanza 14. *L.* 2. See Note under *l.* 162, Chapter III.

Stanza 16. *L.* 1. The word புத்தன் may be translated as Buddha. But a more agreeable and exact translation is "a novel one" as herein found. K. S. Pillai also is of this view.

Stanza 17. *L.* 1. Our Saint shows his contempt for mere doctrinaire religion and dogmatism and rituals. He congratulates himself over his deliverence from them.

"Thro' metaphysic wilds he never flew,
Nor the dark haunts of school chimeras knew"

— Blackmore.

Stanza 18. This is an excellent and oft-quoted stanza which is as sublime in its metaphysical content as it is musical with its rhythm and cadence produced by the repeated use of the same word கெட்டு in seven places in the four lines. The Translator has attempted to preserve the same cadence in the translation.

"I die daily"

— St. Paul.

Stanza 20. *L.* 1. குலம் may also mean 'greatness' or 'the band of saints'.

Crane's quill. Siva had killed an Asura of the form of a crane and adorned Himself with his quills. (Dharmapuram Edition)

XII. TIRUCHAZHAL

Tiruchāzhal is also another kind of maidens' play like Tellēṇam, Poovalli and Thōṇōkkam. Though it is not quite possible to determine the exact nature of this play, yet we can guess it from the way in which the songs sung in it are framed. This is or must be very much like the modern play among young girls one of whom poses a question in rhyme while another answers it in rhyme. Hence the songs of Sāzhalō also which are constituted by the former two lines of question and the latter two lines of reply must be a game very much similar to the modern 'Quiz' programme in the All India Radio. Only, in the Sāzhal two persons alone can take part and that too in rhymed words of poetry, unlike in the 'Quiz' of to-day.

Its import here has been stated to be the sport of Arul Sakti or the mercyful Grace of Sivan. It is only on account of the Lord's boundless compassion for the human beings that He condescends to assume a visible Form and adorn it with white ashes, black cobras and Gangai and the moon. The Old Purānam would say that Tiruchāzhal is describing the supremacy of Sivan through the mouth of the dumb-girl.

Now, coming to the origin and history of this particular Song of Sāzhalō, we find narrated invariably in every Purānam connected with our Saint that this song of twenty stanzas contains the questions and answers by the Buddhists and the dumb daughter of Ceylonese king respectively regarding the various aspects and details of Lord Siva's appearance, deeds of exploits and grace, supremacy etc. The story connected with the incident is easily told. A particular Buddhist King of Ceylon reached Chidhambaram, accompanied by a band of learned and pugnatious Buddhist monks with a view to defeat the Saiva leaders in theological controversy and establish Buddhism therein. The Chōzha king of that period, and the Tillai Three Thousands took up the gauntlet of this foreign challenge but engaged our noble Saint living in undisturbed peace to give battle to the arrogant outsiders. The fierce and protracted controversy between the Buddhists and the Saivites ended after all in the utter disconfiture of the former. But the Buddhists would not own defeat. So our Saint invoked Goddess Saraswathi's grace which rendered all the querulous Buddist monks dumb. Astonished by this miracle, the Buddhist king implored our Saint to restore the speech of his only dumb daughter. Saint Manickavachakar not only restored her powers of speech but also made her reply effectively to all the querries plyed by the Buddhist monks. This Song of Sāzhalō was the consequence.

Dr. G. U. Pope, save for his simple reproduction of this episode in his Life of Manickavachakar, has not added anything more in his foot-note to this poem except to say: "as originally written, the objection is put into the mouth of the Buddhist Guru, and the reply is by the Ceylon King's hitherto dumb daughter." But his lack of faith in this story has been well betrayed in his simple but ironical remark in his foot-note under Stanza 10. "This seems odd in the mouth of a Buddhist objector."

Now, we must venture to make our position quite clear, without fear of the consequences. We frankly confess to a feeling, a deep-rooted one, of suspicion in the genuineness of this particular episode, in the life of our Saint. Nay, we dare to repudiate it completely.

We will establish our position first from internal evidence and then from external arguments.

A. The alleged questions containing the doubts or disparagements by the Buddhist monks are definitely stated to have been framed and sung in the form we find them in every first half of each stanza by one or more of those monks. They certainly could not have been sung by our Saint even on behalf of those Buddhists. For, he would not have been given the credit for impartiality in effectively stating their position. But then another question, hitherto unsuspected by any one, crops up here: when all the Buddhist monks had been struck dumb, who was it among them that could have put these questions? The answer may possibly be (we concede it for argument's sake) that some of them had been rendered voluble by Saraswathi Dēvi as a special concession.

If, therefore, this is the position, how could we reconcile this admitted and unquestioned authorship of these question-portions of these Sāzhalō stanzas with the occurrence of such lines therein as are found in the following ones:

(*a*) *Stanza* 2. *L.* 1.
(*b*) *Stanza* 10. *Ll.* 1. & 2.
(*c*) *Stanza* 15. *L.* 2.
(*d*) *Stanza* 16. *L.* 1.
(*e*) *Stanza* 18. *L.* 1.
(*f*) *Stanza* 19. *L.* 2.
(*g*) *Stanza* 20. *L.* 2.

A careful and dispassionate perusal of these lines and an imaginative apprehension of the frame of mind of the person who could have framed those questions in those words would undoubtedly convince any unprejudiced

reader that whoever might have been the author of those lines, the Buddhist monks could certainly not have been the authors thereof. They were simply incapable of such mild, sympathetic and even reverential phraseology with reference to Lord Siva. Again, they would certainly have introduced the name of their Lord Buddha in those questions for without it they were nothing. But we find not even a distant whisper about Buddha or his tenets.

Secondly, let us examine the position this poem occupies in the scheme of this whole work.

We find that there is quite a continuous and consistent series of chapters in Tiruvachakam from Chapter VII to Chapter XIX - all of them invariably dealing with the various kinds of maidens' plays or games. The only chapter that looks like an exception is the Chapter on The Bumble Bee (X). But even this might safely be presumed to be the appeal addressed to the Bee by the maids in love of God. Anyway, Tiru Embāvai, Tiru Ammānai, Tiru Porchunnam, Tiru Tellēnam, Tiru Chāzal, Tiru Poovalli, Tiru Wunthiar, Tiru Thōṇōkkam, Tiru Ponnūsal, The Mother Decad, The Kuyil Decad, and the Parrot Decad - all of them are uniformly concerned with our womenfolk and their pastime and they constitute an integral whole or unit, the provocation for their composition being the need felt by our Saint to sublimate and divinise the contents of all those folksongs. If this is so, why should only one among this series have an auto-biographical connection with the Saint and that too of an unedifying nature ?

Again, the practical unity of metre preserved by our Saint in the sub-units or groups is also revealing. Tiru Embāvai, Tiru Ammānai and Tiru Porchunnam are one group of like stanzas numbering twenty in each poem. Then comes the second group with greater unity in metre, consisting of Tiru Kōthumbi, Tiru Tellēnam, Tiru Chāzal and Tiru Poovalli each with twenty stanzas of practically the same length. Now, all of them have been conceived in form and content as maidens' game-songs and to introduce this extraneous and foreign element of a controversial origin in one chapter alone is neither logical nor harmonious.

B. These are the external arguments of probabilities :

(1) Saint Manickavachakar lived at a time in our history when the rival faiths of Buddhism and Jainism were dead as door nails in Tamilnadu. He had no need to fear any foreign faith. If ever he had to contend against any other faith than his own, it must have been Vaishnavism only. He has also betrayed this fact throughout his immortal work.

(2) It is because of this absence of any local or native opposition the Buddhists had to come here from Ceylon !

(3) It is also a flagrant piece of sacrilege on our part not only to make Saint Manickavachakar engage himself in a vehement controversy against the Buddhists but also paint him as having been actuated by a desperate malice and vengeful spirit to the extent of requisitioning the services of Saraswathi Dēvi to perform the graceless task of depriving the Buddhists of their powers of speech. It is at once too ungallant and unsportsmanlike for any one, let alone our noble Saint.

In one word, tho whole episode is a disgusting invention and disharmonious innovation in the story of our Saint for which some of our zealots of Saivism had been responsible. For every incident in his life Tiruvachakam contains unmistakable internal evidence ; about this it is significantly silent. It is quite un-Manickavachakar, and it strikes a foreign and discordent note in the otherwise sweetest symphony of our Saint's magnanimous life.

We are glad to reproduce what Mrs. Ratna Navaratnam of Jaffna says anent this in her book entitled " A New Approach to Tiruvasagam " published by the Annamalai University (Tamil Series No. 9.)

" Some commentators think that the poetry also contains a refutation of the Buddhist doctrine, though there is no internal evidence to prove the truth of the incident of our poet's vindication of the Saivite faith as against Buddhism, nor of his curing the dumb princess from Ceylon."

Stanza 2. In the foot-note, Dr. Pope says :

" An ascetic mendicant wears a very scanty cloth, suspended by a string round the waist ; but why should He, who often appears in such stately majesty wear this unseemly pretence of decent clothing ? The answer is ambiguous in the original but seems to say : ' All mysteries are contained and hidden in Him and the Vedic revelation is the link between Him and the souls of men. Strange symbolism ! "

Stanza 3. ' His own shrine is burning-ghat.'

" I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls the burial-ground God's Acre ! It is just "

— Longfellow.

Stanza 4. ' The formless one ' is Kaman, the Cupid or God of love. He aimed his flower-arrows at Lord Siva Himself while the latter was in

deep yoga and got his body burnt to ashes by the enraged Lord. He was, however, given an invisible form by Sivan, as a matter of grace.

Stanza 5 refers to the irreverent Sacrifice of Dhakshan and the consequent punishment meted out to him and his guests by Veerabadra at the behest of Sivan.

Stanza 6 is a reference to the Linga Purāṇam.

Stanza 7 is a reference to the ferocious descent of Gangai as a result of Baghīrathan's penance and Lord Siva's containing her within the curls of His plait lest she should wipe off all the world.

Even to-day in her mythological state of suppression, the river Gangai is taking her almost regular daily toll of human lives besides, of course, her annual and periodical aberrations and alterations in her course.

Stanza 8 is a reference to the Lord's swallowing of the deadly poison when it first emerged from out of the much-churned ocean of milk by the Dēvas and Asuras who all fled in terror. They, however, returned to fight for participating in the divine food of ambrosia when the churned ocean yielded that too !

Stanza 9 speaks of the Lord and His Sakti forms being the models for domestic life and happiness of the human beings. This doctrine is one of the anathemas to the Buddhists.

Stanza 11 refers to the periodical death of Vishṇu and Brahmman who die at the end of each aeon and whose sinews and skeletons are worn on the breasts by our Lord! This proves His eternality as opposed to the short lives of the other gods.

Stanza 13 is of practically the same purport as that of Stanza 9.

The sixtyfour arts are mant for the enjoyment of domestic life by human beings who must enter into legalised and ritualistic wed-lock. It is to demonstrate this truth that Sivan wedded Umai before the sacrificial fire.

Stanza 14 is a very important one. It speaks of the cosmic dance of Siva which eliminated and displaced the chaotic dance of Kāḷi in Tillai. She began to indulge in a devil-dance scattering destruction everywhere with her shrieks and blood-thirsty trident. In a regular trial of strength with Siva she was defeated and driven outside the limits of Tillai by the Lord Whose cosmic and Ānanda Tāṇdava is sustaining the systematic operation of the universe from its heart-centre, Chidambaram.

Even the modern troubled condition of the Northern State of Bengal where Kāḷi worship predominates and the comparatively peaceful life in the extreme South where Lord Nataraja rules would prove the truth of this stanza.

Is it not also significant that towards the close of his life Poet Rabindranath Tagore of the Kāḷi-ridden Bengal came to understand and sing of the Cosmic-Lord Nataraja of the South ?

Stanza 15 is a reference to the incident of Vishnu becoming a bull to carry Sivan during the time of Tirupurasamhāra.

Stanza 16 is a reference to the Lord, as Dakshiṇāmūrthi teaching seated under a banyan tree the eternal verities of the four-fold Veda, to the four pupils.

The contrast between the teaching of Dharma on the one hand and the destruction of the three cities of Asuras on the other is emphasised here.

Stanza 18 refers to the rigorous Siva-puja performed by Vishṇu with a thousand lotus-flowers. Unfortunately when the thousand was found short by one, he dug out one of his own eyes which are also lotus-like and placed it at the Lord's feet. As a result he got the gift of a rare Disc from Sivan. With it had Sivan chopped off the head of Jalandaran the giant.

Stanza 20 speaks of the teaching of the four Purushartas of Dharma, Artha, Kāma and Mōksha to the four pupils by Lord Siva. (See. St. 16.) But for this teaching, they would not have learnt of the nature of the world.

XIII TIRU POOVALLI

OR

THE PLAY OF PLUCKING LILIES.

The words 'POO VALLI' in Tamil may mean the stem with flowers or the lily flower. In either case, it is connected with the play of young maidens. A number of maidens join to-gether and pluck bunches of flowers from the plants and trees as well as white lilies from the water tanks, and after wreathing them they wear them on their heads or adorn their lovers or God. While thus they play, they sing some un-meaning snatches of songs. But St. Manickavachakar has given them these twenty verses of a devotional character to be sung while flowers are being plucked and strung to-gether.

Getting rid of or eliminating Māyā Vishayam is the inner meaning of this chapter. Mayā's voluptuous and ravishing beauty is represented and symbolised by the beauty, colour, smell and softness of the flowers and hence plucking away these flowers really constitutes the act of removing the enslaving charms of Māyā. The Old Purānam would say that Poovalli means plucking the lily flowers in the noble company of holy saints and singing the hallelujas of God.

The following lines from a Western poet take a somewhat different view about plucking the lily flower which is supposed to have been sanctified and sweetened by God's contact with it.

> "Thither I after Thee will fly,
> And hymning Thee, will prostrate lye,
> In hope to pluck a lily sweet,
> .. .. .. Kissed by Thy feet.
> Odour and beauty never fade
> In lilies sweetened by Thy shade.
> 'Twill virtue from Thy touch derive
> .. .. Love to revive.
> T'ward Heav'n it will aspiring tend
> Grow fairer as it shall ascend,
> Grow Heav'n, to take me every hour
> .. .. To rise and flow'r"
>
> — Thomas Ken.

Stanza 4. This refers to the punishment of the various devas by Veerabhadra's hordes at the God-denying Sacrifice conducted by Dakshan, the father-in-law of Sivan.

Stanza 6. *L.* 1. This line in original may be and is being interpreted in two ways. One is the way in which it has been translated here. Here the three-fold fire is described as consisting of Kārugapathyam, Āgavaneeyam and Dhakshināgniyam.

The other interpretation would render the translation of the line as follows:

" He did pity the triple gods and graced in the Sacrifice " Here the triple gods are Agni, Brahmman and Vishṇu who all attended Dakshan's Sacrifice. They were, however, let off without being killed by Veerabhadra.

L. 2. The three to slash whom He strained His eye-brows were Dhakshan, Echchan and Indra. These three, were, however punished.

L. 3. This line means that One God - the Ēkam Sat - Lord Siva assumes the Bhōga, Yōga and Aghōra Forms and dispenses to souls enjoyment, Moksha and punishments respectively.

The three forms referred to here may also mean His Rūpā, Arūpā and Rūpārūpa.

L. 4. The three forts are those of the three giants, which Lord Siva burnt to ashes by His mere smile.

Stanza 15. This stanza also refers to the diverse punishments meted out to various erring beings on various occasions. Thus Rāvaṇa's shoulders were crushed by Sivan when the former had dared to lift up Mount Kailas.

Yama was punished with a fatal kick by Lord Siva when the former dared to take away the life of Mārkaṇdar in the very presence of the latter. All the rest of devas mentioned in this stanza were variously punished at Dhakshan's Sacrifice which they dared to attend in the absence of Lord Siva.

Stanza 16. This stanza refers to the Sacred Sport of Siva in which He carried earth, as a labourer, on the banks of the river Vaigai for the wages of sweet-pudding and got wounded on his body by the cane-lash administered by the Pandyan King or at his command.

Stanza 18. The first two lines remind us of the story of St. Sēramān Perumāḷ Nāyanār who is said to have been blessed by Lord Siva with the mystic music of His anklet-sound at the conclusion of his daily Siva-pūja.

It is quite possible our Saint too had him in mind as the Sēraman had been his immediate predecessor along with his divine companion St. Sundarar.

Stanza 19. 'and becomes an infant too on earth'. See note under *Ll.* 110 to 113 in Chapter II for the Sport concerned.

Stanza 20. This stanza refers to the arrival of Lord Siva in Madurai as a Horse-man upon his steed and the enthralling of our Saint as His devoted liege who would do odd jobs for him.

XIV. TIRU WUNTHIAR

'Wunthi' is also a play or game concerning young girls. But what it actually is nobody has stated clearly. Dr. Pope says: "Tamil scholars give different interpretations of the word 'Unthiar.' It seems to mean 'the players at a game resembling battledore and shuttlecock.' The word Unthi is, I imagine, used for the shuttlecock or ball which the players cause to 'fly aloft.'"

But it seems certain that there is no room for any throwing of balls in this game.

The Dharmapuram edition is of opinion that this may be a game of the girls in which one girl runs up and touches another girl, the first one singing the first two lines of the song and the latter one responding with the third line of the song.

The more authentic description of this game seems to be the one found in Periāzhvār's Tiruvāimozhi (3—9) which speaks of two young maidens jumping up with joy to the tune of the Wunthi songs sung by themselves.

Anyway, one thing is certain. Our Saint had found this brick of a game in the hands of maidens and converted it into gold by his sublimating and divine words.

Stanza 1. The Bow was the Mount Meru.

Stanza 2. A single arrow was Mahā Vishṇu.

Since Sivan did not shoot the arrow but burnt the triple forts through his smile only, that arrow was one too many in His hands and superfluous.

Stanza 3. The reference is to the breaking down of the axle of the Car the moment Lord Siva stepped upon it. In spite of it He burnt the enemies' forts by merely smiling at them.

All the dēvas had constituted the several parts of the Car and since they were all arrogantly conscious of their importance in this battle against the Asuras, Sivan wanted to prove to their chagrin that they were not at all necessary and that without their co-operation in the shape of the Car He could successfully accomplish his task, single-handed or rather with a single smile.

Hence, we have got a shrine by name Achchirupākkam in Chingleput district, meaning the "place where the Axle broke."

Some commentators import a mystic meaning into this stanza.

Stanza 4. Although the three forts had been burnt to ashes, the three Asuras by name Tārakātchan, Vidyunmāli, and Kamalātchan were spared destruction by the Lord, Who had them appointed as His three Sentries of Sivapuram in view of their deep and sincere devotion to Lord Siva.

These four stanzas, as we have seen, deal with the episode of the Triple forts.

The Asuras had been harassing the dēvās from within their respective citadels of gold, silver and iron. On the united and unanimous appeal to Siva by all the devas, it was decided to destroy those forts. All the devas became the Chariot, Brahmman became the Charioteer, the four Vedas became the horses, Vishṇu became the arrow, Mount Meru was the bow. With all this preparation ready, Siva mounted the Chariot only to find that it gave way. He used none of these instruments of violent warfare but simply smiled his Cherubic smile and lo! the three forts were burnt out!

There seem to be three morals in this story, one of mystical and the other two of modern and mundane significance. Lord Siva is the only God and all others are only nominally so. He can accomplish anything without the least help from any one or all of them.

The second moral is that though all preparations of war might be made, we need not actually use them in war. Siva never used the bow and arrow but only smiled. Thus we too to-day may have armaments but we need use only our good will or smile to defeat the enemy.

Thirdly, though the citadels and forts may be destroyed, the occupants thereof may be spared and if possible, they may be befriended, as Lord Siva had done with the owners of those three forts

Stanza 5. The flight of the devas present at Dhakshan's Sacrifice is referred to.

Stanza 6. This refers to the fact that though Vishṇu got a blow on his chest at the hands of Veerabhadra, the former did not die.

Stanza 8. This refers to the fact that Dhakshan had been too rude and inimical even towards his daughter Umai on account of her extolling her Lord Siva Who had been uninvited to the Yāga.

Stanza 10. This refers to the beheading of Echchan by Veerabhadra.

Stanzas 5 to 16 refer to the story of Dhakshan's Sacrifice.

Dhakshan's daughter Umai was married to Siva. Since once Dhakshan was not treated with due respect by his Son-in-Law on Mount Kailas, the former, with a view to insult the latter, conducted a great Sacrifice to participate in which all the gods except Lord Siva were invited. Umai, though not permitted by her Spouse, somehow managed to reach her impudent father with whom she protested against the inadvisability of not inviting her Lord. Dhakshan heaped up insults on her and her Lord.

Sivan produced Veerabhadra from out of His own spirit and commanded him to destroy the Yāga. He made his ferocious appearance at the Sacrifice and after wiping off the Yagna, he dealt with the various gods present therein as found referred to in the stanzas 5 to 16 of this poem.

Stanza 17. The reference here is to the story of Lord Siva gifting away the sea of milk itself to Upamanyu, the child of Vyāghrapāda at Chidambaram. At the Ashram of his uncle Vasishtar, the child Upamanyu had been fed well and sumptuously on the divine and delicious milk of Kāmadēnu, the heavenly cow. But, when he arrived in Chidambaram there was a scarcity of milk. At the suggestion of his mother, the little Upamanyu prayed to Lord Siva and got the gift of a whole sea of milk. See Kōvil Purāṇam.

Stanza 18. The reference is to the story of the nipping of one of the heads of Brahmman. Brahmman who had originally five heads like Lord Siva Himself, felt too proud of his similarity or equality with the latter and would not worship Him. To punish his impudence Vairava (a son of Sivan) nipped one of Brahmman's heads with the nail of his finger. Thus, Brahmman has come to have only four heads.

Stanza 19. The story of Rāvaṇā's punishment by Siva is referred to here.

Once finding that the progress of his chariot northwards was being obstructed by Mount Kailas, he got down and attempted to lift it up but lo! his shoulders got caught up beneath it and crushed when Lord Siva, in anger pressed his toe on the Mount. Crying and weeping, the erewhile arrogant Ravaṇa attempted to placate Siva by singing the Sāma Veda for a thousand years (?). Then the satisfied Lord pardoned and released him from the mountain's weight and nay, He gave him also a wondrous sword of mystic might as an extra boon.

This episode is a favourite topic of the two Dēvāra Hymners - Saints Gnānasambandar and Appar.

Stanza 20. This is not found in certain editions including Dr. Pope's Translation.

Following K. Subramania Pillai's edition we have also included it in this edition.

This refers to the protection afforded by the Lord to the Siddhars who take to flying in Ether, by the strength of their mystic powers.

XV. TIRU TONNOKKAM

"Tonnokkam literally means 'aiming at the shoulder' for it ends up with placing the hands of each opposing pair on the shoulders of the other. In some lines this is used as a symbol of the approach of the soul to Sivan's feet." — Dr. G. U. Pope

It is unanimously agreed that this is a maidens' game in which each one either eyes or touches the shoulders of the next one where maidens stand and sing in a line or circle. Each of the maidens would bring both of her palms together and singing these songs, she would mildly place them on the shoulders of the other with her pair of eyes also fixed on the same. Thus the circle would go round and round. It may also be a game in which each girl might turn her pair of eyes alternately on her shoulders right and left by turning her whole face.

Three things are definitely involved in this game. (1) Singing (2) clasping both the palms and (3) Either touching or seeing either one's own shoulders or the shoulders of another maid.

The inner meaning of this chapter is said to be 'Prapancha Suddhi.' This means the soul should not be deluded by the false appearance of the world but should, after due discrimination, surrender itself to Śiva and thus convert all its acts into penance.

Stanza 1. *Ll.* 1 & 2. The Will O' the Wisp. Trying to drink the mirage-water.

Stanza 2. "The Calf-thrower at fruit"—This is a name refering to Lord Krishṇā who in order to bring down a Viḷā fruit from the tree lifted up and aimed a calf at it. This is how Krishna killed both the asuras who appeared as the calf and the fruit respectively.

Stanza 3. This is a reference to Saint Kannappar's story. Please see note under Stanza 4, Chapter X.

The pūja performed by Kannappar was not of an orthodox, ritualistic character. It was at once rustic, crude and heterodox. Still, the inordinate and unparalleled love actuating the deeds and details converted his worship into an infinitely more 'orthodox' or meaningful one than any other worship.

His shoe's contact, his mouth-ful of water and his offering of pork—all these got accepted by the Lord as the best He had ever had.

Dr. Pope adds in his foot-note as follows: "The idea is one expressed with marvellous energy and beauty by Hebrew prophets. Horace's lines will occur to the student: 'If the votary's hands are pure, they propitiate the gods with the humblest offering, and would not be more persuasive with the costliest.'"

Stanza 6. This is a very important stanza containing an essential doctrine of Saiva Siddhanta metaphysics namely - when a soul surrenders itself to God and then does all its acts with a selfless attitude of mind, all that it does will become only acts of God and not of that soul. This is also the central doctrine of Baghavat Gīta.

Stanza 7. The story of St. Chandeeswarar referred to herein is one of the best illustrations of the doctrine of the previous stanza.

Vichārasarumar was a young Brahmin Brahmachari born as the son of a Vaitheeka Brahmin called Echcha Dattan belonging to Tiruchēignalur in Tanjore district. He had become proficient in all the Vedas and Āgamās before he was hardly seven or eight. One day when he saw a shepherd beat a cow mercilessly with a stick, he remonstrated with him. What is more important, from that day onwards the shepherd was deprived of his job which job of grazing the flock our beloved Brahmachari undertook to do. He was so kind and motherlike to the cows that they began to flourish well and wax and yield plenty of milk to their owners. Nay, the cows conceived a motherly tenderness in turn for him and at his very sight they began to spontaneously shower milk from their teats. Lest all this precious milk the showering of which could not be helped, should go to waste, Vichārasarumar used to temporize a Sivalinga out of sand and collecting all the milk so profusely yet spontaneously supplied by the cows, he used to perform the unction to that Sivalinga.

Rumour began to work its tricks and complaints were made by some jealous men that precious milk was being wasted by the boy's playful pranks. The owners of the cows remonstrated with the boy's father who, with a view to detect the 'pilferage' hid himself on a tree. The next day, the boy went through the usual routine of his Siva-puja and the indignant but ignorant father of the neophyte, having caught his culprit-son red-handed, got down the tree and caned his sun sitting absorbed deeply in his soul-ful Siva-puja. There was no response; the puja continued, More irritated, the father next kicked at the vessels containing the holy milk. The boy was shocked and turned aside to see who it was. His father he saw; he took a staff and struck at the sinful intruder and disturber of his Siva-worship, though he was his own father and a Brahmin. Lo!

the staff turned into a sharp axe and cut asunder the feet of Echcha Dattan and he died. Unceremoniously, the boy-devotee resumed his worship where he had left it and continued with no compunctious visitings of nature. Immediately appeared Lord Siva and lifting up the young devotee who was prostrating, placed him on his lap and stroked his body with His sacred hand and kissed him on the brow. He was given the Chandeeswara status which made him the 'Master of the Royal Household' the chief of Siva's servants. He also became entitled to enjoy all the offerings of food, flowers and clothes made to Siva, next to Him. Chandeeswara's sinning father, who had received his purifying punishment, was revived into life and he too got into Sivalōk.

See St. Mathew's Gospel (10 : 37).

" He that loveth father or mother more then me is not
worthy of me. "

Stanza 8. The sense of shame and the spirit of questioning are obstacles in the way of divine ecstasy and dancing with rapture.

(*a*) " Ah God ! Ah God ! O Thou my God,
O Thou my God ! Stand by me against all the world,
wisdom and *reason* "

— Martin Luther.

(*b*) " Here is my life, my will, my *honour*.
All is thine "

— St. Teresa.

(*c*) " That knowledge which from human reason flows
.. ..
Is ignorance at best and often worse "

— Elijah Fenten.

Stanza 9. The first two lines refer to the grace shown by Lord Siva when He had burnt the triple forts of the three Asuras. The three Asuras by name Dārakātchan, Kamalātchan and Vidyunmāli were spared and they were appointed as the Sentries at the gate of Sivaloka, in view of their devotion to the Lord.

Please see note to Stanza 4 ; Chapter XIV.

The latter two lines refer to the fact that Vishṇus and Brahmmans and Indras are also mortals and from time immemorial there have lived and died a number of these gods in this universe.

Stanza 10. Please see note under Stanza 18 of Chapter XII.

Stanza 11. The stanza describes the respective punishment meted out at Dhakshan's Sacrifice to the various dēvas by Veerabhadra.

Stanza 16. This is a reference to the story of Linga Purāṇam. When Brahmman and Vishṇu were fiercely engaged in a dispute as to who was supreme, it was cut short and their egotism and arrogance were punished by the sudden appearance of an imponderably huge Flame, the top and bottom of which neither of the disputants were able to scale or fathom respectively. This flame was but Siva. This is celebrated as an annual Kārthikai festival at Tiruvannamalai chiefly and also in all other shrines of Siva. But what significance there is behind the celebration of Vishṇu Kārthikai in Vaishṇavite temples, one is not able to see.

XVI. TIRU PONNUSAL

This is the last of the series of pastimes of womenfolk we have been dealing with in this work. Though Ponnūsal or moving the Golden Swing is not a game properly so-called, yet it is also a sort of entertainment mainly concerned with maidens.

In Vaishṇava works Ponnūsal is described as swinging the Golden Plank containing Maha Vishṇu and His Peria Pirātti, by a number of maidens singing his praises.

The author of the Old Purāṇam is also of opinion that the person seated on the Golden Swing is Uma Devi and those who move that swing are the maidens.

But here the maidens themselves are described as the persons who are at once those who sit on the Swings and those who move it. While they do so, they sing the praises of Lord Siva.

The inner meaning of this poem is said to be 'Arul Suddhi' which means the purification which the soul attains as a result of its blending with Grace.

Stanza 4. *L.* 1 refers to Siva's swallowing the poison that had emerged from out of the churned-up milky ocean.

Stanza 5. The two—Brahmman and Vishnu knew not whether Siva was a Male, Neuter or Female.

Stanza 8. The reference in L. 3 is to the episode of Sivan appearing in Madurai on a horse-back and enthralling our Saint.

XVII. ANNAI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF MOTHER

Dr. Pope says: "This Decad is a series of exclamations uttered by a little girl to her mother."

K. S. Pillai is of the same opinion. This means that our Saint says that the girl said this and this.

But with all respect to these editors we wish to point out that the whole poem is supposed to be sung by the mother of a maid who used to convey these ideas and words to the former. The mother tells us: 'My daughter says like this, like this'. The Dharmapuram edition in a way indicates this view.

This is one of the types of poems in Ahaturai or erotic poetry in Tamil.

Similar stanzas of the same sentiments and style may be found elsewhere. See for example (*a*) St. Appar's Devāram 5:29 and 5:40. (*b*) Nammāzhvar's Tiruvāimozhi 4:4.

A love-mad maid is so full of her Lord that she often breaks into loud soliloquies about the sweet qualities and great exploits of His. Overhearing this the anxious mother of that maid narrates this to her neighbours, of course in direct form.

The Old Purānam says Annai Pathu means the love-mad maid's telling her mother about her desire to meet her lover.

Attaining the plenitude of the soul in union with Sivam is said to be the inner meaning of this poem. This Ātma Pūraṇam is attained when the soul, becoming filled with the Lord, loses its self-consciousness and becomes frenzied and lost in Him.

Stanza 5. *Ll.* 3 & 4. "Often wandering mind" — Tennyson.

Stanza 7. "This is ambiguous" remarks Dr. G. U. Pope.

But so far as we see, there seems to be no ambiguity, if it could be read with a correct historical perspective. This stanza will not yield the correct meaning to any one who goes to it with a mind which is obsessed with the pre-Mohammadan date of Manickavachakar.

The Lord appeared on horse-back as the Merchant Prince from Arabia, since during the ninth century A. D. commercial contact had already come to be established between Arabia and India, particularly the Pandyan court.

Hence He was wearing the typical attire of an Arabic Muslim. The milk-white cloth and the cloak or coat of the Mosque were his wear. Until and unless we interpret பள்ளி as Mosque, we can never arrive at the truth.

The fact, the most irrefutable historical fact and religious tradition which has hitherto been unnoticed by any scholar and which constitutes the last word in testimony to the date of our Saint is the appearance of a Muslim in Madurai every year on the Avāṇi Mūlam festival day as the Horseman. His family has been enjoying a temple inām for this service. He represents Sivan as the Horseman.

What better proof than this is needed to prove the date of Manickavachakar ?

Stanza 8. Dr. Pope says : ' In the legend of Sambandhar it is said that Sivan gave him a pair of cymbals inscribed with Namasivaya ; but this cannot be referred to here. ' Why not ? If the objection is chronological only, we are sure the Doctor is wrong. The arguments found in stanza 7 will make it clear beyond doubt that Sambandar had preceded our Saint by about two centuries.

But, actually the reference could not have been made to Sambandhar in this stanza for the simple reason that the cymbal referred to here is in the hands of Lord Siva only.

Stanza 10. " There is a play upon words here, not producible in English, " says Dr. Pope.

We believe it is possible to reproduce it, as found in our translation.

XVIII. THE KUYIL PATTHU

OR

THE KUYIL DECAD

" The Kuyil is often referred to in these poems. Our Sage, like St. Francis of Assisi, was exceedingly fond of birds and indeed was filled with love for the whole creation. In this poem he calls upon the Kuyil to join him in the praises of his Master, recounting the chief themes on which he was wont to dilate. The epithets applied to the Kuyil are skilfully varied ; it is pictured to us as a diminutive bird haunting the leafy groves of a dark azure hue with a golden tint, as uttering a sweet call of a peculiarly tender kind, as possessed of a beauty gladdening the eye and as imparting pleasure to all that hear its inviting notes. Mystically, the Kuyil is the human soul. Comp. Psalm CIII. " Dr. Pope.

Again he remarks in the foot-note as follows :

" The Kuyil (or Kōkila : Eudynamys indicus) is found in all parts of the peninsula of India, and is a great favourite with the people. Its somewhat monotonous cry is more appreciated by the natives of the East than by those of the West, yet it is not unpleasing, - in moderation. Its note is sweet and plaintive. It must not be confounded with the English cuckoo, though it is of the same species, and not unlike it in some particulars. "

The lady-love experiencing the pangs of separation from her Lord which seems to be painfully protracting, appeals to the Kuyil to go to her Lord and carry her message to Him and call Him to come. Incidentally she describes to the Kuyil the nature and qualities of her Lord. This is a literary pattern common to all religionists in Tamilnadu.

In her Kuyil Decad, Sri Aṇḍāḷ endears the Kuyil and entreats it to go and call her Lord to come. In one stanza, she cajoles the Kuyil by saying that she would give the Kuyil the sweet companionship of a tender parrot brought up by her. This combined treatment of a Kuyil and parrot is significant in the light of our Saint's treatment of them both one after another in his Tiruvachakam. In stanza 7 our Saint says : " I 'll also be thy helpful mate. " But Āṇdaḷ promises the Kuyil the company of her pet parrot.

An Old Note speaks of ' Atma's Regrets' being the mystic meaning of this poem. It seems to be correct in so far as these stanzas describe the regrets and pangs of separation of the lady of a soul from her Lord of God.

The author of Old Puraṇam says this chapter appeals to the Kuyil to call to the Lord to come and visit our soul.

See the similarity of appeal in this passage.

" Hail, the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is God and call Jesus here "

— Parnell.

Stanza 2. Lines 2 & 3 refer to the grace shown by Siva to Mandōdari, the wife of Rāvaṇā.

Stanza 4. The beauty of the rhythm in this stanza produced by the three-fold repetition of the word 'பழித்து' has been attempted to be conveyed in the translation by the three-fold repetition of the word 'scorn' in it.

L. 3. " Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshy hearts "

— George Herbert.

Stanzas 6 & 7 refer to Sivan's appearance in Madurai as a Horse-man.

Stanza 8 refers to Lingapuranam.

Stanzas 9 & 10 refer to the appearance of the Lord in human form as a Guru and enthralling our Saint at Tirupperunthurai.

XIX. TIRU TASAANGAM

OR

THE SACRED TEN INSIGNIA

This chapter is entitled as Tasaangam in so far as it mentions the ten Royal Insignia pertaining to Lord Siva:

(1) Name (2) Capital city (3) Domain (4) River (5) Mountain (6) Carrier (7) Weapon (8) Drum (9) Garland (10) Banner. This Tasaangam is also one of the ninety-six kinds of Prabandams.

Stanza 1. (*a*) " The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue"
— Walts.

(*b*) " Up soared the lark into the air
A shaft of song, a winged prayer"
— Longfellow.

Please read Lines 172 to 211 of chapter II. and compare the two sets of Ten-fold Insignia found in this chapter and that.

Chapter II.	*Ten-Insignia*	*Chapter XIX.*
Dēva Dēvan	1. Name	Devar Pirān
Uttarakōsamangai	2. Capital City	Uttarakōsamangai
Pāndinadu	3. Domain	Ten Pāndinādu
Rāpture-Bliss	4. River	Rapture-Bliss
His Grace-Granting Greatness	5. Mountain	Release-granting Grace
Horse of delight	6. Carrier	Heavenly Ether-steed
The Trident	7. Weapon	The Trident
The Nāda-Drum	8. Drum	The Nāda-Drum
Kazhuneer flower	9. Garland	Tāḷi Aruhu
Stripes of White ashes	10. Banner	White-Bull Banner.

Each Veṇba is divided into two halves — the first part being the question and the latter part its answer. The first part is obviously the question put by the lady-love to the parrot. The second part or the answer may be taken either as the answer taught to the parrot by the maid herself, or the answer supposed to be given by the parrot to the maid's question. We prefer the latter view.

XX. TIRU PALLI EZHUCHI

OR

SONG OF ROUSING FROM THE SACRED COUCH

In his foot-note to this poem, Dr. Pope observes: "The image of the god is laid upon a couch each evening and taken up in the morning. This *reveille* is the first business of the day. This seems strangely at variance with verse 5."

Dr. Pope was a good scholar in Saiva Siddhanta philosophy and he should have known more than any one else that Siva has the three-fold form of Arūpa, Rūpārūpā and Rūpā. If so stanza 5 speaks of the form of Ashtamurtham, a Rupa form the Lord assumes. The five elements are pervaded by the Lord and except through these we cannot see God—this is the gist of this stanza. If the Doctor had condescended to concede the fact that it is after all the metallic idol in the temple that is pretended to be roused up from its sleep, has he not thereby conceded also that the five elements from one or more of which the idols are made are equally the residence of God? If so, where is the variance, we ask, between stanza 1 and stanza 5?

Stanza 7 is in fact a continuation of the thought of stanza 5. Even that God the actual seers of Whom we have not heard of, is that very God Whom the dēvas in heaven are not able to define as the taste of a fruit or ambrosia. But such an ineffable God has appeared before us in flesh and blood and made it easy and possible for us to say of Him 'This is His sacred form; this is Himself'.

There are numberless varieties and gradations in the manifestation of God and our Saint, like many others gives expression to as many as He can but he always has in mind that one God Siva alone.

The mystic meaning of this poem, the Old Note says, is the 'Tirōdhana Suddhi.' The Old Purana would say that the purport of this poem is carrying out the behests of and doing service to Lord Siva who has enthralled us with love.

The Dharmapuram edition ventures upon a guess, based upon the Tirupalli Ezhuchi Pravesam by Periavāchān Pillai, that the poem may mean that while the Lord Who woke up Saint Manickavachakar was sleeping by his side out of His boundless grace, the Saint in his turn wants to awaken the Lord from His sleep.

This ceremony of waking up the Lord would mean a farce, if considered in relation with the mere idol in the temple which is incapable of sleep or wakefulness. If this is applied to the all-pervasive Lord in reality, even then it will be absurd because He too knows neither sleep nor wakefulness; He is beyond these dwandwam. Then what on earth can it mean?

We think the late M. S. Pūrṇalingam Pillai had very nearly hit the mark when he wrote that 'after the long night's restful sleep, the soul now wakes up revived in energy to start its fresh day's works and duties.' In all ceremonials connected with the Lord what passes for service to God in the temple is only a euphemism; it is in reality what we do unto ourselves. Feeding the God means feeding living beings. So also what waking up the God means and includes is waking up ourselves only. Nay, we only sing about a thing we have already done; we have awakened ourselves.

Stanza 1. *L.* 1.

" Hail! Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail"

— James Thomson.

L. 3 & 4.

" Jesus the pleasing lustre of Whose Eye
Kindles to glory all the Realm of Day."

— Samuel Codrington.

Stanza 2. *L.* 1.

Aruṇan is the Sun's charioteer.
Indra's direction means the east.

If ever there is an ambiguous passage in Tiruvachakam, it is this stanza. We find no interpretation to be satisfactory. Especially lines 2 to 5 are incapable of being accurately interpreted. We have given what seemed to us the best. But we must confess to a sense of dissatisfaction. We still hope to find a *better* version, God willing!

" And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town"

— Longfellow.

Stanza 3. *Ll.* 1 & 2

" The birds made melody on branch and melody in mid-air"

— Tennyson.

Stanza 4 gives a picturesque and realistic description of the condition of the Siva temples of our Saint's days. See the equality enjoyed by both Samskrit and Tamil.

Stanza 6. *L.* 4. " As paint-eyed maids worship." These words refer to the Erotic or Nuptial Mysticism which some of the saints of both the

sexes adopt towards God in their advanced and intense stage of soul-culture. Sri Āṇḍāḷ among Vaishnavites, Saint Manickavachakar among Saivites, St. Teresa among Christians, Jalal-ed-din Rūmi among the Sufis might be cited as representative Nuptial Mystics of their respective religions.

Stanza 7. *L.* 7.

(*a*) " Give me simplicitie that I may live ;
So live and like that I may know Thy wayes,
Know them and practise them "

— George Herbert.

(*b*) " Teach me, O Jahve, the way of Thy statues ;
And I shall keep it unto the end
.. ..
Make me to go in the way of Thy commandments ;
For therein do I delight "

— The Psalmist.

(*c*) " For, whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and mother "

— Jesus Christ. (St. Mathew : 12 : 50).

Stanza 8. *L.* 2. The point is that Brahmman, Vishṇu and Rudra—all these three themselves know not Sivan fully. Sivan, therefore is *not* one of the Trinity. He is the Turiyam and Chaturtham.

See *Stanza* 30 : *l.* 2 (P. 63) and *Stanza* 4 : *l.* 3 (P. 57).

Our Saint is consistently adhering to this truth.

Ll. 3 & 4. " O, Lord of Chidambaram, wilt Thou not stop Thy chariot at my cottage door for a moment ? " — Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

Stanza 10. The idea contained in this stanza is a very excellent, original and favourite one of Saint Manickavachakar.

The fact that Lord Siva despises heaven and scorning the dēvas comes down into this world and delights Himself and His thralls by His divine Sports, would rather reverse the words of Robert Browning which should therefore read " God's on His earth ; all's right with the world. "

Thus thinking, both the gods Vishṇu and Brahmman regretted that instead of going to the hallowed earth and being born there they were wasting their precious time in their respective worlds. So they decided to leave their respective habitations and sojourn into this world.

" In fact this is the best of all possible worlds not only for the system in its entirety but *for man.* " — James Thomson.

XXI. KOIL MOOTTHA TIRUPPATIKAM

OR

THE ANCIENT TEMPLE-HYMN

"This poem speaks of a number of ancient things regarding Tillai" says the Note in the Dharmapuram edition. But actually an examination of it reveals no such thing. What actually is found is that in eight out of ten stanzas a reference to Ponnambalam is found. 'Anādi Satkāryam' is said to be the purport of this poem. But what the Old Purāṇam says is that the Koil Moottha Tiruppatikam indicates the gain of Grace in Chidhambaram and that is correct.

Stanza 1. *L*. 1. In the pre-cosmic stage when Sivan had not commenced His five-fold operation called Panchakrityam, He had His Sakti or Energy within Himself. This is what is meant by the words: "Thy Mistress dwells in Thy own midst."

After the commencement of the cosmic creation by the Sakti or Energy of God, she as the dynamic and cosmic aspect of the Lord has Him within Herself. This is what is meant by the words: "Thou dwell'st in Thy Mistress' midst."

L. 2. "If both of ye dwelt in my midst"—these words mean: "Both Siva and Sakti reside within my soul after the achievement of Saktinipadam and Iruvinai Oppu by me."

L. 4. "Cleave to the men of worth. In them who cleave
Wisdom doth grow and in that pious love
From all your sorrows shall ye be released"— Psalms.

Stanza 5. *L*. 4. 'Like ghee in curd' means not quite patent or apparent but concealed.

Stanza 6.

(*a*) " .. .. if Thou desertest me, Thou forsakest also Thy name .. .. " — Luther.

(*b*) "Let me not be put to shame nor become a scorn and laughing stock to my enemies"— Luther

(*c*) "In Thee, O Jahve, do I take refuge.
Let me never be put to shame"
— Thirtyfirst Psalm.

Stanza 7. *L.* 2.

"Thou art our Shepherd and we are Thy flock" — Calvin.

Ll. 3 & 4.

(*a*) "Bethink Thee, Lord, while Thou and all the saints
Enjoy themselves in heaven"

— St. Simeon, the Stylites.

(*b*) "I pray Thee that Thou wouldst condescend to lead me a sinner to that unspeakable joy where Thou art to Thy saints true light, full satisfaction, perpetual joy and consummate gladness and perfect bliss."

— Thomas Aquinas.

Stanza 9. This stanza describes the variety of ways in which different devotees enjoy the bliss of God. One is inevitably reminded of the Thousand Pillared Mandap called Dēvāsiriya Mandap at the Tiruvarur temple which is the traditionally acknowledged Sanctuary of Saints and which was worshipped by St. Sundarar himself.

L. 1. The word 'தேனிப்பார்' is wrongly interpreted as *நயானிப்பார்* by all Tamil commentators.

But Dr. Pope has rightly translated it as "honied delights they quaff." தேனித்தல் is a verb formed out of the root தேன்.

But the words 'நரிப்பாய் நாயேன்' have been flagrantly mistranslated by Dr. Pope. "Like dog, that jackals chase and scare."!

'நரிப்பாய்' means despicable or depraved.

See the following quotation.

.. .. His priest-hating parson hankers for
"Such a happy mental frame
As rouses oft the holy Brahmin's flame,
Who, unemployed, unvexed with aught below,
Stranger to vice, to folly and to woe,
In sweet retirement fixes his abode
Marks blooming nature and adores God"

— Perceival Stockdale.

XXII. KOIL TIRUPPATIKAM

OR

THE SACRED TEMPLE-LYRIC

The inner meaning of this lyric is said to be "Anubōgha lakshaṇam" or "the Sign of Sivānubhūti." Those who have attained Sivānubhūti would hail Sivan as, 'My Bliss,' 'My Love,' 'Undecreasing Fulness,' 'My Fruit' and 'My Ocean of Bliss' etc. The Old Purāṇam speaks of the Koil Tiruppatikam as a yearning of the soul for the Lord at Perunthurai. Hence, though this poem was composed at Tillai, its appeal is to Tiruperunthurai's Sivan.

Stanza 1. *L.* 5.

(*a*) "Show me, I pray Thee, Thy glory" — Moses.

(*b*) "O how it (heart) panteth to draw near
And see Thee as Thou art"

— Stogdon.

L. 8. "God does not love. God is Love!" — Tennyson.

Stanza 2. *L.* 1.

"To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires"

— Dr. J. Arbuthnot.

Stanza 3. *L.* 8.

"Father of light and life! Thou God Supreme!
O Teach me what is good! *Teach me Thyself*!"

— James Thomson.

Stanza 5. *L.* 2.

"'Tis one immense and ever-flowing light."

Stanza 6. *Ll.* 1 & 2.

"Since we are the true temples of God, we must pray within ourselves, if we would invoke God in His holy temple"

— Calvin.

Stanza 7. This is said to be the Hridya Slōka of Tiruvachakam. It is a veritable Kohinoor.

Ll. 4 to 9. These lines speak of the process of involution of the world into the One God.

Please see these following strikingly similar passages :

(*a*) .. .. .. " That hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man,
.. ..
Vanishing atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen for ever "

— Lord Tennyson.

(*b*) .. .. .. " and still depart
From death to death thro' life and life and find
Nearer and ever nearer Him Who wrought
Nor matter nor the finite-infinite "

— Lord Tennyson.

L. 7 is the authentic definition of God Who is not a particular thing but without whom nothing is or could be.

This stanza which speaks of the process of involution must be read along with the stanza No. 218. *l.* 1. which speaks of the evolution of many from the One Only — "He stemmed as One and soared and ramified too countlessly ".

Stanza 10.

(*a*) " Thou art mine and I am Thine "

— Christ to Teresa.

(*b*) " Ev'n so we met and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joined ; we both became entire.
.. ..
For I was flax and He was flames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than twine ;
So I my best-beloved's am ; so He is mine "

— Francis Quarles.

XXIII. SETTHILA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DESPONDENCY

This poem bewails the interference of egoity in the complete enjoyment of bliss by the soul. The Old Purāṇam says that 'My guileful self is not yet dead' means my egoity is not yet eliminated.

Stanza 2. *Ll.* 3 & 4.

(*a*) "Thou hast stricken my heart with Thy word and I loved Thee" — St. Augustine.

(*b*) "A thrall to His enchantments" — Tennyson.

Stanza 5. The word 'ஆட்டுத்தேவர்' does not mean 'sportive gods' as Dr. Pope has translated.

Ll. 1 & 2. These lines refer to a very deep and subtle doctrine of Saiva Siddhanta metaphysics.

So long as a soul is in its 'native' and uncultured state, its actions performed with egoistic and self-conscious attitude are bound to yield the double fruits of good and evil which will lead to births and deaths. Here the ordinary gods like Brahmman have control over it and lead it towards its fate or Karma.

But, when the Āchārya performs the Nirvāṇa dīkshā to the soul and by submitting it to the mystic operation of Adhvasōdhana releases it from the malās, the soul gets into the groove of Grace and marches God-ward. This is what is called abiding by the Way of grace.

The following lines from the Translator's recent Lectures on Saiva Siddhanta in the Banaras University may be helpful, we trust.

"This last sacrament of Nirvāṇa dīkshā helps, first to release the soul from the influence of the Shadādvans which contain the accumulated karma and other malās, and next to unite it to the hallowing Grace of Lord Siva.

The Adhva Sōdhana is a very elaborate ceremony in the course of which the disciple is made, in consonance with the mystic symbology of the Kriyapāda dīkshā, to transcend step by step the Shadādvans by offering each one of them and finally the soul of the disciple itself as a sacrifice unto the Lord. The Adhvasōdhana is connected in some instances with another ceremony called Nādi Nyāsā the purport of which is to inculcate in the mind of the disciple the idea, that after the crucifixion of the old Adam,, the soul has become the tabernacle of God for all time".

Stanza 7. Herein is a mention of Namasivāya, the Panchākshāram with which Holy Name of the Lord, Tiruvachakam itself commences.

XXIV. ADAIKKALA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF REFUGE.

In his introductory note writes Dr. Pope as follows :

" It seems probable that this song was founded upon the Buddhist formula which required the devotee to utter nine times the word 'Saranam'...... Here our author takes 'refuge' at the foot of the loving Master Who has called him, and will at last receive him to Himself. This element of personal devotion to One Whom he believes to have been the Supreme manifested in the flesh is very striking, and gives a power that was wanting in the Buddhist system. We must remember that all his life our sage was brought into hostile contact with the Buddhists, and that he fashions his poems so as to afford the strongest possible contrast to that which he hated."

We make no more comment upon this wild guess of the Doctor except to say that Saint Manickavachakar was of too spiritual a nature and too noble a poet to set about fashioning his compositions on the pattern of others and least of all of the Buddhists. Nor is it a proven fact that he was brought into hostile contact with the Buddhists throughout his life-time.

In fact, the Vaishṇavites are more noted for their doctrine of Saraṇāgati. In the Dēsika Prabanda Vyākyānam an explanation of this Saraṇāgati makes it clear that the Upanishads themselves had laid special emphasis on this doctrine of surrender. If so, this is enough to disprove the Doctor's theory even from the chronological point of view, for the Upanishads are older than Buddhism.

The Old Purāṇam says that this Decad of Refuge was sung to prevent strong 'deeds' from gripping the soul.

Stanza 1. *L.* 1. This refers to the earlier joining of his comrades with the Lord, leaving our Saint here on earth.

Stanza 2. The beauty of the rhythm of this verse in original must be enjoyed by everyone. It is impossible for any one to translate it with its unsurpassed splendour.

Stanza 4 is similar in its contents to stanza 1.

Stanza 8. *L.* 3.

" Man is such a shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion but ordained no rest "

— Henry Vaughan.

What wonderful similarity !

Stanza 9. Compare it with Stanza 50. (P. 71).

Stanza 10. *Ll.* 1 & 2.

(*a*) " Quaff That Life's Elixir "— Psalms of the Sisters.

(*b*) " The soul quaffs the liquor of its Heaven "

— I. H. Browne.

(*c*) " Oh ! that sweet Solace, that unmixed wine
Which Thou the Lord art pleased to give to Thine,
Give me to drink thereof abundantly
That my soul may be refreshed thereby "

— Bockett.

(*d*) " No image, perhaps, could suggest so accurately as this divine picture of the conditions of Perfect Illumination, the drinking deeply, devoutly and in haste of the Heavenly Wine of Life ". — Underhill.

(*e*) But George Herbert drew back, conscious of his own unworthiness to drink the Heavenly wine. He says :

" But still being low and short,
.. .. Far from Court,
.. .. Wine becomes a Wing at last."

What became a wing at last in the case of George Herbert in a later age, had long ago ' choked the throat ' of Saint Manickavachakar, due to his ' fate '.

In either case they could not completely enjoy the ' drink '. What a wonderful similarity in experience !

L. 3. " Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Jesus Christ — (St. John : 4 : 14)

XXV. ASAI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DESIRE

The Old Purāṇam says that the idea behind this poem is to praise and beseech Lord Siva so as to be enabled to get detached from the world and the body and attached to his blissful Grace.

Atma Lakshanam is a sub-title of this poem. That means cognising the Atma Rupam. Just as the eye-sight mixes itself with the sunlight and cognises an object so also the soul must first be united with grace to be enabled to cognise and enjoy Sivan. This chapter expresses the desire of the soul for grace; hence it is called Decad of Desire.

St. 1. *L.* 2. Eagle-bannered one is Mahā Vishṇu.

St. 9. *Ll.* 3 & 4. These are some of the parallel passages:

(*a*) " With ravished eyes they drink in heavenly beams
Which from His face flow down in glorious streams."

— Blackmore.

(*b*) " God smiles as He has always smiled."

— R. Browning.

(*c*) " When shall my imprisoned soul be free,
That she Thy native, corrected light might see,
And gaze upon Thy beatific face to all eternity ? "

— Norris.

Stanza 9. *L.* 3. " The thralls in throng "

— Tennyson.

XXVI. ADISAYA PATTHU

OR

THD DECAD OF WONDER

And old note gives 'Mukti Ilakkaṇam' or 'Sign of Moksha' as the sub-heading of this chapter. The ancient Puranam says that the Decad of Wonder means the expression of exultation and wonder at the phenomenon of the Lord's kindness in having weaned away the soul from the world of bondage and 'mala' and placed it in the enchanting and ennobling company of His holy saints.

Stanza 7. *Ll.* 3 & 4. "Thou art .. .. .. more precious than jewels and gold and dearer to me than all the riches and honours of the world" — Anselm.

Stanza 8. This is also problem for the annotator and translator. The second line has not been satisfactorily explained by any one so far.

The first line seems to hint at the fact that our Saint had been abiding in the presence of the Lord originally and that the Lord had sent him down to the earth clothed in human body for some particular purpose.

A similar verse is also found among the Devaram hymns of St. Gnanasambandar.

> " Man who is from God sent forth
> Doth yet again to God return"
>
> — Wordsworth.

Stanza 10. 'Truthful Way' means the Way of Grace taught by the Lord.

'Enlight'ning ruddy Fire' refers to Sivan.

'Which powdered at once three Forts in angry mood' — This refers to the act of burning the triple forts of the three asuras, performed by Lord Siva. This incident is called Tirupurasamhara, very often referred to by our Saint.

XXVII. PUNARCHI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF MYSTIC NUPTIAL.

Some notes mention that the import of this poem is 'Advaita Lakshaṇam' or the uniting of God and soul in a manner which could be described as neither One nor Two. The Old Purānam refers to this poem as expressing the anxiety of the soul to get mystically locked up in the embrace of God who is at once Love and Bliss.

We have taken the liberty of giving the sub-heading of this chapter as '*The Decad of Mystic Nuptial*' in the light of the tenor and spirit of the whole poem.

This poem belongs to the variety of Nuptial Mysticism of a very elevated character.

Stanza 4. This is a significant verse which gives a delicious description of Lord Siva.

Tradition says that this stanza had been sung to the late and immortal Sri la Sri Arumugha Nāvalar of Jaffna on his death-bed immediately prior to his joining the sacred Feet of Siva.

Here is what Anselm says about God, which somewhat resembles this stanza's description.

"Most sweet, most kind .. .. most precious, most lovely, most beautiful — Thou art sweeter than honey, whiter than milk or snow, more delightful than nectar."

Stanza 8. *Ll.* 5 & 6.

> "They gaze so on the beatific sight
> Till they become all intellectual light."
>
> — Blackmore.

Stanza 9. *L.* 2. The word 'noodle', an ignorant one is applied to God only and not to the Saint himself as Dr. Pope interprets in his footnote.

This is an endearing way of addressing a Lord who has become intimate enough to give such rights and privileges.

'Perfect love casteth out fear.'

Perhaps, from the standpoint of our Saint he is right since he firmly believes that 'here is a God who could make no better choice of a favourite devotee than this ghoul-like self of mine in this vast world of wise and good soul!' Please see also Lines 7 & 8 on page 59.

Stanza 10. *L.* 5. பார்ப்பானே, means 'O, Brahmin.'

XXVIII. VAZHA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DISGUST WITH LIFE

The Old Purāṇam says that the poem entitled 'Vāzhā Patthu' appeals to God Siva to call the soul unto Himself since there is no other help for it in this wide world and since it can no more brook life here. Some notes opine that this poem indicates 'Mukti Upāyam' or the way to achieve liberation.

(*a*) "Life's a long tragedy; this globe the stage"

— Blackmore.

(*b*) "Let grace come and let this world pass away"

— Didache.

Stanza 5. *Ll.* 5 & 6.

These lines speak of the at-one-ment of the Saint's organs like mind, body, mouth, ears and eyes with the Lord. Since these organs are saturated with Godliness, no earthly purpose could be served by his life on earth hereafter.

"Thou art the All-highest to my eyes; the All-sweetest to my mouth; the most tender to my touch and the most Beloved of my heart".

— Suso.

XXIX. ARUL PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DIVINE GRACE

" The Tiruvadavoor Purāṇam states that this was one of the earliest of the Sage's poems and that it was sung at Tirupperunthurai. It certainly bears the impress of youth, and in many respects is inferior to some of his latter poems. It is said to have for its subject the purification of the soul from the great delusion (Mahā-Māyā). "

This is what Dr. Pope observes in his introductory note to this chapter. It is no use now arguing about the correctness of his judgement on the quality of this poem.

He adds : " In each stanza, the two latter lines nearly correspond throughout the whole poem, an epithet or two being changed. Sivan is addressed as the god who appeared in the *Triclinia* (Kuruntham) grove near Tiruperunturrai, and about thirty different epithets are applied to him, some of which are merely repetitions. The epithets applied to Tiruperunturrai are also varied. The last line in each stanza contains a Telugu phrase equivalent to " and what is that ? " so that the line literally reads : " Save Thou in grace, saying " what is that ? " or in other words ' what is there to fear ? Fear not. ' The poet is complaining of the power of earth-born delusions and prays the god to take away his anxious fears. I cannot trace any sequence of thought from stanza to stanza. "

Mahā Māyā Suddhi means freedom from delusions. This means again giving up the worldly attachments in disgust and thirsting for the Lord's Feet. The Old Purāṇam says that Arul Patthu appeals to God to come and ask the soul " why callest me " when the soul yearns to leave this world and reach His Feet.

See the similar passage below.

" Wilt Thou deferre
To succour me
The pile of dust wherein each crumme Says ' come ' ? "

— George Herbert.

Stanza 3. *Ll.* 3 & 4. Here Dr. Pope has mistaken the words ' தக்கநற்காமன் ' as referring to Dakshan.

Stanza 5. The first half contains a very fine imagery.

Dr. Pope had been scared by its vividness ; he has omitted translating it, as usually he does in such cases.

Stanza 6. *L*. 5. ' Sire. ' The original word in Tamil is ' அப்பனே '. This is the same as Appa or Abba. Regarding this word, the following lines will be found to be interesting.

" The almost invariable use which Jesus makes in his prayer of the term ' Father ' so impressed itself upon his disciples that the Greek authors of the Gospels repeat it in the Aramaic form of the word ' Abba. ' Hence the Aramaic word ' Abba ' and the Tamil word Appa (அப்பா) both mean the same thing ' Father. ' And each of them has been popularised and sanctified by Jesus and Manickavachakar respectively, though in different countries, times and languages.

Stanza 7. *L*. 1. விகிர்தா – Thou of changing Forms or Proteus. See also *Ll*. 126 and 135 - Chapter IV.

> " How shall I hold this Proteus in my gripe,
> How fix him down in one enduring type ? "
>
> — Horrace.

Stanza 10. *L*. 4.

> " Do not fear ! Heaven is ear near,
> He said " by water as by land. "
>
> — Longfellow.

XXX. TIRU KAZHUKUNRA PATIKAM

OR

THE HYMN OF SACRED 'EAGLE MOUNT'

Says Dr. Pope : "This is one of the places which the sage is said to have visited before seeing Chithambaram. It would appear that here he had some peculiar manifestation of the god, who had revealed himself to him in Perunturrai. It is open to conjecture that the Guru, whom he regarded as Sivan manifested in the flesh, resided there or at least was a constant visitant"

We are afraid our Doctor had mistaken the nature of the Lord's manifestation in human form at Tirupperunthurai for the sake of Manickavachakar. As a close student of Saiva Siddhanta he should have known and none better, that such human forms are not of flesh and blood which are the products or evolutes of Asuddha Maya and that the அருள் திருமேனி — the Graceful form is of pure Chit-sakti, subtle, pure and only temporary. And such a form only did Siva assume at Perunthurai and it disappeared the moment the Lord had finished His mission on earth namely the canonisation of Manickavachakar. Hence the statement based on unscientific conjecture alone and opposed to all canons of Saiva Siddhantam and historical facts, that the Guru of our Saint either resided at or constantly visited Tirukazhukunram cannot be true and no one can accept it. The kind of revelation of the Lord our Saint was favoured with at this shrine had nothing "peculiar" in it, as stated by the Doctor.

This hill-shrine is situate nine miles to the south-east of Chingleput and on the way to Mahabalipuram from Chingleput.

The original Sanskrit name of this shrine is Vēdagiri or Vedachalam. It is said to have four hills clustered to-gether, each being one of the Vedas, while the central peak which is of basaltic formation, is Sivan Himself in the form of the Lingam. As Dr. Pope remarks, it is curiously stated that in Ārūr the God dwells for the first watch of the night and in Chidambaram for the midnight watch ; but in Veda-giri He is always to be found. The original name of the hill Veda-giri has become practically superseded by the modern name of Kazhukunram, "because two eminent persons, having disputed an order of Sivan, were sentenced to perform penance there". Even to-day two eagles are seen to fly regularly from where no one knows, to the top of the hill punctually at a moment at noon and having partaken of the offerings of food given by the temple-priest, fly away. This sight attracts crowds every day.

Stanza 1. This is a very celebrated verse not only because of a Saiva Siddhanta doctrine enshrined in it but also because it has recently become associated with the late Mahamahōpādyāya U. V. Swaminatha Iyer. It is understood that on his death-bed the great savant and saviour of Tamil literature had this verse read out to him before he joined the holy Feet of Siva !

Referring to the idea or doctrine contained in line 3 of this stanza, Dr. Pope says in his foot-note. " This is called *சத்தி-நிபாதம்.* " (Sakti-nipādam). But actually, it is not so. It is called Iruvinai-Oppu or ' balanced view of good and evil. ' Some would falsely interpret this as having the quantity of sins and vīrtues equal or balanced. The real meaning is – remaining equally indifferent to praise and fame, to good and evil.

Stanza 2. *L.* 1. This refers to the story of the Lord carrying earth and working as a labourer on the bank of river Vaigai for the wages of sweet-pudding at the hands of a crone at Madurai. See Note under Lines 73 to 75 – Chapter II.

Stanza 3. *L.* 2. The word *வினைக்கேடனேன்* is used here in the sense of ' one who has been a victim to sins. ' This refers to the Saint himself.

But in *L.* 1 of stanza 22, P. 58 the same word is used but in reference to Siva. He is said to announce Himself : ' I am a slayer of thy sins. '

Similarly, in *L.* 4 of stanza 505 the same word is used with reference to the Lord only : " Sin-Killer. "

Stanza 5. *L.* 1. ' *கோலமேனி வராகமே.* ' This refers to Lord Siva Who had taken the form of a Sow to suckle a dozen baby-pigs left orphaned in a forest near Madurai. Now, Dr. Pope translates this word as " In glorious form displayed. " It is not that he did not know the real meaning but that he sincerely believed that to make the Almighty God assume the vulgar form of a sow is a sin and a sacrilege. But he forgot for a moment that he was translating a Saiva work according to which neither the vilest viper nor the tiniest worm is too mean for the All-loving God !

Stanza 7. *Ll.* 1 & 2. These lines refer to the episode of the Lord giving His own eight kinds of divine qualities to the sixty-four Yakkini maidens at Uttarakosamangai. They are one of the 18 Deva Gaṇangal. See Uttarakosamangai Purāṇam for details.

XXXI. KANDA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DARSHAN

The sub-heading of this chapter is Nirutta Darsanam. This means : 'I have seen the Rapture-bliss of Sivam which lifts my soul up from the mire of the guileful senses and the mala-bound worldly life and makes me Its own, within the holy Tillai's shrine'.

Dr. Pope says in his note : "Tillai in the time of the Sage was to the devotees of Sivan what Jerusalem was to the Jews of old ; and many of the expressions in these two lyrics will remind the reader of Psalm CXXII. and not a few of the expressions are identical with those in the rhyme often attributed to Bernard of Morlaix. One is frequently reminded of 'Jerusalem the Golden, with milk and honey blest'."

So far, so good. But along with these nice and lovable sentiments, he has, as usual, expressed his views on our Saint, which we can never see our way to endorse or allow to stand uncontradicted. For continues he :

"It does not appear, indeed, that Mānikka-vachagar ever revisited Madura after his formal renunciation of his position there. It may almost be inferred that he was never heartily forgiven by the king for the misappropriation of the cost of the horses."

This view, at best an inference based on no irrefutable evidence is an uncritical mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. How on earth did the doctor arrive at this unedifying conclusion, we are at a loss to guess. This inference he makes here, in the face of the following lines he had himself written in his 'History of Manicka-vachagar' in the Introductory portion of his Translation of Tiruvachakam. Says he on page XXVIII : "The king now pays the Saint a visit, acknowledges all his mistakes, declares his unworthiness to have such a minister and offers to resign to him the kingdom. The Sage, however, has but one wish and that is, to return to Perunthurai, there to dwell at the Feet of the God. His request is granted and the king returns to his palace ; while the Sage, now released for ever from the entanglement of worldly affairs, finally puts off his courtier's dress, and assumes the garb of an ascetic."

If, therefore, the king and the Saint had become reconciled to each other to the extent of the former offering to resign his kingdom itself to the Saint, where then did our learned Doctor get the inspiration for making the inference we saw above ? Surely, a king who would sacrifice his whole

kingdom would never have strained at the gnat of the cost of the horses !' Again, a, Saint who had once for all left Madurai for good and reached Chidambaram to abide therein by the Will of the Lord would never have even dreamt of returning to Madurai ! Therefore, the unwarranted and gratuitous criticism by the Doctor has, possibly unintentionally it is granted, insulted the majesty and injured the reputation of the Saint and the king alike.

Regarding the theory of possible rivalry between the Pandyan shrine of Madurai and the Chozha shrine of Tillai during the period of our Saint, which Dr. Pope postulates in his note under this chapter, we have nothing to say except that rivalries between temples is a thing unknown in our Land.

Stanza 3. *Ll.* 1 & 2.

" I was the object of his care,
Ere ever I was born ;
He wrote his wisdom on my frame
When first it took a form.
Yet more amazing is the Love
That He has shown for me,
By the provision He has made
From all eternity "

— Jean Adam.

L. 3. Tirutturutti refers to Kuttrālam in the Tanjore district.

Stanza 5. (*a*) " When man is proud of birth
And purse and family,
And ashamed of kin.
A source of suffering that "

— Lord Buddha.

(*b*) ' Dandled in conceit of lineage. '

Hence it is clear that Saint Manickavachakar was of opinion that consciousness of one's own caste, rank, wealth and such other superiority complex is a hindrance to God-realisation.

Caste has no place, at least within the shrines.

XXXII. PRARTHANAI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF PETITIONING

The Old Purāṇam says that the poem Prārthanai Patthu heartily appeals to Sivan to plunge the soul in endless bliss and not to leave her at all. The old note holds that the inner meaning of this chapter is 'Sathā Mukti' *i.e.* a prayer to afford the soul perennial bliss of Sivam.

Stanza 4. *Ll.* 3 & 4.

(*a*) " Ask from the gods not what you crave but that you may be free from all craving " — Epictetus.

(*b*) " Only give to me Thy love with Thy grace and I am rich enough and ask for nothing more " — Ignatius Loyola.

Stanza 5. Appollonius of Tyana prays for " freedom from possessions and from need. "

Stanza 11. *L.* 4. Dr. Pope remarks that " this is in Tamil, somewhat incoherent. " But it is not so.

XXXIII. KUZHAITHA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF SELF-SURRENDER

The inner meaning of this poem is 'Atma Nivēdanam' or offering of the soul to God as an oblation. The soul gives up her self-agency and surrenders her self-will and abides in God. She begins to live, moves and have her being in God.

This is, in fact the climax of Tiruvachakam. This chapter contains the quintessence of the Saiva Siddhanta metaphysics. As Dr. Pope rightly observes, "it would be hard to find a more touching expression of absolute mystic self-renunciation than these verses contain".

"I desire to offer myself unto Thee, a free-will oblation and to remain Thine for ever" — Thomas a Kempis.

Stanza 3. *Ll.* 5 to 7.

(*a*) "I know that faults will many here be found
But where sins abound, there let Thy grace abound"

— Robert Herrick.

(*b*) "Righteous Judge! for sins' pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere the day of retribution"

— Thomas of Celano.

Stanza 5. *L.* 1.

"Who fills each faculty, each power can move,
Exerts all thoughts and deep absorbs all Love"

— Nugent.

L. 2.

"Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord, conceal it not; and as Thou art
All my delight, so all my smart"

— George Herbert.

This is a stanza quoted by Heiler, in his German book entitled 'Prayer'.

Stanza 6. *L.* 1.

(*a*) "For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him" — Jesus.

(*b*) Socrates merely prayed to gods
" to give whatever is good, since they know best what is good "

Stanza 7. This is also one of the most celebrated and oftest-quoted verses of Tiruvachakam. This is called its Hridya-slōka.

(*a*) " Thou Lord of all ; do what Thou wilt. Grant me, take from me but make my will conform to Thine " — Pascal.

(*b*) " Lord, what Thou wilt, command,
Heart's gladness or heart's grieving,
I will rejoice, believing
That both are from Thy hand "

— Edward Morike.

(*c*) " Will ye take my children ? From you I have received them. Will ye take a part of my body ? Take it, I give away nothing great .... Will ye take my soul ? Why should I hinder you from taking back that which ye have given me ? " — Demetrius.

(*d*) " Teach us, dear Father to .... firmly trust and yield ourselves to Thy bloundless mercy alone " — Luther.

(*e*) " Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise "

— Longfellow.

Stanza 8.

(*a*) " Into Thy hand I commend my Spirit.
Thou hast redeemed me, O Jahve, Thou God of Truth "

— Thirtyfirst Psalm.

(*b*) " Thy will be done for I am Thy poor creature.
Thou canst slay me here or preserve me "

— Luther.

(*c*) " Do with me what Thou wilt, Thy will is my will,
I am thine " — Epictetus.

(*d*) "The most perfect prayer is entire resignation to the decisions of the Will of God. Not what I will but what Thou wilt. Thy will be done! Every other prayer is superfluous and contradicts this one" — Rousseau.

(*e*) "When thou prayest the Lord's Prayer, take as the foundation of it, 'Thy will be done,' that is, Thy will be done in all things, in soul and in body, in children, in relatives, in friends, in goods and chattels, and in every other thing which meets thee, either for weal or woe"

— Jesus to Catherine of Genoa.

(*f*) "A Spanish Mystic, Gregor Lopey prayed for three years in no other words than these: 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Amen. Jesus.'"

XXXIV. WUYIRUNNI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DEVOURED SOUL

The sub-heading of this poem is " Excessive Flow of Sivanandam or Bliss. " It means that the soul which has the good fortune of enjoying the bliss is overwhelmed and swallowed by the latter. The soul loses its natural characteristics of its embodied state and becomes identical with the Bliss of Sivam. It gets lost in the flood of rapture.

Dr. Pope crisply comments : " The lyric is a good example of the enthusiastic expression of Bakti.

Nevertheless the wording of the first line of the first stanza is too much for our Reverend Doctor who exclaims : " The Tamil line is a sad blemish. " The only explanation we could offer is - this is the Eastern tradition and usage to which our minds have got acclimatised !

Stanza 7.

' I want no fame. '

Some similar passages :

(*a*) " Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate you. "

(*b*) " Fame ....
....
Make your best bow to her and bid adieu "

— Keats.

" Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you ! for so did their fathers to the false prophets ".

— The Gospel. (Luke : 6 : 26)

L. 1.

" If all those glitt'ring Monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball
Should tender in exchange their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all.
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin.
The world's but theirs ; but my Beloved's mine ".

— Francis Quarles.

L. 4.

(*a*) " I passed farther and him found
And would not let him go.
I held him fast till I him brought
My mother's house into "

— Nathaniel Cotton.

(*b*) " I will not let Thee go except Thee bless me "

— Jacob to Jahve, in the Genesis Narrative.

Ll. 2 & 3. An untouchable, according to our Saint, is ' one who loves not Sivan '.

Ll. 3 & 4. Please read " Perunthurai's Feet " instead of ' Perunthurai ' in line 3.

Stanza 9. *L.* 4.

" Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know "
— Longfellow.

XXXV. ACHCHA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DREAD

In the explanatory note on the significance of this chapter written in the Introduction to the Dharmapuram Mutt's Edition of Tiruvachakam, it is found stated that the soul which is submerged and soaked in the flood of Sivānandam or the Supreme Bliss in Advaitic union, will fear and dread everything or every person alien to such a bliss. This is what is meant by Absorption in Ānandam, says the Editor. But we are unable to see how a soul which is lying lost in cosmic consciousness can at the same time assume individual consciousness and what is worse, can indulge in diatribes against others, even if they be sinners !

The old Puranam explains that this dread-decad was occasioned by the approach of non-Saivites near the Saint to whom their very sight was anathema. This statement also is quite unsatisfactory and unacceptable to us. One who has already declared that He whom we call Siva is the Over-lord of all lands would be constitutionally incapable of cursing and dreading non-Saivites simply because they do not worship Siva, as such. The real explanation is to be sought elsewhere. Our Saint's grievance was obviously against the born-Saivites of his days who never worshipped Lord Siva as they ought to. His caste-bound and class-conscious contemporaries seem to have constituted a problem to him, as indeed their lineal descendents are a problem even to-day.

The dread may also be with reference to the rank materialists and atheists.

As a western saint says :

(*a*) " If any man loveth not the Lord, let him be anathema. "

(*b*) " Fear that man who fears not God " — Abdl-el-Kāder.

(*c*) " I fear God and next to God I chiefly fear him who fears not God " — Saadi.

Stanza 9. *L*. 1.

(*a*) " O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favours !
.. ..
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer
Never to rise again "
— Shakespeare.

(*b*) " Put not your trust
In princes " — Earl of Strafford.

(*c*) " Ah, the vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings " — Longfellow.

XXXVI. TIRUPPAANDI PATIKAM

OR

THE SACRED PAANDI HYMN

The inner significance of this poem is profuse growth of bliss. The Old Purāṇam says that this poem appeals to the world to come and enjoy the same bliss which our Saint has enjoyed at the hands of the Warrior-King of Pāṇdiland *i. e.* Sivan Who comes riding a horse.

Dr. G. U. Pope describes this Lyric of the Sacred Pāndi as a "very dramatic poem which is in every way a remarkable composition". But then, as usual he indulges in his usual suspicion about its authenticity. "Yet" says he "I should hardly venture to affirm that Manikka-vachagar was its author". But, why? As usual he assigns no reason. His 'foreign' ear alone is the judge. And as usual we may dismiss his conjecture without much ado.

Then he goes on to give a gist of every stanza of this poem. "The first stanza is supposed to be uttered by the poet as he contemplates the God entering Madura on that occasion, surrounded by the other gods, all on splendid chargers. Sivan Himself is mounted on such a steed as the world has never yet seen, and combines in His appearance the attributes of the leader of a band of foreign merchants, the graces of the accomplished Knight, and the majesty of a king. He has come, according to His promise to save His servant from suffering and to vindicate His fidelity. The poet in his soul adores his Deliverer and his God.

"In the remaining stanzas he addresses the assembled multitude and expounds the mystery. 'Fear not as though it were the Avatar of some ruthless conqueror! This horseman is Sivan' — the founder, according to legend, of the dynasty of Pāṇdiyan kings. 'He is the abiding King of Madurai, and now He comes in grace to the mortal King of Madurai, Arimarttanan.'"

We are afraid what Dr. Pope remarks about the third stanza is not correct. "The third stanza skilfully, though by an anachronism, allegorises the flood that Sivan brought upon the City, when at His command the Vaigai overflowed its banks."

In this stanza, there is absolutely no reference to the floods in Vaigai; hence the question of anachronism does not arise.

Then continues Pope: "In the fifth stanza he spiritualises the idea that Sivan appears here as a merchant, a seller of horses. The sixth, referring to His previous appearance at Perunturrai, hints at His character as a Guru, a giver of spiritual light; and the whole ends with an urgent call to the people to throw aside all foolish delusions and to march boldly forward under His banner, and accept Him as their King."

And finally, the learned Doctor once again returns to his attack on the authenticity of this poem. "The way in which the whole legend is allegorised points, it may be thought, to a later period when the Saiva Siddhantam had been more developed; and when under the influence of the Santāna Teachers the whole system was being harmonised ...." But then the candid Doctor has obviated the painful necessity on our part to repudiate his conclusions because he himself confesses quite disarmingly as follows: "This, however, is mere conjecture, and there seems to be scarcely any means for its absolute verification."

We however, gladly endorse his excellent remarks about the metre of this poem. "The metre is to my ear the most rhythmical of all the species of Tamil poetry."

XXXVII. PIDITTHA PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DEVOUT GRIP

The inner meaning is ' holding the Lord in one's firm and tenacious grasp with a sense of security and assurance that He will not give one the slip '. Incidentally, this poem is said to explain to other souls the rapture and joy of Mukti or union with God Siva.

Dr. Pope writes : " This is one of the most characteristic of the Sage's lyrics, and would seem to belong to a later period than that when the ' cry of the forsaken,' was composed. It is in singular contrast to that lyric .... *Here it seems that the Sage renewed his vows to his guru, from whom he had some-what departed in thought and practice.* " This also, we consider, as a piece of uncritical conjecture based on no authentic tradition. We are afraid the songs sung by our Saint during periods of spiritual dryness or aridity which alternate with periods of spiritual sumptuousness or splendour have been misunderstood by the Doctor.

And he concludes : " He seems to regard Himself now as a சீவன் முத்தன் (Jeevan Muktan means soul in embodied liberation) and declares that he will henceforth hold fast his allegiance under all circumstances, in life and through death. "

Stanza 9 is an oft-quoted favourite of all Saivites in the land. No Dēvaram-reciter and no lecturer on Saivism will deem his respective performance complete, without a recital of this verse.

The Saint says that having enthralled an unworthy soul like himself, the Lord in the interests of His own reputation follows the former like his shadow lest he should spoil himself and soil His name !

" God who loves us with a love *greater than* that of father or *mother*."

— Wilhelm Herrman.

Stanza 10. *Ll.* 1 to 4.

(*a*) " Enter the sacred temple of thy breast.
And gaze and wander there as precious guest "

— Edward Young.

(*b*) " Furnish and deck my soul that Thou mayest have
A better lodging than a rock or grave "

— George Herbert.

We give below a few quotations to prove the efficacy of importunate and forceful prayer :

(*a*) " He who hopes for my blessings should present his prayer in a forward manner " — Allah in a Taurat prayer.

(*b*) " God loves those who are truly importunate in prayer "

— The Holy Prophet.

(*c*) " Presumption obtains results even with Heaven "

— A Pious Jew.

(*d*) " One must not only pray for an hour but one must cry out and knock : you must forthwith compel God to come "

- The New Testament.

(*e*) " Such audacious prayer which perseveres unflinchingly and ceases not through fear, is well-pleasing to God. "

XXXVIII. TIRUVESARAVU

OR

THE SACRED GRIEF

The inner meaning of this poem is said to be சுட்டறிவு ஒழித்தல் which is translated by Dr. Pope as "Abstraction from objective thought". This is explained further as the soul's complete renunciation of its own agency or will and becoming merged in God and assuming or attuning itself, its thoughts and deeds to the sacred Will of Siva.

Stanza 1. *L.* 1. The Saint's heart or soul is compared to iron, of course, from the standpoint of hardness and insensibility.

But even that seems to have been an advantage because Lord Siva being the mightiest of Magnets, the iron-soul of the Saint had been not only dragged towards God irresistibly, but also had itself been magnetised in its turn. The result is, we of iron souls have been dragged towards the Saint's soul which is not only full of mystic magnetism but also one with Sivam.

The reference herein is to the story of the conversion of the jackals of the forest into mighty steeds by Lord Siva, on behalf of our Saint.

Stanza 10. This a very popular and important verse.

The doctrine that we cannot pray to God or even mention His name save with His grace is beautifully enshrined in this verse.

XXXIX. TIRUP PULAMBAL

OR

THE SACRED LAMENT

The Old Purāṇam says—Tiruppulambal means letting forth our lamentation to the Lord and appealing to Him to grant us the grace with which we could cry and weep for Him as a calf does for its mother-cow. It is a regretful realisation of the incomplete fruition of Sivānandam.

The first two stanzas reveal the Saint's stead-fast loyalty to God Siva.

The third stanza is a very famous and oft-quoted verse. It echoes the passage of the Brihadaraṇyaka Upanishad: "Tasmād Brāhmaṇa Pāṇdityam Nirvidya Bālyēna Tishtāsēt."

Learning is necessary no doubt. But the moment it ingrains in us the idea of the existence of God and indispensability of our worshipping Him it ceases to have any value. Hence has St. Tiruvalluvar boilled down the whole of his Kural teaching and given it in the shape of two tablets, as it were, in the very first couple of couplets. The first verse mentions the primacy of God and the second verse asks the question what good is there of learning at all if it did not lead us to worship that God's feet? All the rest are only elaborations of this quintessence of Kural. The same truth has been given here in a sanctified form by our Saint.

He wants not the learned men, only if their learning were divorced from devotion to God.

XL. KULAAP PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF DIVINE TIḶLAI

The Old Purāṇam says—Kulāppathu means sending forth the thanks of the soul to Lord Siva for His bounteous grace in having indulged the former with the privilege of enjoying His ravishing bliss uninterruptedly and in a uniform measure. Hence it is called Uninterrupted Divine Experience.

Stanza 1. *L.* 1.

The words ஓடும் கவந்தியும் mean "Ragged robe and pot."

"The food from hand to mouth gleaned here and there,
The patch-work robe—these things are meet for me"

— Psalms of the Sister.

Stanza 3. 'துவந்துவங்கள் தூய்மைசெய்து' — purifying the sense of the pairs or opposites. Removing the consciousness of difference between opposite qualities in things and persons like black and white, male and female, big and small, distant and near, pure and impure etc.

"Sweetest of Sweets! I thank you. When displeasure
Did through my bodie wound my minde
You took me thence and in your house of pleasure
A daintie lodging me assigned"

— George Herbert.

Stanza 6. Dr. Pope says that this stanza is "a little obscure".

Stanza 7. The first half refers to the crushing of Rāvaṇa's shoulders under the Himalayas by Lord Siva, when the former had arrogantly sought to lift it up.

Stanza 8. The first half refers to the story of Lord Siva in the guise of a hunter pursuing a wild boar in the Himalayan forest to kill it, lest it should kill His devotee Arjuna who was in deep penance therein.

Stanza 9. *L.* 2.

"Be Thou my Treasury, my Cellar, my Store-house; in Thee havo I all riches; if I have Thee, I have enough" — Luther.

XLI. ARBUDAP PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF MIRACLE

The Purāṇam says that Arbuda Patthu is an acclamation as a wonder or miraculous by a soul, hitherto wallowing deep in the mire of worldly lusts, suddenly being given to taste the ambrosial divine grace and altogether perfect release. The soul is overwhelmed with the phenomenon that has metamorphosed it overnight from the ridiculous to the sublime.

Now, coming to Dr. Pope's introduction to this chapter, we have to confess to a feeling of disgust and nausea at the painful necessity forced on us to contradict or differ from that pious Christian and a friend of the Tamils. Yet, our sense of obligation and duty to the Saint and truth is greater still. As the proverb goes, Socrates is my friend but Truth is greater. Still, we beg our readers' pardon for this our last defence of Saint Manickavachakar against a final charge or rather the same charge of licenciousness repeated once more by our Doctor.

For, says the Doctor : " The three things which a Saiva saint has to get free from are sensual passion, wrath and the infatuation that regards the phenomenal as the real. "

Then absolving the Saint of the second sin of wrath, the Doctor observes : " From the first and third of the trio of evils, he had very little chance, humanly speaking, of ever becoming free. " " Remembering, too " says he a little before the previous line, " the tone and manners of his time and people, it is not to be wondered at that this poem makes acknowledgement of a previous utter absorption in worldly enjoyments, and a habit of mental infatuation – apparently absolute. .... This poem is his thanksgiving for (what he believes to be) his final deliverence. "

Now, we do not want to argue about the correctness of the opinion expressed by Dr. Pope except to refer our readers again to our remarks made in the note under Chapter VI.

Stanza 3. *L*. 4. These are some parallel passages regarding the importance of the ' merciful chastisement ' administered to a soul by a paternal God.

(*a*) " We merit all we suffer and by far
More stripes than God layes on the sufferer "

— Robert Herrick.

(b) " Correct my errors gently with a rod " — R. Herrick.

(c) " Grant, O my God, that Thy all-powerful Grace may make Thy chastisements health-giving to me " — Pascal.

(d) " All chastisements, before we reach the grave
Are bitter medicines, kindly sent to save "

— Rev. Walter Harte.

(e) " O living flame of love,
How painless is the smart
Thy tender wounds create
Within my very heart "

— St. John of the Cross.

(f) The Voice of Love (God) tells Mechthild of Magdeburg: " .... I have wounded thee that thou mayest be united to me. If I gave thee blows, it was that I might be possessed of thee. "

(g) " If I would pray – that God would move
And strike the hard, hard rock and thence
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence
Which would keep green hope's life "

— Lord Tennyson.

Stanza 9. Dr. Pope remarks in his foot-note as follows:

" Achchan (அச்சன்) is probably for Sanskrit Akshayan. " But it is not so. அச்சன் is the corruption (போலி) of the Tamil word அத்தன் meaning Father. That this is so is proved by the fact that in Malayalam language very much akin to Tamil, the word அச்சன் is used only to denote ' Father. '

XLII. SENNIP PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF HEAD

The Old note says its inner meaning is 'the fruitioning of bliss of Sivam.' Since this chapter describes the beauty of how the Feet of the soul's Guru-Lord shine upon her crown, this is called 'The Decad of Head'.

XLIII. TIRU VARTAI

OR

THE SACRED WORD

'Vartai' or The Word is the instrument instructing us about Brahmam or God. This chapter has received that nomenclature since it speaks about God teaching the Saint about God. The sub-heading அறிவித்து அன்புறுதல் means "know when taught about that which you yourself cannot know". Tiru Vārtai means saying that he alone is my Lord who knows or understands the significance of certain of the acts and sports of Lord Siva.

Stanza 2. The reference in this verse is to the story contained in the Sthala Purāṇam of Idaimarudu. Varaguṇa Pāṇdyan a celebrated Royal saint gave away his newly-wedded queen as an offering to Sri Mahalingar Who absorbed her into His Sivalinga form. The Dharmapuram edition alone speaks of this episode.

Stanza 3. The reference herein is to the Lord appearing as a Fisherman, going into the sea on a boat and fishing the huge Shark of a Nandi as a prize for which heroic exploit He got the hands of Umā Devi (in fisherwoman's guise) in marriage.

Stanza 5. The latter half of this verse refers to the story of the Lord's unique grace to Mandōdari the senior Queen of Rāvaṇa. She being an unequalled devotee of Siva (even more than her husband) the Lord appeared to her in the form of a baby, at her specific request.

Stanza 6. Reference to three episodes are contained in this stanza.

The first is to His burning of the triple forts of the Asuras. The second is to His walking in the forests as a Hunter surrounded by dogs and pursuing a wild boar for the sake of Arjuna. The third and the most important from our point of view is the story of the Lord appearing as a Sow and suckling the twelve orphaned pigs. What a boundless grace is this! He would act as the Mother cum Midwife not only to a Chettiar maiden at Tiruchirapalli. He would with equal love go into the forest as a Wet - Nurse for the pigs! Dr. Pope would call this "a strange legend!" and no wonder!

Stanza 8. *L.* 2. refers to the killing by the Lord of the tiger and wearing its skin at Tarukāvanam when the rishis therein had sent it up to Him out of enmity.

The reference in the latter half seems to be to His wedding Umai the daughter of the King of the Sea or the Fisherman - King. K. S. Pillai's edition is silently vague about this while the Dharmapuram edition has referred to the above-cited interpretation.

Stanza 10. Sangam means the conch-bangles worn by the women-folk. But Dr. Pope says in his footnote : "The Madura Sangam or Academy ? (But also = வளை ?)" He is sure of neither of the meanings perhaps !

The reference in the latter half of the stanza is to the story of Sivan going about the streets of Madurai and selling bangles as a bangle-vendor to the women-folk of the merchant families therein who were no other than the wives of the rishis of Tārukavanam and who had specifically got the boon of this birth so as to feel the ravishing touch of the Lord. Though, of course, the Lord went there to sell bangles to those women, there only fell bangles from their wrists because of their love-lorn frames !

XLIV. ENNA PATIKAM

OR

DEVOUT MUSINGS

The Old Puranam would say that the poem Ennapatikam appeals to the Lord to give the soul the pleasure and joy derived from repeating the holy name of Tillai's Supreme King.

The Ennapatikam is so-called because it gives expression to the thoughts and musings of the soul that it wants to be rid of birth on earth, to be full of God's love, to have the sight of God's form etc.

Dr. Pope opines and rightly too that " This poem expresses his (Saint's) intense longing to rejoin at once the Master and His disciples. "

Stanza 2. *L.* 4. This seems to contain a charge against the Lord that He had gone against His plighted word, and had broken a covenant with our Saint not to desert him at anytime.

See a similar passage :

" Ah, Lord Jahve, surely Thou hast deceived this people and Jerusalem saying ye shall have peace, whereas the sword reacheth unto life " — Jeremiah.

Stanza 3. *L.* 3.

" We are swallowed up in the immensity and the deep quiet of God-head " — Ruysbroeck.

L. 4.

" King of Majesty tremendous
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us "

— Thomas of Celano.

XLV. YATTIRAI PATTHU

OR

THE DECAD OF PILGRIMAGE

The Yāttirai Patthu would mercifully invite all fellow-beings to accompany the Saint towards the goal of Sivan's Feet, since the time has arrived when he could leave this Māyā world and lead to His Master's Feet.

Its inner meaning is said to be 'expressing the divine experience transcending our capacity.' The enjoyment of bliss having transcended and over-grown the Saint's needs, he sets upon a holy pilgrimage to God's Sivapuram and sends out a frantic appeal to fellow-souls to bestir themselves betimes and join the caravan of devotees and reach Sivapuram before the gates are closed.

Dr. Pope remarks : " This is our Sage's wounderful ' Psalm of the up-going ' – Psalm CXXII. He commemorates his first visit to Tillai and thence mystically sets forth the soul's pilgrimage through the world of sense to union with Sivan on the Silver Mountain. "

It is remarkable that the epithet Bhuyangan meaning 'The Wearer of the Snakes ' should have been used invariably in every stanza of this poem.

Stanza 2. *Ll.* 1 to 4.

" And put off
In self-annihilation, all that is not of God alone.
To put off self and all I have, for ever and ever. Amen "

— Blake.

Stanza 5. *L.* 1. " In the first place I would have you cleanse your conscience from every dilemma of anger, and murmuring and envy and dispute " — St. Bernard.

Ll. 2 to 4.

" Oh, born for nobler ends, dare to be wise,
'Tis not even now too late, assert thy claim ;
Rugged the path, that leads up to the skies,
But the fair guerdon is immortal fame "

— I. H. Browne.

Ll. 5 & 6.

" Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer "

— St. Simeon, the Stylites.

Stanza 7. *L.* 1.

" Turn, turn, up wheel ! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound :
So spins the flying world away !

— Longfellow.

Ll. 7 & 8. Dr. Pope quotes the following verses in connection with these lines :

" No light : so late ! and dark and chill the night !
O let us in, that we may find the light !
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now. "

" Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet ?
O let us in tho' late, to kiss his feet !
No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now "

— Tennyson.

XLVI. TIRUPPADAI EZHUCHI

OR

THE SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION

Tiruppadai Ezhuchi, says the Purāṇam, appeals to all saints and devotees to mobilize themselves and march in a battle array to annihilate the aggressive hordes of Māyā by means of the Sword of Gnosis.

The sub-title "Prapancha Pōr" means elimination of the seeds of Malam or bonds. This is an invitation or bugle-call to the Bhaktars to lift up their arms in a crusade against the forces of Māyā.

The second stanza speaks of four kinds of holy crusaders: 1. தொண்டர் (Saints) 2. பக்தர் (Devotees) 3. யோகி (Yogis of mental strength) and 4. சித்தர் (Mystics of super-human powers).

This topic needs a more elaborate treatment than is possible here.

Stanza 1. The following lines from the Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem is reminiscent of this stanza.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield then.
.. ..
The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud"

— Longfellow.

XLVII. TIRU VEṆBĀ

OR

THE SACRED STANZAS

The sub-heading of this chapter is "*the state of those who have attained*". It deals with the act of Grace which converts all that it touches into Sivam. The Old Puraṉam says that Tiru Veṇba speaks that 'Lord Siva has been pleased to abide in my heart as His Abode.'

Stanza 3. *L.* 3.

"Pluck out Thy dart
And heal my troubled breast which cryes,
... ... Which dyes"

— G. Herbert.

Stanza 8.

(*a*) "I, to the utmost height of making God
Yet, in the depth of all the made, am man.
Heaven beyond heaven, clod in crumbling clod,
... ... Crowned, yet republican"

— C. Williams.

(*b*) "See, I am black as night,
See, I am darkness, dark as hell.
Lord, Thou more fair than Light,
Heaven's sun Thy shadow ; can suns dwell
With shades ? 'Twixt light and darkness what commerce ?
... ...
Turn thou thy night to me ; I 'll turn thy night to day"

— Phineas Fletcher.

Stanza 9. *L.* 1. "The three are Agni, Vāyu and Surya."

The thirty-three are Vasus (eight) Rudras (eleven), Ādityas (twelve) with Dyaus and Prithivī.

XLVIII. PANDAAYA NAANMARAI

OR

THE ANCIENT VEDAS FOUR

'The Reality of Divine Grace' is the sub-heading of this chapter. This poem asserts that only those saints who worship Perunthurai and its Lord will be saved from births and bonds.

Stanza 3. காட்டகத்துவேடன் refers to the episode of Sivan's appearing in the guise of a Hunter in the Himalayan forests to save Árjuna from a dangerous boar.

கடலில் வலைவாணன் refers to Sivan's appearance in the guise of a Fisherman to catch the shark of a Nandi and marry Uma who was the Fisherman's daughter.

நாட்டிற் பரிபாகன் refers to Sivan's appearance as an equestrian trader in Madurai to sell horses to the Pāndyan King on behalf of our Saint.

Stanza 6. *L*. 1.

(*a*) "His every sense had grown
Ethereal for pleasure"

— Keats.

(*b*) "I cannot have the vision and faculty divine".

Stanza 7.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet;
So He bringeth them unto their desired haven".

— Psalm CVII.

XLIX. TIRUP PADAIAATCHI

OR

THE SPIRITUAL EXPLOITS OF THE SACRED HORDES

The Purāṇam holds that Tiruppadaiaatchi would speak about all the good things which would accrue to us in the wake of the manifestation of the Lord of Tirupperunturai and also about things which shall not be.

The sub-heading " the elimination of soul's egoistic experiences " would mean that the moment the Lord enters my soul all the lumbar of egoism would exit from the soul.

Aruṇagiri Mudaliar in his comments says that the Celestial-visioned souls who have had the influx of God into themselves have no more to do with anything else.

And finally, Dr. Pope has these very agreeable remarks about this poem.

" It was no easy task to work out a version of this lyric, the rhythmic beauty of which is very remarkable. I have striven, at the risk of sundry irregularities in metre, to imitate the flow of the original ; but the numberless allusions in a poem, which sums up the whole Saivite idea of the blessedness of Sivan's final manifestation to the emancipated soul, will give the reader trouble, if he is at all to enter into its spirit. The metre itself is very unusual, resembling somewhat that of the Attys of Catullus, and is much admired by those who use the poem in their temple service. My rendering is, I believe, strictly and almost literally exact ; but it differs in some respects from the Tamil paraphrases. The intense mystic fervour of the song must make *itself* felt. "

So far as we are concerned, we would only say that, without in the least swerving even from a word or phrase in the original, we have tried to reproduce most faithfully the ideas and rhythm of the original in our translation of this song. In fact the English rendering could easily be set to music and sung in any agreeable tune, no less than the original. With great effort, each line of the English rendering has been kept within the bounds of seven feet even as the original is. It is for the kind and discerning readers to judge and not for us to prejudge.

Stanza 1. *L.* 8. This refers to the Sacred Sport of Siva in which He casts the nest into the sea and catches the Shark of Nandi.

Stanza 2. *L.* 1. One body with one soul and the five organs with their respective and corresponding senses. This line means there shall be no more birth on earth.

Stanza 4. *L.* 1. This is of the Nuptial mystic type, every soul assuming the attitude of a bride towards the Bridegroom-God.

L. 3. " We revere and while we hear
The tides of music's golden sea
Setting towards eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we "

— Tennyson.

Stanza 6. *L.* 3. Please compare with this the rendering by Pope.

" The heart's intent of damsels bright with slender form shall then appear ; — Shall It Not Be ? "

But how could this fit in with the scheme of this poem which is to repudiate experiences other than spiritual ?

Stanza 7. *Ll.* 1 & 2.

(*a*) " One ever-lasting music there
Of manifold joyous light "

— Christopher Smart.

(*b*) " His beams shall cheer my breast and both so twine,
Till even his beams sing and my music shine "

— George Herbert.

Stanza 8. *L.* 1.

" A blast of music pealed " — Tennyson.

L. 2. As the Saint has already stated in stanza 5 of Chapter XXXI, the caste-consciousness must go after the darshan of the Lord. In fact, reading this stanza and the other one cited here to-gether, we get a complete and integrated doctrine namely, that killing of caste-consciousness is as much of a condition precedent to a perfect and blissful vision of Siva as it is a consequence thereof.

L. 5. Please compare this line with Pope's, as in the case of Stanza 6, *L.* 3. This is the Doctor's rendering :

" The thought of damsels bright of eye shall then rejoice—Shall It Not Be ? "

L. AANANDA MĀLAI

OR

THE GARLAND OF RAPTURE

The sub-heading of this poem is " Desire for Enjoyment of Bliss of Sivam. " An old annotator says that it means the obliteration of Kriyā Sakti in the midst of the enjoyment of excessive bliss of Sivam.

Stanza 3.

" Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace and virtue pure —
Sacred, substantial, never-ending bliss "

— James Thomson.

Stanza 7. This is a reference to the incident in his own life wherein Lord Siva threw the city of Madurai into convulsion and confusion by His conversion of the jackals into horses and reconversion of those horses into jackals !

LI. ACHCHO PATIKAM

OR

THE HYMN OF HIGHEST BLISS

The Purāṇam holds that Achchō Patikam speaks of the rarity of the ecstatic rapture of Sivan attained by our Saint and asks of the world 'who ever could enjoy such a bliss ? '

" Being at a loss to gauge the measure and rareness of the supreme bliss attained by one " is the sub-title of this poem.

'Achcho' is a word of ejaculation that incoherently escapes from one's mouth when one is lost in the contemplative rapture of a comforting embrace of Lord Krishṇa—this is the explanation offered by the commentator on Periāzhvar's Tirumozhi. (Dharmapuram Edition) Hence the same may be safely adopted here, only substituting the word Siva for Krishṇa.

We now quote Dr. G. U. Pope, and for the last time in this work. Says he in his introductory note to this chapter.

" This hymn was composed after he (Manikkavachagar) had settled down in Tillai, his active life finished, and was waiting for the great release. He surveys, as he was so fond of doing the whole course along which his Master had guided him ; acknowledges how often he had fallen through an undisciplined and unpurified mind ; and records with thankfulness that grace had given him the victory at last. *No rapture is like his !* ".

Stauza 1. *L.* 2. This conception of God making his soul Sivan Itself is a very peculiar one of our Saint. No other Saint, at least prior to him, had given currency to it.

See. (1) Chapter XI ; Stanza 4 ; L. 4. and (2) Chapter XXXI ; Stanza 1 ; L. 3. which are similar to this stanza.

Stanza 2. *L.* 1. " Enter ye in at the strait gate ; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and many there be which go in thereat ".

" Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life and few there be that find it " — St. Mathew (7 : 13 & 14)

Stanza 7. *L.* 3. Omkaram. See Notes under Lines 24 and 44 & 45 of Chapter I.

(*a*) The Māndukya Upanishad concludes : (12th Śloka)

" The transcendental, unitary state of supreme bliss devoid of all phenomenal existence is the syllableless, fourth (aspect) — thus ' Om ' is verily the Atman. By self, he enters the Self, who knows thus ".

(*b*) The Kathā Upanishad says : (II. 15, 16, 20, 23)

" The goal which all Vedas proclaim ...... it is Om. This syllable is Brahman. The Atman (Brahman) smaller than the smallest and greater than the greatest, dwells in the hearts of the creatures. This Atman cannot be attained by the Vedas, not by intellect nor even by much hearing the sacred scriptures ; by him it is attained whom It chooses—this his (own) Atman reveals Its own real form ".

(*c*) The Prasnā Upanishad declares :

" Again, he who meditates upon the Supreme Purusha by Om, as constituted of three syllables becomes united with the effulgent Sun. He is freed of all sins, even as the snake is freed from its slough. He is taken up to the world of Brahma by the Sāmā Hymns. From that macrocosmic self he beholds the Supreme Purusha residing in the heart ".

Ānandagiri's illuminating comment on this verse is :

" The knower of the three elements, *a–u–m* ...... obtains liberation and is not forced to return to mundane life. He sees the Supreme Iswara who is beyond the world-soul and that vision qualifies him for liberation ".

(*d*) Again, the Mundaka Upanishad exhorts the aspirant in these inspiring words :

" The self-luminous (Brahman) is seated in the cavity of the heart and is known as moving there ...... Oh, good looking youth, strike at that which should be struck.

" Taking the bow, that mighty weapon as prescribed in the Upanishads, fix in it the arrow, rendered sharp by constant worship. Oh, good-looking youth, having drawn it with the mind absorbed in His thought, hit the mark—the Imperishable Brahman.

" The Praṇavam (Om) is the bow, the arrow indeed is the atman and Brahman is said to be its mark. Carefully that mark is to be hit and one has to become absorbed in Him just like the arrow at one with its mark.

"... .. .. Do you meditate upon that Atman as Om. God-speed to you".

(Reproduced from *The Tamil Culture* Vol. III. Oct. Number.)

(*e*) "The Sabda Brahman or the Praṇava was only a symbol and not the truth, as fancied by the Mīmāmsakas, and it was called a mark or Linga. And the figured mark of the Praṇava (Linga is merely the Praṇava as figured to the eye) the Linga became the universal Symbol of God and object of worship as the Pranava in mantra or sound form was before'

— J. M. Nallaswami Pillai's Studies In Saiva Siddhanta, P. 126.

(*f*) "The mystical and immutable one, which, being composed of the three letters A, U, M signify successively the three Vedas, the three states of life (Jāgra, Swapna and Sushupti) the three worlds (heaven, hell and earth) the three gods (Brahmman, Vishṇu and Rudra) and by its nasal sound (Ardhamātra) is indicative of Thy fourth office as the Supreme Lord of all (Parameswara) ever expresses and sets forth Thy collective forms."

— Pushpadanta's "Mahīmna Stōtra".

Stanza 10. Some editions do not have this verse. We have included it here, following the edition published by The South India Saiva Siddhanta Works Publishing Society, Tinnevelly, Ltd.

TIRUCHITTRAMBALAM.

The End of Notes and Comments

on

TIRUVACHAKAM.

TIRUVACHAKAMANI AS A PROSE-WRITER

1. The late Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri :

" *He is a master of idiomatic, humorous and highly cultivated expression.* "

2. The late Rt. Hon'ble Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru :

" *Your literary style is distinctive. It is pungent and emphatic without being aggressive.* "

3. The late Sir F. E. James :

" *This kind of sketch.........with the use of epigram and wit is attractive and has a very definite place in contemporary literature.*"

4. The late Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer, Ex-Member of Viceroy's Executive Council :

" *I have read portions of your book which shows wide reading and great command of language.* "

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8. Dr. P. P. Pillai, International Labour Office, New Delhi :

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9. The Hindu, Madras :

" *On the whole the sketches are very readable.* "

10. The Times of India, Bombay :

"*The book is attractively written, if at times a trifle forcefully, and succeed in presenting a clear picture of its varied subjects.*"

11. The Bombay Cronicle, Bombay :

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12. The Leader, Allahabad :

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Note :—These opinions refer to the book called South Indian Celebrities published by the author in 1939.